

T H E
W O R K S
O F
V I R G I L,

In L A T I N and E N G L I S H.

The original Text correctly printed from the
most authentic Editions, collated for this Purpose.

The *ÆNEID* Translated

By the Rev. Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT,

The ECLOGUES and GEORGICS, with Notes on the Whole,

By the Rev. Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

With several N E W O B S E R V A T I O N S

By Mr. HOLDSWORTH, Mr. SPENCE, and O;thers.

A L S O,

A Dissertation on the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, by Mr.
WARBURTON. On the Shield of *Æneas*, by Mr. W.
WHITEHEAD. On the Character of Japis, by the late
Dr. ATTERBURY, Bishop of Rochester. And, Three
Essays on Pastoral, Didactic, and Epic Poetry, by the
EDITOR.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

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A

DISSERTATION
ON THE
Nature and Conduct
OF THE
ÆNEID.

Της Ισορίας Φιλοσοφώτερον καὶ σπουδαιότερον, η
ποιησία.
Aristot. cap. ix. de Poetica.

НОИГА ТИАССИДИ

gymnastik mit ein zu verhindern ein schwaches Herz ist
nicht ausreichend mit auszukommen ein solches ein abson-
derliches ehrliches und ehrliches Leben Herz und Organ
in unzulässiger Art und Weise kann ein schweres Herz und
ein schweres Leben nicht ausstehen

DISSERTATION.

TH E R E are two Methods of instructing Mankind in order to render them virtuous and wise. The first consists, in shewing them the deformity and baseness of Vice, and the destructive Consequences of violent and uncontrouled Passions ; and this is the principal design of tragedy: the second, in displaying the beauty and excellence of virtue, its desirable fruits and happy consequences ; and this is the proper business of the Epoœia, or epic poetry. The passions which should be raised by the first are terror and pity : those which should be excited by the last, are admiration and love. In the one the actors speak, in the other the poet himself makes the narration.

One may define epic poetry to be, a fable related in verse, to inspire an admiration and love of virtue, in representing to us the action of an hero, favoured and assisted by heaven, who executes some grand design, notwithstanding all the obstacles that oppose him.

I shall consider the *Æneid* under the four following heads, the fable, the characters, the sentiments, the language. And shall make great use of Bossu's incomparable treatise on epic poetry, the best explainer of

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Aristotle, and, beyond all doubt, one of the most learned and judicious of modern critics.

An epic poem is not only the noblest, but most useful, of human compositions ; exciting men to virtue and arduous undertakings more effectually, than moral philosophy, or history. 1. Because, example, assisted by verse, is a more powerful and persuasive mode of instruction, than the dry, simple precepts of ethics. “ 2. Because the acts and events which are the subjects of true history (as BACON finely observes) being not of that amplitude as to content the mind of man, poetry is ready at hand to feign acts more heroic ; because true history reports the successes of business not proportionable to the merits of virtues and vices, poetry corrects it, and presents events and fortunes according to desert, and according to the law of providence ; because true history, through the frequent satiety and similitude of things, works a distaste and misprision in the mind of man ; poetry cheareth, and refresheth the soul, chanting things rare, and various, and full of vicissitudes : so as poetry serveth and conferreth to delectation, magnanimity, and morality. Poetry therefore may seem deservedly to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise the mind and exalt the spirit with high raptures, by proportioning the shews of things to the desires of the mind, and not submitting the mind to things, as reason and history do. And by these allurements and congruities, whereby it cherisheth the soul of man ; joined also with consort of mu-

“ sic,

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“ sic, whereby it may more sweetly insinuate itself, it
“ hath won such access, that it hath been in estima-
“ tion even in rude times and barbarous nations, when
“ other learning stood excluded.”

Advancement of Learning. B. iii. c. 13.

SECTION I.

Of the fable of the *ÆNEID*.

AS Greece consisted of a cluster of little republics, frequently contending for superiority over each other; the most useful and important lesson this people could receive, was the necessity of uniting in any common danger.

This piece of instruction, Homer, as great a patriot as poet, gave his countrymen, exhibiting in the liveliest colours, and by the most forcible examples, the dreadful calamities occasioned by a quarrel betwixt two great generals, and the advantages which the enemies of Greece obtained by so unseasonable and ill-judged a contention. This, which is the groundwork of the *Iliad*, renders the fable of that poem the most simple, but the most comprehensive, imaginable. Aristotle, struck with the beauty of this simplicity, justly calls it divine.

The very different condition of affairs at Rome, obliged Virgil to take a different scheme. The Romans having lost the virtue and honesty of their ancestors, liberty could not in the nature of things long survive.

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They began to be profligate, and to be slaves. As they had not virtue enough to be free, and since they must needs have fallen into the hands of one governor, the happiest circumstance they could meet with, was undoubtedly that this one governor should be a mild one, and bind their chains with a tender hand. To reconcile his countrymen to this almost necessary change of government, to wean them gradually from an inveterate hatred to monarchy, and to evince that all revolutions in states are brought about by the interposition of heaven, these were the motives which induced Virgil to undertake the *Aeneid*; and these the instructions he proposed to give his countrymen. He intended to delineate in the person of *Aeneas*, the character of a wise lawgiver and a just monarch; and artfully threw several features into the piece, that induced his readers to apply this amiable portrait to *Augustus*. For this reason he represented his hero endued with great piety to the gods, with mildness and clemency, and an affectionate concern for his country.

If we take a view of the fable of the *Aeneid*, stript of all its accessory ornaments, and the names of the principal actors in the poem, in the manner wherein Aristotle has considered the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, we shall find the subject matter of it to stand as follows;

“ The gods preserve a prince, amidst the ruin of
“ a mighty kingdom, and chuse him to be the main-
“ tainer of their religion, and the establisher of a more
“ great and glorious empire than the first. This very
“ hero is likewise elected king by the general consent

“ of

“ of those who had escaped the universal destruction of
“ that kingdom. He conducts them through terri-
“ tories from whence his ancestors originally came,
“ and by the way instructs himself in all that is ne-
“ cessary, for a king, a priest, and the founder of a
“ monarchy. He arrives and finds in this new coun-
“ try the gods and men disposed to entertain him, and
“ to allot him subjects and territories. But a neigh-
“ bouring prince, blinded by jealousy and ambition,
“ cannot see the justice of this proceeding, nor the
“ manifest will of heaven, but vehemently opposes his
“ establishment, and is powerfully assisted by the va-
“ lour of a king, whose cruelty and impiety had di-
“ vested him of his empire. This opposition, and the
“ bloody war this pious stranger was necessitated to
“ undertake, renders his establishment more secure by
“ the right of conquest, and more glorious by the
“ total overthrow of his unjust enemies.”

These are the outlines of the fable of the *Aeneid*, before the colouring and ornaments are added: And the action of it appears from this short view, to be, in the words of Aristotle, Great, One, and Entire. The least, and most trivial episodes, or under-actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either necessary or convenient; and no others can be imagined more suitable or proper to the place in which they are fixed. They are all, as it were, the members of a strong and well-proportioned body. There is nothing to be left void in a firm building, says Dryden; even the cavities ought not to be filled with rubbish, which is of a pe-

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rishable kind, and destructive of its strength; but with brick, or stone, though of less pieces, yet of the same nature, and fitted to the spaces. Even the least portions of them must be of the epic kind; all things must be grave, majestic, and sublime: nothing of a foreign nature, like the trifling novels, which Ariosto and others have inserted in their poems. By which the reader is misled into another sort of pleasure, very opposite to that which is designed in an epic poem. One raises the soul and strengthens it to virtue; the other softens it again, and unbends it to vice.

An action that is one and simple (says M. de Voltaire) which is unfolded easily and by degrees, and which does not require a constant and wearisome attention, will necessarily be more entertaining, than a confused heap of wild and monstrous adventures. The greater the action, the more will it please and engage all men, as it is the natural foible and propensity of human nature to be delighted with every thing that is above common life. And the action ought to be interesting for this reason, because all hearts feel pleasure in being moved; and a poem however perfect, if it does not touch and affect us, will be insipid at all times and in all countries. And lastly, the action ought to be entire, because there is no man that will be satisfied if he receives but one part of the whole which had been promised him.

These remarks are very applicable to all the episodes and under-actions of the *Æneid*. To the narration carried on in the second and third books, containing

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taining the destruction of Troy, with which it was absolutely necessary to make the reader acquainted; to the passion of Dido and its consequences, in stopping *Æneas* at Carthage; to the sports at the tomb of Anchises in the fifth, the description of hell in the sixth; the story of Cacus and the decorations of the shield in the eighth: to which may be added, the adventures of Nisus and Euryalus in the ninth, and of Mezentius and Camilla in the tenth and eleventh. All these Virgil hath found a method of connecting with his main subject, and of making them essential to the fable. We meet with no unnatural mixture in our correct and exact poet, like the monsters Statius has introduced in his *Thebaid*. What affinity has the anger of Venus, the butchering of the Lemnians, the designs of the Argonauts, and the amours of Jason and Hypsipile, with the quarrel between *Ætœcles* and *Polynices*?

An epic poem is not to be a history, like the *Pharsalia* of *Lucan*, or the Punic war of *Silius Italicus*: nor the whole life of a hero, like the *Achilleis* of *Statius*. But it is the recital of some one great action in the life of a hero.

With regard to the grand point, the morality which this fable of the *Æneid* teaches, one may say, without exaggeration, in the words of a passionate admirer of Virgil: The quarrel of Achilles and Agamemnon, teaches us the ill consequences of discord in a state; and the story of the dogs, the sheep, and the wolf, in the fables of *Æsop*, does the same. This indeed is a ~~common~~ ^{very} ~~good~~ ^{bad} ~~body~~ ^{body} ~~has~~ ^{has} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~done~~ ^{done} ~~by~~ ^{by} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~best~~ ^{best} ~~advice~~ ^{advice} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~man~~ ^{man} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~world~~ ^{world}.

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very good lesson, but seems too narrow and particular to be the grand moral of an heroic poem. It is proper, if you please, to be inserted in such a work ; and many more as important as this, are interspersed up and down, and mentioned among other things, both in that of Virgil and those of Homer. But how much more noble, extensive, and truly heroical a moral is this ; that piety to God, and justice and goodness to men, together with true valour, both active and passive (not such as consists in strength, intrepidity, and fierceness only, which is the courage of a tiger and not of a man) will engage heaven on our side, and make both prince and people, victorious, flourishing and happy ?

S E C T I O N II.

Of the C H A R A C T E R S.

IN a well-disposed picture, it is not required that every Figure should be represented with an equal degree of strength and eminence. The principal figure must be brought nearer the eye, drawn at full length, and be completely viewed, as far as the rules of perspective and proportion will admit. There will be other personages, which it will be necessary to place in almost as strong a light as that of the principal one. Some figures must be half hid ; others must appear more or less entire, as the grouping requires. In representing a croud,

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a crowd, or great number of persons together, the extreme parts only should be distinguished, and, in short, so much expressed, as merely may serve to shew us that somebody is there. As the very remote figures cannot be represented with any distinction of character, so must the more important and nearer figures signify by their attitude, countenance, titles, or other external marks, their proper character, and what interest they bear in the action exhibited.

The case is the same in the Epopœia. Each actor must be represented in a greater or less degree of strength, according to the part he sustains. The grand and principal figure in the poem before us is *Æneas*; on whom all the actions of each inferior character depend, and who, consequently, is the soul of the whole piece. *Æneas* is led by the prophecies of the gods to establish a new kingdom; accordingly, we see him taking all opportunities of practising religious duties; and as this is his most eminent virtue, Virgil almost every where dignifies him with the epithet *pius*. Tho' the frequent repetition of the word *pius* may be thought tautology and idleness in the poet, yet I think that epithet conveys with it the design of the whole poem, namely, that of founding a new state according to the dictates of heaven. This love of piety in the hero, occasions a fine contrast between him and *Turnus*, where the league is broken in the twelfth book. In short, whatever he does is enjoined or regulated by religion; consequently he is just, merciful, and generous. Thus he is a far more amiable character than that

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that of Achilles, or Ulysses; since the actions of the former are almost all founded on revenge, and of the latter on dissimulation.

Next to our hero, Dido acts the most considerable part in the first six books, and is the character, on which the plot and intrigue of them turns. She is the foundress of Carthage, as *Ænæas* is the founder of Rome, and she represents the obstacle which this republic laid in the way of the Roman victories, which were to make that state the mistress of the world. She is bold, passionate, ambitious, perfidious; but her most distinguishing characteristic is craftiness. It is by this she revenges her husband, punishes her brother, and deceives Iarbas. It is by this she would stop *Ænæas*'s Journey; but not being able to succeed in that scheme, deceives her sister and confident. However, Virgil has given her some virtues truly royal. She is magnificent, courteous, and loves to reward what is praiseworthy:

—Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi. *Æn.* iv.

She is hospitable to excess, as is evident by her entertaining the Trojans after the shipwreck, and this, before her attachment to *Ænæas*.

In the second part of the poem there are a great many more interested persons than in the first. Latinus is a very good and pious prince, but old and without Sons. This gives the queen an occasion of disobeying his orders, and Turnus a desire of being his son-in-law in spite of him, and of forcing the good old man to proclaim

claim war against Æneas, and of making use of his subjects, his arms, and authority. This default of authority is natural and ordinary among kings that have no heirs.

Amata assumes a kind of right to dispose of her daughter. She is strongly in the interest of her kinsman Turnus. She is so obstinately bent upon having him for her son-in-law, that she had rather die than change her resolution. This obstinacy of the woman puts her upon trying a variety of expedients, keeps up her anger and violence, and is the principal character the poet gives her.

The character of Turnus is the same with that of Achilles, as far as the alteration of the design, and the difference of the fable would admit. It is a young man, of a furious and vehement temper, and passionately in love with a princess whom a foreign rival would rob him of. His mind is deeply fixt upon arms and war, without considering whether it be just, or whether the want of justice, and the contrary orders of the gods, make it criminal and impious. He suffers himself at every turn to be transported with anger, the most prevailing of all his passions. This is the first idea our poet gives of him, and which he always keeps up very carefully. He is less of a soldier and more of a general than Achilles. But this general in office sometimes forgot himself, to act the part of a private soldier. Had it not been for this, he might have put an end to the war the very second day, when breaking into the entrenchments of Æneas, which he besieged, his fury made

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made him neglect to keep the passage open for his own men, as he might easily have done. So far it is true that anger is his principal character; he was so full of the idea of Achilles, and so animated with the same spirit; go, says he to Pandarus, when he killed him, go tell Priam thou hast met with a second Achilles here. The poet makes use of these artifices to shew the reader the humour and ruling passion of Turnus.

The character of this hero partakes likewise of the injustice of Achilles, in that, from his own particular quarrel, he raises a general war, renders his anger pernicious to both parties, and more to his own than to that of the enemy: and exposes many thousand innocents for his single interest. The blameable part of his character is also concealed, as the vices of Achilles, by the dazzling lustre of a wonderful courage.

These are the most striking and the principal persons in the poem. All the under characters, though more slightly touched, are supported with equal beauty and justness.

The piety of Anchises, his attention to prodigies, his mildness to Achæmenides; the artful villainy and deliberate deceit of Sinon; the fury of the haughty Mezentius, his impiety and abandoned behaviour; the malice and envy of Drances; the tenderness of Nisus and Euryalus; the noble simplicity of Evander's manners; (more charming than the splendors of a modern court) the bravery of the heroine Camilla; the softness, modesty, and reservedness of the lovely Lavinia; are all of them painted in the most lively and natural colours, are strongly

strongly contrasted to one another, and are just draughts of human nature. If there be not that variety of characters in our poet as in Homer, yet perhaps it may be urged in our poet's defence that by this very circumstance our attention is more constantly fixed, as it ought to be, on the principal figure, Æneas.

SECTION III.

Of the SENTIMENTS.

THE sentiments in an epic poem are the thoughts and behaviour which the author ascribes to the Persons he introduces; and are just, when they are conformable to the characters of the several persons. The sentiments have likewise a relation to things as well as persons, and are then perfect when they are adapted to the subject. If in either of these cases (says Mr. Addison) the poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminish, to raise love or hatred, pity or terror, or any other passion, we ought to consider, whether the sentiments he makes use of are proper for these ends. Homer is censured by several critics who cannot relish nature and simplicity, for his defect as to this particular in several parts of his Iliad and Odyssey; but those who have treated this great poet with candour, have attributed this defect to the times in which he lived, and which he described. It was the fault of the age and not of Homer, if there wants that delicacy in some of his sentiments, which appears in the works of

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men of a much inferior genius. Virgil has excelled all others in the propriety of his sentiments. All the personages he introduces speak, according to the duke of Buckingham,

—just what a man would do in such a case.

But it is not sufficient for an epic poem to be filled with such thoughts as are natural, unless it abound also with such as are sublime. Virgil in this particular (adds the above-mentioned amiable critic) falls short of Homer. He has not indeed so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, but at the same time he has not so many thoughts that are sublime and noble. The truth of it is, Virgil seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments, where he is not fired by the Iliad. He every where charms and pleases us by the force of his own genius; but seldom elevates and transports us where he does not borrow his hints from Homer.

Though this remark is doubtless true in general, yet I believe many instances of great sublimity may be produced, for which our poet has not been indebted to his Greek master.

Is not the description of the Sibyl, in her prophetic fury, nobly conceived?—

—cum virgo poscere fata

Tempus ait, Deus, ecce Deus! cui talia fanti,
Ante fores subito non vultus, non color unus,
Non comptae mansere comae; sed pectus anhelum,
Et rabie fera corda tremunt; majorque videri,
Nec mortale sonans—

What

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What can affect the imagination more strongly than the idea of Æneas's fleet, driven upon an unknown coast, and, in the dead of a very dark night, hearing the most frightful noises that could be conceived?

Noctem illam tecti sylvis immania monstra
Perferimus; nec quae sonitum det causa videmus.
—Horribilis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem;
Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla.

I must add to these, that most majestic figure of Æneas:

Laetitia exultans, horrendumque insonat armis:
Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, aut ipse coruscis
Cum fremit illicibus quatiens, gaudetque nivali
Vertice se attollens pater Appenninus ad auras.

But above all, I cannot forbear taking notice of Turnus's stopping to listen at the distant confusion and distraction of the city, when the queen had hanged herself, &c.

Attulit hunc illi caecis terroribus aura
Commixtum clamorem, arrestaque impulit aures,
Confusae sonus urbis et illaetabile murmur.

And afterwards the description of the fury, which must make the most insensible tremble to read it.

Alitis in paryae subito collecta figuram,
Quae quondam in bustis aut culminibus desertis,
Nocte sedens, serum canit importuna per umbras.

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Hanc verfa in faciem, Turni se pectis ad ora,
Fertque refertque sonans, clypeumque everberat alis.

The circumstance of the bird's flapping her wings against his shield is strangely terrifying. It puts me in mind of a fine image in Spenser,

And over them sad Horror with grim hue,
Did always soar, beating his iron wings—

To conclude this section, as there are two kinds of sentiments, the natural and the sublime, which are always to be pursued in an heroic poem, there are also (says Mr. Addison) two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The first are such as are affected and unnatural; the second such as are mean and vulgar. As for the first kind of thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in Virgil. He has none of those trifling points and puerilities, that are so often to be met with in Ovid, none of the epigrammatic turns of Lucan, none of those swelling sentiments which are so frequent in Statius and Claudian, none of those mixed embellishments of Tasso. Every thing is just and natural. His sentiments shew, that he had a perfect insight into human nature, and that he knew every thing which was the most proper to affect it:

Reddere personae scit convenientia cuique. Hor.

As to the second kind of thoughts, Virgil hath never debased the dignity of epic poetry by introducing any sentiments and images that are mean and vulgar. All is uniformly majestic. He has never fallen into thoughts

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thoughts that either are coarse, or bordering on burlesque ; of which the refin'd and superficial French critics have so frequently accused Homer without making proper allowances for the manners of those early ages. The difference between the Greek and Latin poet on this occasion, together with the reason of such difference hath been well pointed out by the ingenious author of an enquiry into the life and writings of Homer. Virgil, says he, had been accustomed to the splendor of a court, the magnificence of a palace, and the grandeur of a royal equipage ; accordingly his representations of that part of life are more august and stately than Homer's. He has a greater regard to decency, and those polished manners which render men so much of a piece, and make them all resemble one another in their conduct and behaviour. His state designs and political management, are finely laid, and carried on much in the spirit of a courtier. The eternity of a government, the forms of magistrature, and plan of dominion, ideas to which Homer was a stranger, are familiar with the Roman poet. But the Grecian's wiles are plain and natural ; either stratagems of war, or such designs in peace, as depend not upon forming a party for their execution. He excels in the simple instructive parts of life ; the play of the passions, the prowess of bodies, and those single virtues of persons and characters, that arise from untaught, undisguised nature. And afterwards — Even the stately Agamemnon (says he) is not ashamed to own his passion for a captive maid before the whole army — He is besides, now and then a little covetous, and tortur'd

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With fear to such a degree, that his teeth chatter and his knees knock against each other ; he groans and weeps and rends his hair and is in such piteous plight, that, if we were not well assured of his personal bravery, we should take him for a downright coward. But Virgil durst make no condescension to nature, nor represent the human frailties in their genuine light.

Life of Homer, Sect. xii. p. 337.

SECTION IV.

Of the LANGUAGE.

TO crown these excellencies, the style of Virgil is remarkable for perspicuity and purity, for harmony, for brevity, and sublimity.

As idiomatic ways of speaking grow familiar and mean by the frequent use of them in ordinary Conversation, so an epic poet should diligently guard against falling into obvious phrases and current expressions, which would debase and sink his language to the level of prose. For this reason, he raises his style by a judicious use of metaphors, by lively and expressive epithets, or by making use of the idioms of other tongues ; as Virgil, for instance, is full of the Greek forms of speech which the criticks call hellenisms. But how many, to avoid the mean and the groveling, fall into the stiff, the unnatural, and the false sublime. Among

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the Greeks, says Mr. Addison, *Æschylus*, and sometimes Sophocles, were guilty of this fault; among the Latins, Claudian and Statius, and among our own countrymen, Shakespear and Lee. In these authors, the affectation of greatness often hurts the perspicuity of style; as in many others the endeavour after perspicuity prejudices its greatness. Virgil has kept a just mean, is clear without being tame, and is lofty without being turgid in his expressions.

In Virgil we meet with no mixture of different ideas, no metaphors harsh and violent, no epithets that clash with and contradict the nature of their substantives; nothing like the *Messis clypeata virorum* of Ovid, or *the shining ruin, and graceful terror, and moving iron wood*, (for an army marching with spears erect) of a better writer than Ovid, but one sometimes infected with the modern love of glittering expressions, and fond of the false florid.

With regard to versification, a reader who hath a just musical ear, and attentively peruses twenty lines together in the *Æneid*, will find and feel more true harmony and melodiousness in them, than in the most admired airs of a Corelli or a Handel. There is no tedious uniformity in Virgil's numbers: his pauses in each line are perpetually varied; his ellisions are introduced with as good effect as the flats and sharps in music; and above all there is a certain majesty in his lines that approaches as near Homer's versification as the patrii sermonis egestas would allow.

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As to those verses in Virgil, which are an echo to the sense, and which express by their sound and flowing, the thing described, there is no doubt to be entertained, but that the poet frequently intended this beauty, though perhaps not so often as certain chimerical critics imagine. I cannot help thinking this beauty was designed to be observed in the following lines among many others:

Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.
Et magnos membrorum actus, magna ossa lacer-
tosque.

Ut quondam in bustis aut culminibus desertis,
Ferte citi flamas, date tela, impellite remos,
Cornua velatarum obvertimus antennarum.

— Telum imbelli fine ictū.

and many more instances may be seen in the third book of Vida's poetics.

There remains to be mentioned Virgil's distinguishing beauty and characteristical excellence, his exquisite and expressive brevity. He never inserts a syllable in vain. He is close and prest. He gives us more things than words. We admire others, says a witty writer, for what they say; but we admire Virgil for what he does not say. He never exhausts the subject, by saying all upon it that could be said, but leaves something for the mind of the reader to discover. To him may we justly apply the fine commendation which Pliny gives Timanthes, one of the most admirable paint-

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ers of Greece, in the xth Chap. of the 35th book: *Timantri plurimum adsuit ingenii in omnibus operibus ejus; intelligitur enim plus semper quam pingitur, Timanthes displayed a great genius in all his pieces, his meaning always is much fuller than his expression.*

CONCLUSION.

From this short view of the *Aeneid* it may appear, that the plan of it is formed upon pious resignation and its rewards, as the plan of the *Iliad* is, upon anger and its pernicious effects. Consequently *Aeneas* is a more amiable and virtuous character than *Achilles*, whom Homer never designed as a perfect hero, or as a proper object of imitation. I have purposely avoided entering into any minute comparison betwixt these two great poets, because all that can justly be said on the subject is comprehended in the following excellent words of Mr. Pope.

No author or man, ever excelled all the world, in more than one faculty, and as Homer has done this in invention, Virgil has in judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree, or that Virgil wanted invention because Homer possest a larger share of it: each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work.

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VIRGIL's
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VOL. II.

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The A R G U M E N T.

The Trojans, after a seven Year's Voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful Storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's Request. The Tempest sinks one Ship, and scatters the rest: Neptune drives off the Winds, and calms the Seas. Æneas with his own, and six more Ships, arrives safe at an African Port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her Son's Misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind Reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to discover the Country, meets his Mother in the Shape of a Huntress, who conveys him in a Cloud to Carthage; where he sees his Friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind Entertainment from the Queen. Dido, by a Device of Venus, begins to have a Passion for him, and, after some Discourse with him desires the History of his Adventures since the Siege of Troy; which is the Subject of the two following Books.

P. VIRGILII MARONIS
AENEIDOS
 LIBER I.

ARMA, virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab oris
 Italianam, fato profugus, Lavinia venit
 Litora. multum ille et terris jactatus et alto,

It is allowed at present, that the proemial lines of a poem, in which the general subject is proposed, must always be void of glitter and embellishment. "The first lines of *Paradise Lost*," says Mr. Addison, "are perhaps as plain, simple and unadorned as any of the whole poem, in which particular the author has conformed himself to the example of Homer and the precept of Horace."

This observation seems to have been made by an implicit adoption of the common opinion without much consideration, either of the precept or example. Had Horace been consulted, he would have been found to have directed what should be comprised in the proposition, not how it should be expressed, and to have commended Homer in opposition to a meanner poet, not for the gradual elevation of his diction, but the expansion of his plan, for displaying events which he had not promised, not for producing unexpected elegancies of stile.

— Speciosa dehinc miracula promit
 Antiphaten Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Charybdim.

If the exordial lines of Homer be compared with the rest of the poem, they will not appear remarkable for plainness or simplicity, but rather eminently adorned and illuminated.

Audet

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

THE FIRST BOOK.

ARMS, and the Man I sing, the first who bore
His course to Latium from the Trojan shore ;
By fate expell'd, on land and ocean tost,
Before he reach'd the fair Lavinian coast :

Ἄνδρα μοι εινεπε, Μάσα, πολυτρόπον, ος μαλα πολλα
Πλαυχθη, επει Τροιης ιερου πολιεθρον επερσε'
Πολλων δ' αιθρωπων ιδεν ασεα και νοσν εγυω.
Πολλα δ' ου' εν ποντω παθεν αλγεα ον κατα θυμον,
Αρνυμενος ην τε ψυχην και νοσον εταιρων.
Αλλ' οδ' ας εταρης ερρυσατο ιεμενος περ.
Αυτων γαρ σφετερητιν ατασθαλιμσιν ολοντο,
Νηπιοι, οι κατα βυς υπεριονος ηλιοιο
Ησθιον αυταρ ο τοισιν αφειλετο νοσιμον ημαρ.
Των αμοθεν γε, θεα θυγατερ Διος, ειπε και ημιν.

The first verses of the Iliad are eminently splendid, and the proposition of the Æneid closes with dignity and magnificence not often to be found even in the poetry of Virgil.

The intent of the introduction is to raise expectation and suspend it ; something therefore must be discovered and something concealed : The poet, while the fertility of his invention is yet unknown, may properly recommend himself by the grace of his language.

6 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Vi superum, saevae memorem Junonis ob iram :
 Multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem, 5
 Inferretque deos Latio : genus unde Latinum,
 Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae.

Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso,
 Quidve dolens regina deum, tot volvere casus
 Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores 10
 Impulerit. tantaene animis coelestibus irae ?
 Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuere coloni,
 Carthago, Italiam contra, Tiberinaque longe
 Ostia, dives opum, studiisque asperrima belli :
 Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam 15
 Posthabita coluisse Samo. hic illius arma,
 Hic currus fuit : hoc regnum dea gentibus esse,
 Si qua fata sinant, jam tum tenditque fovetque.
 Progeniem sed enim Trojano a sanguine duci
 Audierat, Tyrias olim quae verteret arces. 20
 Hinc populum late regem, belloque superbum,
 Venturum excidio Libyae ; sic volvere Parcas.

He that reveals too much or promises too little, he that never irritates the intellectual appetite, or who immediately satiates it, equally defeats his own purpose ; and since it is necessary to the pleasure of the reader, that few events should be anticipated, by what can his attention be invited, but by grandeur of expression ? Rambler, N^o. 158.

V. 5. *By the gods.]*

Vi superum, saevae memorem Junonis ob iram.
 The sense goes on, just as well, without this verse, as with it. Since Virgil has said here that it was by Juno's means ; it is odd enough, that he should ask his muse, by whose means it was, ver. 8. infra. The translator has avoided this seeming impropriety.

BOOK I. VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

9

Doom'd by the Gods a length of wars to wage, 5
And urg'd by Juno's unrelenting rage ;
Ere the brave hero rais'd, in these abodes,
His destin'd walls, and fix'd his wand'ring gods.
Hence the fam'd Latian line, and senates come,
And the proud triumphs, and the tow'r's of Rome. 10

Say, Muse, what causes could so far incense
Celestial pow'rs, and what the dire offence
That mov'd heav'n's awful empress to impose
On such a pious prince a weight of woes,
Expos'd to dangers, and with toils opprest ? 15
Can rage so fierce inflame an heavenly Breast ?

Against th' Italian coast, of ancient fame
A city rose, and Carthage was the name ;
A Tyrian colony ; from Tiber far ;
Rich, rough, and brave, and exercis'd in war. 20
Which Juno far above all realms, above
Her own dear Samos, honoured with her love.
Here stood her chariot, here her armour lay,
Here she design'd, would destiny give way,
Ev'n then the seat of universal fway. 25

But of a race she heard, that should destroy
The Tyrian tow'rs, a race deriv'd from Troy,
Who proud in arms, triumphant by their Swords,
Should rise in time, the world's victorious Lords ;
By fate design'd her Carthage to subdue, 30
And on her ruin'd empire raise a new.

VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Id metuens, veterisque memor Saturnia belli,
Prima quod ad Trojam pro charis gesserat Argis.
Necdum etiam causae irarum saevique dolores 25
Exciderant animo, manet alta mente reposum
Judicium Paridis, spretaeque injuria formae,
Et genus invisum, et rapti Ganymedis honores.
His accensa super, jactatos aequore toto
Troas, relliquias Danaum atque immitis Achillei, 30
Arcebat longe Latio: multosque per annos
Errabant acti fatis maria omnia circum.
Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem.

40. *With all these motives fir'd, &c.]* Observe (says Catrou) the delicate art of Virgil in this passage: in the enumeration of the causes of those quarrels and disgusts that animate Juno against the Trojans, not one of them falls personally upon Æneas. He is the object of this goddess's hatred only as he is a Trojan. By this conduct the poet excites the compassion of his readers in favour of Æneas.

48. *When haughty Juno.]*—Virgil, we see, introduces machinery in the very beginning of his poem; the reason of which, and the use of machinery in general, was never so well explained as lately, by Mr. Spence in his *Polymetis*: whose judicious observations I shall set down at length, because they will serve to illustrate a great number of passages in the *Æneid*.

The greatest of the ancient poets seem to have held, that every thing in the moral as well as the natural world, was carried on by the influence and direction of the supreme being. It was Jupiter that actuated every thing, and in some sense might be said to do every thing that was done. This universal principle of action they considered, for their own ease, as divided into so many several personages, as they had occasion for causes. Hence every part of the creation was filled by them with deities; and no action was performed without the assistance of some god or other, for every power superior to man they called by that name.

This

BOOK I. VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

9

This fear'd the goddes; and in mind she bore
The late long war her fury rais'd before
For Greece with Troy; nor was her wrath resign'd,
But ev'ry cause hung heavy on her mind; 35
Her form disdain'd, and Paris' judgment, roll
Deep in her breast, and kindle all her soul;
Th' immortal Honours of the ravish'd boy,
And last, the whole detested race of Troy.
With all these motives fir'd, from Latium far 40
She drove the relicks of the Grecian war:
Fate urg'd their course; and long they wander'd o'er
The spacious ocean, tost from shore to shore.
So vast the work to build the mighty frame,
And raise the glories of the Roman name! 45

This way of thinking (or at least this way of talking) was received by many of their philosophers as well as poets, though it was particularly serviceable to the latter, and therefore appears so frequently in their works. Petronius Arbiter tells us, that a good epic poet should always lay hold of this advantage; and should carry on his whole action, by the help of what we call machinery: and when Horace speaks against gods being introduced too freely, in a passage that is so often quoted, and sometimes not quite to the purpose, he speaks only of the introducing them too freely on the stage: for in epic poems, the very best of the ancient poets, and the greatest patterns for writing that ever were, introduce them perpetually and without reserve. Homer, who was so highly admired by Horace, scarce does any thing without them; and Virgil, who was both admired and loved so much by him (and whose Æneid was even published ten years before Horace died) follows Homer more closely in this, than in any other point I know of. But the example of Virgil is, I think, sufficient for me at present; who has employed machinery so much and so freely in his Æneid, that

18 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Vix e conspectu Siculae telluris in altum
 Vela dabant laeti, et spumas salis aere ruebant; 35
 Cum Juno, aeternum servans sub pectore vulnus,
 Haec secum: Mene incepto desistere vitam,
 Nec posse Italia Teucrorum avertere regem?
 Quippe veter fatis. Pallasne exurere classem
 Argivum, atque ipsos potuit submergere ponto,
 Unius ob noxam et furias Ajacis Oilei?
 Ipsa, Jovis rapidum jaculata e nubibus ignem,
 Disjecitque rates, evertitque aequora ventis:
 Illum expirantem transfixo pectore flamas
 Turbina corripuit, scopuloque infixit acuto. 45

that almost the whole of the story is carried on by the intervention of the gods. If we just run over the first book in this light, we shall see, that if *Aeneas* meets with a storm, just after his first setting out, it is *Aeolus* that raises it at the request of Juno, and by the operation of the several genii's that preside over the winds: if the Sea grows calm again, it is by the appearance of the deity who presides over that element; who countermands those winds and sends them back to their caves. If *Aeneas* lands on the coast of Afric, and is to be kindly received at Carthage, it is *Mercury* that is sent by *Jupiter* to soften the minds of the Carthaginians and their queen toward him. And if he escapes all the attacks and dangers in passing through an unknown country, and an inhospitable people, till he comes to their capital; it is *Venus* who shrouds him in a cloud, and protects him from all danger. In fine, if the queen falls in love with him when he is arrived there; though she be represented as not old, and he as very handsome: yet must *Cupid* do no less, than undergo a transformation; to lie on her breast and insinuate that soft passion there.

This sort of management which is used so much by *Virgil* in the entrance of his poem, runs through it quite to the end; and appears as fully in *Aeneas*'s combat with *Turnus* in

BOOK I. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 11

Scarce from Sicilian shores the shouting train
Spread their broad sails, and plough'd the foamy main;
When haughty Juno thus her rage exprest;
Th' eternal wound still rankling in her breast.

Then must I stop? are all my labours vain? 50
And must this Trojan prince in Latium reign?
Belike, the fates may baffle Juno's aims;
And why could Pallas, with avenging flames,
Burn a whole navy of the Grecian ships,
And whelm the scatter'd Argives in the deeps? 55
She, for the crime of Ajax, from above
Launch'd thro' the clouds the fiery bolts of Jove;
Dash'd wide his Fleet, and, as her tempests flew,
Expos'd the ocean's inmost depths to view.
Then, while transfix'd the blasted wretch expires 60
Flames from his breast, and fires succeeding fires,
Snatch'd in a whirlwind, with a sudden shock,
She hurl'd him headlong on a pointed rock.

in the last book, as it did in his arrival at Carthage in the first. Every step and progression in the story, is full of machinery; or, according to Petronius's general rule, is carried on by the interposition and administration of the Gods. *Polytmus, Dialogue xx. p. 317.*

56. *Of Ajax.*] Virgil might here have an eye to some celebrated picture of this Ajax. (Apollodori est) Ajax fulmine incensus, qui Pergami spectatur hodie. Plin. I. xxxv. c. 9. p. 429. Edit. Elzevir.

12 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Ast ego, quae divum incedo regina, Jovisque
Et soror et conjux, una cum gente tot annos
Bella gero: et quisquam numen Junonis adoret
Praeterea, aut supplex aris imponat honorem?
Talia flammato secum dea corde volatans, 50
Nimborum in patriam, loca foeta furentibus austris,
Aeoliam venit. hic vasto rex Aeolus antro
Luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinclis et carcere frenat.
Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis, 55
Circum claustra fremunt. celsa sedet Aeolus arce,
Sceptra tenens, mollitque animos, et temperat iras.
Ni faciat, maria ac terras coelumque profundum
Quippe ferant rapidi secum, verrantque per auras.
Sed pater omnipotens speluncis abdidit atris, 60
Hoc metuens: molemque et montes insuper altos
Imposuit, regemque dedit, qui foedere certo
Et premere, et laxas sciret dare jussus habenas.
Ad quem tum Juno supplex his vocibus usa est:
Aeole, (namque tibi divum pater atque hominum rex 65
Et mulcere dedit fluctus, et tollere vento:)

But I, who move supreme in heaven's abodes,
Jove's sister-wife, and empress of the gods, 65
With this one nation must a war maintain
For years on years; and wage that war in vain!
And now what suppliants will invoke my name,
Adore my pow'r, or bid my altars flame?

Thus fir'd with rage and vengeance, down she flies 70
To dark Æolia, from the distant skies,
Impregnated with storms; whose tyrant binds
The blust'ring tempests, and reluctant winds.
Their rage imperial Æolus restrains
With rocky dungeons, and enormous chains. 75
The bellowing brethren, in the mountain pent,
Roar round the cave, and struggle for a vent.
From his high throne, their fury to asswage,
He shakes his sceptre, and controuls their rage;
Or down the void their rapid whirls had driv'n 80
Earth, air, and ocean, and the tow'rs of Heaven.
But Jove, the mighty ruin to prevent,
In gloomy caves th' aerial captives pent;
O'er their wild rage the pond'rous rocks he spread,
And hurl'd huge heaps of mountains on their head; 85
And gave a king, commission'd to restrain
And curb the tempest, or to loose the rein.

Whom thus the queen addrest: Since mighty Jove,
The king of men, and fire of gods above,
Gives thee, great Æolus, the pow'r to raise 90
Storms at thy sovereign will, or smooth the seas;

Gens

14 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat aequor,
 Ilium in Italiam portans, victosque penates :
 Incute vim ventis, submersasque obrue puppes :
 Aut age diversas, et disjice corpora ponto. 70
 Sunt mihi bis septem praestanti corpore nymphae :
 Quarum, quae forma pulcherrima, Deiōpeiam
 Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo :
 Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
 Exigat, et pulchra faciat te prole parentem. 75
 Aeolus haec contra : Tuus, o regina, quid optes
 Explorare labor, mihi iussa capessere fas est.
 Tu mihi quocunque hoc regni, tu sceptrā Jovemque
 Concilias : tu das epulis accumbere divūm,
 Nimborumque facis tempestatumque potentem. 80
 Haec ubi dicta, cavum conversa cuspide montem
 Impulit in latus : ac venti, velut agmine facto,
 Qua data porta ruunt, et terras turbine perlant.
 Incubuere mari, totumque a sedibus imis
 Una eurusque notusque ruunt, creberque procellis 85
 Africus : et vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.

109. *So spoke th' obsequious god.]* He that would be a real poet, says Bossu, must leave it to historians to say that a fleet was shatter'd by a storm, and cast upon a strange coast : and must say with Virgil, that Juno went to Aeolus, and that this god, upon her request, unloosed the winds against Aeneas. Let him leave it to an historian to write, that a young prince behaved himself on all occasions with great prudence, wisdom and discretion : but let him say with Homer, that Minerva led him by the hand in all his enterprizes.

115. *East, West, &c.]* This storm of Virgil's probably contributed towards setting almost all the Roman poets after

A race, I long have labour'd to destroy,
Waft to Hesperia the remains of Troy.

Ev'n now their navy cuts the Tuscan floods,
Charg'd with their exiles, and their vanquish'd gods. 95
Wing all thy furious winds ; o'erwhelm the train,
Disperse, or plunge their vessels in the main.

Twice sev'n bright nymphs, of beauteous shape are
mine ;

For thy reward the fairest I'll resign,
The charming Deiopeia shall be thine ; 100
She, on thy bed, long blessings shall confer,
And make thee father of a race like her.

'Tis your's great queen, replies the pow'r, to lay
The task, and mine to listen and obey.
By you, I fit a guest with gods above, 105
And share the graces and the smiles of Jove :
By you, these realms, this sceptre I maintain,
And wear these honours of the stormy reign.

So spoke th' obsequious God ; and, while he spoke,
Whirl'd his vast spear, and pierc'd the hollow rock. 110
The winds, embattled, as the mountain rent,
Flew all at once impetuous thro' the vent :
Earth, in their course, with giddy whirls they sweep,
Rush to the seas, and bare the bosom of the deep :
East, West, and South, all black with tempests, roar,
And roll vast billows to the trembling shore. 116

after him a storm painting. In Agam. Sc. iii. we have a
puerile imitation of it. Lucan has another, carried to ex-
cess : Ovid, according to his manner, has several : and
Flaccus

16 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Insequitur clamorque virum, stridorque rudentum.
 Eripunt subito nubes coelumque diemque
 Teucrorum ex oculis: ponto nox incubat atra.
 Intonuere poli, et crebris micat ignibus aether:
 Praesentemque viris intentant omnia mortem. 95
 Extemplo Aeneae solvuntur frigore membra.
 Ingemit, et, duplices tendens ad fidera palmas,
 Talia voce refert: O terque quaterque beati,
 Queis ante ora patrum, Trojae sub moenibus altis,

Flaccus one, Argon. i. 641. which was certainly taken from this; unless both that and this were originally copied from Apollonius Rhodius. Juvenal seems to ridicule their over-charging their pieces; where speaking of a real storm, he says, 'twas as bad as a poetical one. Sat. xxii. 24.

SPENCE.

124. *In horror fixt the Trojan hero.*] The objections of those critics, who from this passage arraign Æneas of cowardice, are most weak and frivolous. All fear is not cowardice, as no fierceness is true courage. Æneas is afraid of the gods, and for his country: both which are consistent with the truest magnanimity; nay there can be no true magnanimity without them. TRAPP.

There is a very remarkable passage in a letter of Mr. Pope to the duke of Buckingham, which this subject puts me in mind of. I can tell your grace, no less a hero than my lord Peterborow, when a person complimented him for never being afraid, made this answser; "Sir, shew me a danger that I think an imminent and real one, and I promise you I'll be as much afraid as any of you." A braver answer was never made by any one of the ancient heroes whatever.

129. *Ob! 'twas a glorious fate.*] Mr. Pope observes, that Virgil has borrowed this thought from a passage in the twenty-first Iliad; where Achilles is in the very same circumstances as Æneas, in danger of being drowned. He adds, nothing is more agreeable than this wish to the heroic character of Achilles: glory is his prevailing passion; he grieves

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V

I. BOOK I. VIRGIL's AENEID.

17

The cordage cracks ; with unavailing cries
The Trojans mourn ; while sudden clouds arise,
And ravish from their sight the splendors of the skies. }
Night hovers o'er the floods ; the day retires ; 120
The heav'ns flash thick with momentary fires ;
Loud thunders shake the poles ; from ev'ry place
Grim death appear'd, and glar'd in ev'ry face.

In horror fixt the Trojan hero stands,
He groans, and spreads to heav'n his lifted hands. 125
Thrice happy those ! whose fate it was to fall
(Exclaims the chief) beneath the Trojan wall.
Oh ! 'twas a glorious fate to die in fight,
To die, so bravely, in their parents' sight !

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grieves not that he must die, but that he should die unlike a man of honour. Lucan, in the fifth Book of his *Pharsalia*, representing Cæsar in the same circumstance, has, I think, carried yet farther the character of ambition, and a noble thirst of glory, in his hero; when after he has repined in the same manner with Achilles and Æneas, he acquiesces at last in the reflection of the glory he had already acquired,

— *Licet ingentis abruperit actus*
Festinata dies Fatis, fat magna peregi,
Arctoas domui gentes ; inimica subegi
Armæ manu : vidit magnum mihi Roma secundum.

and wishes that his obscure fate might be concealed, only that all the world might still fear and expect him. This last circumstance is exceedingly great.

— *Lacerum retinete cadaver*
Fluctibus in mediis ; desint mihi busta, rogusque,
Dum metuar semper, terrâque expecter ab omni.

I am glad of any opportunity of doing justice to this neglected author; who, tho' by no means a chaste and correct writer, yet abounds in some of the most noble, animated and exalted sentiments, that can any where be found.

Contigit oppetere ! O Danaum fortissime gentis 100
Tydide, mene Iliacis occumbere campis

Non potuisse, tuaque animam hanc effundere dextra ?

Saevus ubi Aeacidae telo jacet Hector, ubi ingens

Sarpedon : ubi tot Simoës correpta sub undis

Scuta virum, galeasque et fortia corpora volvit. 105

Talia jactanti stridens aquilone procella

Velum adversa ferit, fluctusque ad sydera tollit.

Franguntur remi : tum prora avertit, et undis

Dat latus : insequitur cumulo praeruptus aquae mons.

Hi summo in fluctu pendent, his unda dehiscens 110

Terram inter fluctus aperit. furit aestus arenis.

Tres notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet :

Saxa vocant Itali, mediis quae in fluctibus, aras.

Dorsum immane mari summo. tres eurus ab alto

In brevia et syrtes urget, miserabile visu ! 115

Illiditque vadis, atque aggere cingit arenae.

Unam, quae Lycios fidumque vehebat Orontem,

Ipsius ante oculos ingens a vertice pontus

In puppim ferit : excutitur pronusque magister

BOOK I. VIRGIL's AENEID.

19

Oh! had I there, beneath Tydides' hand, 130
That bravest heroe of the Grecian band,
Pour'd out this soul, with martial glory fir'd,
And in that field triumphantly expir'd,
Where Hector fell by fierce Achilles' spear,
And great Sarpedon, the renown'd in war; 135
Where Simois' streams, incumber'd with the slain,
Roll'd shields, and helms, and heroes to the main.

Thus while he mourns, the Northern blast prevails,
Breaks all his oars, and rends his flying sails;
The prow turns round; the galley leaves her side 140
Bare to the working waves, and roaring tide;
While in huge heaps the gathering surges spread,
And hang in wat'ry mountains o'er his head.

These ride on waves sublime; those see the ground
Low in the boiling deeps, and dark profound. 145

Three shatter'd gallies the strong Southern blast
On hidden rocks, with dreadful fury, cast;
Th' Italians call them altars, as they stood
Sublime, and heav'd their backs above the flood.

Three more, fierce Eurus on the Syrtes threw 150
From the main sea, and (terrible to view)
He dash'd, and left the vessels, on the land,
Intrench'd with mountains of surrounding sand.

Struck by a billow, in the hero's view,
From prow to stern the shatter'd galley flew 155
Which bore Orontes, and the Lycian crew:
Swept off the deck, the pilot from the ship,
Stunn'd by the stroke, shot headlong down the deep:

Volvitur in caput ; ast illam ter fluctus ibidem 120
Torquet agens circum, et rapidus vorat aequore vortex.
Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto :
Arma virūm, tabulaeque, et Troïa gaza per undas.
Jam validam Ilionei navem, jam fortis Achatae,
Et qua veſtus Abas, et qua grandaevus Alethes, 125
Vicit hyems : laxis laterum compagibus omnes
Accipiunt inimicum imbrem, rimisque fatiscunt.

Interea magno misceri murmure pontum,
Emissamque hyemem sensit Neptunus, et imis
Stagna refusa vadis : graviter commotus, et alto 130
Prospiciens, summa placidum caput extulit unda.
Disiectam Aeneae toto videt aequore classem,
Fluctibus oppressos Troas, coelique ruina.
Nec latuere doli fratrem Junonis, et irae :
Eurum ad se zephyrumque vocat : dehinc talia fatur :
Tantane vos generis tenuit fiducia vestri ? 136
Jam coelum terramque, meo fine numine, venti,
Miscere, et tantas audetis tollere moles ?
Quos ego, sed motos praefstat componere fluctus.
Post mihi non simili poena commissa luetis. 140

The vessel, by the surge tost round and round,
Sunk, in the whirling gulf devour'd and drown'd. 160
Some from the dark abyss emerge again ;
Arms, planks, and treasures, float along the main.
And now thy ship, Ilioneus, gives way,
Nor thine, Achates, can resist the sea ;
Nor old Alethes his strong galley faves ; 165
Then Abas yields to the victorious waves :
The storm dissolves their well-compacted sides,
Which drink at many a leak the hostile tides.

Mean time th' Imperial monarch of the main
Heard the loud tumults in his wat'ry reign, 170
And saw the furious tempest wide around
Work up the waters, from the vast profound.
Then for his liquid realms alarm'd, the God
Lifts his high head above the stormy flood,
Majestic and serene : he rolls his eyes, 175
And scatter'd wide the Trojan navy spies,
Opprest by waves below, by thunders from the skies. }
Full well he knew his sister's endless hate,
Her wiles and arts to sink the Trojan state.
To Eurus, and the Western blast, he cry'd, 180
Does your high birth inspire this boundless pride,
Audacious winds ! without a pow'r from me,
To raise, at will, such mountains on the sea ?
Thus to confound heav'n, earth, the air, and main ?
Whom I—but first I'll calm the waves again. 185
But if you tempt my rage a second time,
Know, that some heavier vengeance waits the crime.

Maturate fugam, regique haec dicite vestro :
 Non illi imperium pelagi saevumque tridentem ;
 Sed mihi, sorte datum, tenet ille immania faxa,
 Vestras, eure, domos : illa se jaetet in aula
 Aeolus, et clauso ventorum carcere regnet. 149
 Sic ait, et dicto citius tumida aequora placat,
 Collectasque fugat nubes, solemque reducit.
 Cymothoe simul et Triton adnixus, acuto
 Detrudunt naves scopulo : levat ipse tridenti ;
 Et vastas aperit syrtes, et temperat aequor, 150
 Atque rotis summas levibus perlabitur undas.
 Ac veluti magno in populo cum saepe coorta est
 Seditio, saevitque animis ignobile vulgus ;
 Jamque faces et faxa volant ; furor arma ministrat :

V. 194. *He spoke and speaking chac'd, &c.]* In the works of the ancients, nature and machinery generally go hand in hand, and serve chiefly to manifest one another. Thus, for instance, in the storm in the very beginning of the *Aeneid*; these imaginary beings are introduced in every part of it: but it is only such beings, as are proper for the part in which they are introduced; and they appear there only to carry on the true order of the natural effects. The goddess of the upper air desires the God of the winds, to let loose those turbulent subjects of his; they are let loose; the sea is immediately all in a tumult; and the God of the sea appears, to make it all calm again. There seems to me, not to be any more difference in this, and the natural account of the thing; than if you should say, that all the parts of matter tend towards each other; and I should say, that some spiritual power always impels them towards each other. The effects are just the same; only in one case we look upon them as acting; and in the other as acted upon. See Mr. Spence's *Polymetis*, *Dial. xx.* These judicious reflexions applied in a proper manner to other fables and machines, may serve as a key to all the ancient mythology; and shew

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Hence ; fly with speed ; from me, your tyrant tell,
 That to my lot this wat'ry empire fell.
 Bid him his rocks, your darksome dungeons, keep, 190
 Nor dare usurp the trident of the deep.
 There, in that gloomy court, display his pow'r,
 And hear his tempests round their caverns roar.

He spoke, and speaking chac'd the clouds away,
 Hush'd the loud billows, and restor'd the day. 195
 Cymothoë guards the vessels in the shock,
 And Triton heaves 'em from the pointed rock.
 With his huge trident, the majestic God
 Clear'd the wild Syrtes, and compos'd the flood ;
 Then mounted on his radiant car he rides, 200
 And wheels along the level of the tides.
 As when sedition fires th' ignoble crowd,
 And the wild rabble storms, and thirsts for blood :
 Of stones and brands, a mingled tempest flies,
 With all the sudden arms that rage supplies : 205

most of their stories, idle as they seem on the first view, to be full of good sense and sound philosophy at the bottom.

217. This is a most beautiful and picturesque description. Poussin never painted a more solemn scene. Catrou is of opinion, that the poet had in view the port of Ancona. Lucretius has painted something like this : and the lines are very poetical.

— *Noctivagi sylvestria templa tenebant
 Nymphaenum, quibus exibant humore fluenta
 Lubrica, proluvie largâ lavere humida faxa,
 Humida faxa super viridi stillantia musco,
 Et partim plano scatere atq; erumpere campo.*

Lib. iv. 945.

Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant : 156
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcit.
Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, aequora postquam
Prospiciens genitor, coeloque inventus aperto,
Flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora secundo. 160

Defessi Aeneadae, quae proxima, litora cursu
Contendunt petere, et Libyaे vertuntur ad oras.
Est in secessu longo locus : insula portum
Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos. 165
Hinc atque hinc vastae rupes, geminique minantur
In coelum scopuli ; quorum sub vertice late
Aequora tuta silent. tum sylvis scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra.
Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum : 170
Intus aquae dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo ;
Nymphaeum domus. hic fessas non vincula naves
Ulla tenent, unco non alligat anchora morsu.
Huc septem Aeneas collectis navibus omni
Ex numero subit : ac magno telluris amore 175

225. *Secret grotto.*] There is a place in the kingdom of Tunis (under the promontory of Mercury) now called Cape Bon) a few miles east of Carthage, that exactly answers the description of this grotto. This hollow goes in twenty or thirty fathoms, under the hills ; and those who took out the stone from it (for it seems to have been a quarry) left a sort of pillars at proper distances, to support the weight at top from falling in. The arches which these pillars help to form, lye open to the sea ; there are little streams perpetually draining from the rocks ; and seats of stone formed within, probably for the use of those who worked in that quarry. There is a clift on each side ; and the brow of the

mountain

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If some grave fire appears, amid the strife,
In morals strict, and innocence of life,
All stand attentive; while the sage controuls
Their wrath, and calms the tumult of their souls.
So did the roaring deeps their rage compose, 210
When the great father of the floods arose.
Rapt by his steeds, he flies in open day,
Throws up the reins, and skims the wat'ry way.

The Trojans, weary'd with the storm, explore
The nearest land, and reach the Libyan shore. 215
Far in a deep recess, her jutting sides
An isle projects, to break the rolling tides,
And forms a port, where, curling from the sea,
The waves steal back, and wind into a bay.
On either side, sublime in air, arise 220
Two tow'ring rocks, whose summits brave the skies;
Low at their feet the sleeping ocean lies:
Crown'd with a gloomy shade of waving woods,
Their awful brows hang nodding o'er the floods.
Oppos'd to these, a secret grotto stands, 225
The haunt of Nereids, fram'd by nature's hands;
Where polish'd seats appear of living stone,
And limpid rills, that tinkle as they run.
No cable here, nor circling anchor binds
The floating vessel, harrast with the winds. 230
The Dardan hero brings to this retreat
Sev'n shatter'd ships, the relicts of his fleet.

mountain is overshadowed with trees. Mr. SPENCE, from Dr. SHAW; who has given a farther account of them in his travels, page 157.

Egressi optata potiuntur Troës arena,
 Et sale tabentes artus in litore ponunt.
 Ac primum silici scintillam excudit Achates,
 Suscepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum
 Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam. 180
 Tum Cererem corruptam undis, Cerealiaque arma
 Expediunt fessi rerum: frugesque receptas
 Et torrere parant flammis, et frangere saxo.

Aeneas scopulum interea concendit, et omnem
 Prospectum late pelago petit; Anthea si qua 185
 Jactatum vento videat Phrygiasque biremes,
 Aut Capyn, aut celsis in pupibus arma Caïci.
 Navem in conspectu nullam, tres litore cervos
 Prospicit errantes: hos tota armenta sequuntur
 A tergo, et longum per valles pascitur agmen. 190
 Constitit hic, arcumque manu celeresque sagittas
 Corripuit, fidus quae tela gerebat Achates.
 Ductoresque ipsos primum, capita alta ferentes

236. *Achates strikes the flint.*] 'Tis remarkable that M. Segrais has omitted this circumstance in his translation. He tells us, that to adapt his work to the French manners, he dared not give Achates the great favourite of the hero so mean an office as that of lighting a fire. The Latin tongue and the antients, (continues he) are able to give a gracefulness to these kind of paintings, and to make such low circumstances agreeable; but they would be highly disgusting to our age. What can give one a stronger idea of the false delicacy of the French nation, and of the incapacity of their language to describe several little circumstances, which ought to have a place in an epic poem?

242. *Aeneas mounts a rock.*] Nothing can more entertain the imagination than the hero's mounting this hill to examine

With fierce desire to gain the friendly strand,
The Trojans leap in rapture to the land,
And, drench'd in brine, lye stretch'd along the sand. 236
Achates strikes the flint, and from the stroke
The lurking seeds of fire in sparkles broke ;
The catching flame on leaves and stubble preys,
Then gathers strength, and mounts into a blaze.
Tir'd with their labours, they prepare to dine, 240
And grind their corn, infected with the brine.

Æneas mounts a rock, and thence surveys
The wide and wat'ry prospect of the feas ;
Now hopes the shatter'd Phrygian ships to find,
Antheus, or Capys, driving with the wind ; 245
And now, Caicus' glitt'ring arms to spy,
Wide o'er the vast horizon darts his eye.
The chief could view no vessel on the main ;
But three tall stags stalk'd proudly o'er the plain ;
Before the herd their beamy fronts they rais'd ; 250
Stretch'd out in length, the train along the valley graz'd.
The Prince, who spy'd 'em on the shore below,
Stop'd short ---- then snatch'd the feather'd shafts and
bow,
Which good Achates bore : his arrows fled ;
And first he laid the lordly leaders dead ; 255

mine on what kind of coast they were landed, and his seeing no object but the herd of deer, grazing wildly. This amusing prospect, and the description of that beautiful, retired, and safe harbour in line 220. make a fine contrast to the preceding tumult and dreadful images of the storm.

Cornibus arboreis, sternit : tum vulgus : et omnem
Miscet agens telis nemora inter frondea turbam. 195
Nec prius absistit, quam septem ingentia victor
Corpora fundat humi, et numerum cum navibus aequet.
Hinc portum petit, et socios partitur in omnes.
Vina, bonus quae deinde cadis onerarat Acestes
Litore Trinacrio, dederatque abeuntibus heros, 200
Dividit, et dictis moerentia pectora mulcit :
O socii, (neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum)
O passi graviora ; dabit deus his quoque finem.
Vos et Scyllaeam rabiem, penitusque sonantes
Accestis scopulos ; vos et Cyclopea saxa 205
Experti. revocate animos, moestumque timorem
Mittite. forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus in Latium ; sedes ubi fata quietas
Ostendunt. illic fas regna resurgere Trojae. 210
Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.
Talia voce refert : curisque ingentibus aeger,
Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.
Illi se praedae accingunt dapibusque futuris :
Tergora deripiunt costis, et viscera nudant. 215

Next all th' ignoble vulgar he pursu'd,
And with his shafts dispers'd 'em thro' the wood :
Nor ceas'd the chief, 'till, stretch'd beneath his feet,
Lay sev'n huge stags, the number of his fleet.
Back to the port the victor bends his way, 260
And with his friends divides the copious prey.
The generous wine, to crown the genial feast,
Which kind Acestes gave his parting guest,
Next to his sad associates he imparts ;
And with these words revives their drooping hearts. 265

Friends ! we have known more toils, than now we
know,

By long experience exercis'd in woe ;
And soon to these disasters shall be giv'n
A certain period, by relenting heav'n.

Think, how you saw the dire Cyclopean shore, 270
Heard Scylla's rocks, and all her monsters, roar.
Dismiss your fears ; on these misfortunes past
Your minds with pleasure may reflect at last.

Thro' such varieties of woes, we tend
To promis'd Latium, where our toils shall end : 275
Where the kind fates shall peaceful seats ordain,
And Troy, in all her glories, rise again.
With manly patience bear your present state,
And with firm courage wait a better fate.

So spoke the chief, and hid his inward smart ; 280
Hope smooth'd his looks, but anguish rack'd his heart.
The hungry crowd prepare, without delay,
To dress the banquet, and to share the prey.

Pars in frustra secant, veribusque trementia figunt.
 Litore ahena locant alii, flamasque ministrant.
 Tum victu revocant vires! fusique per herbam
 Impletur veteris bacchi, pinguisque ferinae.
 Postquam exempta fames epulis, mensaque remotae,
 Amissos longo socios sermone requirunt, 221
 Spemque metumque inter dubii: seu vivere credant,
 Sive extrema pati, nec jam exaudire vocatos.
 Praecipue pius Aeneas, nunc acris Orontei,
 Nunc Amyci casum gemit, et crudelia secum 225
 Fata Lyci, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.

297. *Gyas and Cloanthus.*] Virgil hath been greatly censured for a want of variety in his characters, and because he hath not fill'd his poem with so many heroes as Homer hath done. Ajax, Diomed, Idomeneus, &c. are all shining characters, and are all diversified and distinguished from one another. Whereas the faithful Achates, the brave Gyas, and the brave Cloanthus (fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum) the same over and over again, are of no material use in the poem, and serve only to fill now and then the gap of a verse or two. Mr. Voltaire's answer to this censure is well worthy the reader's notice.

I am apt to think, says he, that such an objection turns a great deal to the advantage of the *Aeneid*: Virgil sung the actions of *Aeneas*, and Homer the idleness of Achilles. The Greek poet lay under the necessity of supplying the absence of his first hero, with some other warriors; but what was judicious in Homer, would have been preposterous in Virgil: he knew too much of his art, to drown his principal character in the crowd of many other heroes, indifferent to the main action.

Thus he found the way to center our concern in *Aeneas*; he interests us for him by never losing sight of him, while Homer presenting us with the shifting scene of so many shining characters, interests us for none. Mr. Addison's opinion on this subject is likewise worthy the attention of the reader.

Virgil

Some from the body strip the smoaking hide,
Some cut in morsels, and the parts divide ; 285
These bid, with busy care, the flames aspire ;
Those roast the limbs, yet quiv'ring, o'er the fire.
Thus, while their strength and spirits they restore,
The brazen cauldrons smoak along the shore.
Stretch'd on the grass, their bodies they recline, 290
Enjoy the rich repast, and quaff the gen'rous wine.

The rage of hunger quell'd, they past away
In long and melancholy talk the day ;
Nor knew, by fears and hopes alternate led,
Whether to deem their friends distrest, or dead. 295
Apart the pious chief, who suffer'd most,
Bemoans brave Gyas and Cloanthus lost :
For Lycus' fate, for Amycus he weeps,
And great Orontes, whelm'd beneath the deeps.

Virgil, says he, is very barren in this part of his poem, (the diversity of characters) and has but little varied the manners of the principal persons in it. His Æneas is a compound of valour and piety, Achates calls himself his friend, but takes no occasion of shewing himself so : Mnestheus, Sergestus, Gyas, and Cloanthus, are all of them men of the same stamp and character. Virgil was so very nice and delicate a writer, that probably he might not think his compliment to Augustus so great, or so artfully concealed, if he had scattered his praises more promiscuously, and made his court to others in the same poem. Had he entertained any such design, Agrippa must in justice have challenged the second place ; and if Agrippa's representative had been admitted, Æneas would have had very little to do ; which would not have redounded much to the honour of his emperor. If therefore Virgil has shadowed any great person besides Augustus in his characters, they are to be found only in the meaner actors of his poem, among the disputers for a petty victory in the fifth book, and perhaps in some few other places.

Et jam finis erat: cum Jupiter aethere summo
 Despiciens mare velivolum, terrasque jacentes,
 Litoraque, et latos populos, sic vertice coeli
 Constitit, et Libya defixit lumina regnis. 230
 Atque illum tales jactantem pectore curas,
 Tristior, et lacrymis oculos suffusa nitentes,
 Alloquitur Venus: O, qui res hominumque deumque
 Aeternis regis imperiis, et fulmine terres,
 Quid meus Aeneas in te committere tantum? 235
 Quid Troës potuere, quibus, tot funera passis,
 Cunctus ob Italianam terrarum clauditur orbis?
 Certe, hinc Romanos olim, volventibus annis,
 Hinc fore ductores, revocato a sanguine Teucri,
 Qui mare, qui terras omni ditione tenerent, 240
 Pollicitus. quae te, genitor, sententia vertit?
 Hoc equidem occasum Trojae tristesque ruinas
 Solabar, fatis contraria fata rependens.
 Nunc eadem fortuna viros tot casibus actos 244
 Insequitur. quem das finem, rex magne, laborum?
 Antenor potuit, mediis elapsus Achivis,
 Illyricos penetrare sinus, atque intima tutus
 Regna Liburnorum et fontem superare Timavi:
 Unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure montis
 It mare proruptum, et pelago premit arva sonanti. 250

326. *Where thro' nine*] The river Timavus bursts out all at once, from the bottom of a mountain, and divides itself into nine different streams before it runs into the Adriatic sea. 'Tis so large itself that Virgil here calls it a sea, *mare proruptum & pelago sonanti*. As it is at the head of the gulph of Venice, the Italians now call it *la madre del mare*; as if they thought all that sea was supplied from it. HOLDS-WORTH.

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Now, from high heav'n, imperial Jove surveys
The nations, shores, and navigable seas ; 300
There, as he sate, inthron'd above the skies,
Full on the Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes.
When, lo ! the mournful queen of love appears ;
Her starry eyes were dim'd with streaming tears ; 305
Who to the fire her humble suit address'd,
The schemes of fate revolving in his breast.

Oh thou ! whose sacred, and eternal sway,
Aw'd by thy thunders, men, and Gods obey ;
What have my poor exhausted Trojans done ? 310
Or what, alas ! my dear unhappy son ?
Still, for the sake of Italy, deny'd
All other regions, all the world beside ?
Sure, once you promis'd, that a race divine
Of Roman chiefs should spring from Teucer's line ;
The world in future ages to command, 316
And in their empire grasp the sea and land.
Oh ! sov'reign father, say ! what cause could move
The fixt unalterable word of Jove ?
Which sooth'd my grief, when Ilion felt her doom ; 320
And Troy I balanc'd with the fates of Rome.
But see ! their fortune still pursues her blow ;
When wilt thou fix a period to their woe ?
In safety, bold Antenor broke his way
Thro' hosts of foes, and pierc'd th' Illyrian bay, 325
Where, thro' nine ample mouths, Timavus pours,
Wide as a sea, and deluges the shores ;
The flood rebellows, and the mountain roars.

34 V I R G I L I I A E N E I S. L I B. I.

Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi sedesque locavit.
Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit.
Troia. nunc placida compostus pace quiescit.
Nos, tua progenies, coeli quibus annuis arcem,
Navibus (infandum) amissis, unius ob iram 255
Prodimur, atque Italica longe disjungimur oris.
Hic pietatis honos ! sic nos in sceptris reponis !
Olli subridens hominum sator atque deorum,
Vultu, quo coelum tempestatesque serenat,
Oscula libavit natae ; dehinc talia fatur ; 260
Parce metu, Cytherea : manent immota tuorum
Fata tibi. cernes urbem et promissa Lavini
Moenia, sublimemque feres ad sidera coeli
Magnanimum Aeneam ; neque me sententia vertit.
Hic, tibi fabor enim, quando haec te cura remordet, 265
Longius et volvens fatorum arcana movebo,
Bellum ingens geret Italia, populisque feroce
Contundet, moresque viris et moenia ponet :
Tertia dum Latio regnantem viderit aestas,
Ternaque transierint Rutulis hyberna subactis. 270
At puer Ascanius, cui nunc cognomen Iulo
Additur, (Ilius erat, dum res stetit Ilia regno)

BOOK I. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 35

Yet with his colonies, secure he came,
Rais'd Padua's walls, and gave the realms a name. 330
Then fix'd his Trojan arms ; his labours cease ;
And now the hoary monarch reigns in peace.
But we, your progeny, ordain'd to rise,
And share th' eternal honours of the skies,
To glut the rage of ohe, our vessels lost, 335
Barr'd by her vengeance, from the promis'd coast.
Are these the palms that virtue must obtain ?
And is our empire thus restor'd again ?

The fire of men and gods, superior, smil'd
On the sad queen, and gently kiss'd his child. 340
Then, with those looks that clear the clouded skies,
And calm the raging tempest, he replies.
Daughter, dismiss your fears ; by doom divine
Fixt are the fates of your immortal line.
Your eyes Lavinium's promis'd walls shall see, 345
And here we ratify our first decree.
Your son, the brave Æneas, soon shall rise,
Himself a god ; and mount the starry skies.
To sooth your care, these secrets I relate
From the dark volumes of eternal fate : 350
The chief fair Italy shall reach, and there
With mighty nations wage a dreadful war,
New cities raise, the savage natives awe,
And to the conquer'd kingdoms give the law.
The fierce Rutulians vanquish'd by his sword, 355
Three years shall Latium own him sovereign lord.
Your dear Ascanius then, the royal boy,
(Now call'd Iulus, since the fall of Troy)

Triginta magnos volvendis mensibus orbes
Imperio explebit, regnumque ab sede Lavini
Transferet, et longam multa vi muniet Albam. 275
Hic jam tercentum totos regnabit annos
Gente sub Hectorea; donec regina sacerdos
Marte gravis, geminam partu dabit Ilia prolem.
Inde lupae fulvo nutricis tegmine laetus
Romulus excipiet gentem, et Mavortia condet 280
Moenia, Romanosque suo de nomine dicet.
His ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono:
Imperium sine fine dedi, quin aspera Juno,
Quae mare nunc terraque metu coelumque fatigat,
Consilia in melius referet, mecumque fovebit 285
Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.
Sic placitum. veniet, lustris labentibus, aetas,
Cum domus Asiaraci Phthiam clarasque Mycenas
Servitio premet, ac viuis dominabitur Argis.
Nascetur pulchra Trojanus origine Caesar, 290
Imperium oceano, famam qui terminet astris,
Julius, a magno demissum nomen Iulo.
Hunc tu olim coelo, spoliis orientis onustum,

Book I. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 37

While thirty rolling years their orbs compleat,
Shall wear the crown, and from Lavinium's seat 360
Transfer the kingdom; and, of mighty length
Raise tow'ring Alba, glorying in her strength.
There, shall the Trojan race enjoy the pow'r,
And fill the throne three hundred winters more:
Ilia, the royal priesthood, next shall bear 365
Two lovely infants to the god of war.
Nurst by a tawny wolf, her eldest son,
Imperial Romulus, shall mount the throne;
From his own name, the people Romans call,
And from his father Mars, his rising wall. 370
No limits have I fixt, of time, or place,
To the vast empire of the godlike race.
Ev'n haughty Juno shall the nation love,
Who now alarms earth, seas, and heav'n above;
And join her friendly counsels to my own, 375
With endless fame the sons of Rome to crown,
The world's majestic lords, the nation of the gown.
This word be fate---an hour shall wing its way,
When Troy in dust shall proud Mycenae lay.
In Greece, Assaracus, his sons shall reign, 380
And vanquisht Argos wear the victor's chain.
Then Caesar, call'd by great Iulus' name,
(Whose empire ocean bounds, the stars his fame)
Sprung from the noble Trojan line, shall rise
Charg'd with his Eastern spoils, and mount the skies. 385
Him, shall you see, advanc'd to these abodes;
Ador'd by Rome; a god among the gods.

Accipies secura. vocabitur hic quoque votis.
 Aspera tum positis mitescent faecula bellis. 295
 Cana Fides, et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus,
 Jura dabunt: dirae ferro et compagibus arctis
 Claudentur belli portae: Furor impius intus
 Saeva sedens super arma, et centum vincitus ahenis
 Post tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento. 300
 Haec ait, et Maja genitum demittit ab alto:
 Ut terrae, utque novae pateant Carthaginis arces
 Hospitio Teucris: ne fati nescia Dido
 Finibus arceret. volat ille per aëra magnum
 Remigio alarum, ac Libyaे citus adstitit oris. 305
 Et jam jussa facit: ponuntque ferocia Poeni

389. *The age grow mild*] Here it might have been expected that the poet should have enlarged upon Augustus; whom it was his great busines to praise. So an ordinary poet would have done. But Virgil is so far from it, that he does not here say one word about him; hints at his reign, but says nothing of his person; nay immediately breaks off when he comes to that period. This is surprizing, and leaves the mind in suspence. Virgil very well knew the force of Horace's rule,

Pleraque differat, et praesens in tempus omittat.
 he had two more proper places for that subject, and for them he reserved it. TRAPP.

394. *Within the fane dire fury.*] As the ancients enjoyed no small privilege above us, in knowing the persons hinted at in several of their authors; so they received a great advantage, in seeing often the pictures and images that are frequently described in many of their poets. When Phidias had carved out his Jupiter, and the spectators stood astonished at so awful and majestic a figure, he surprized them more by telling them it was a copy: and to make his words true, shew'd them the original in that magnificent description of Jupiter, towards the latter end of the first Iliad: the comparing both together, probably discovered secret graces in each of them, and gave new beauty to their performances.

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 39

From that blest hour all violence shall cease,
The age grow mild; and soften into peace.
With righteous Rhemus shall Quirinus reign, 390
Old faith, and Vesta, shall return again;
With many a solid hinge, and brazen bar,
Shall Janus close the horrid gates of war.
Within the fane dire fury shall be bound,
With a huge heap of shatter'd arms around; 395
Wrapt in an hundred chains, beneath the load
The fiend shall roar, and grind his teeth in blood.

The thund'rer said; and down th' aerial way
Sent with his high commands the son of May;
That Carthage may throw wide her friendly tow'rs, 400
And grant her guests the freedom of her shores:
Lest Dido, blind to fate, and Jove's decree,
Should shut her ports, and drive them to the sea.
Swift on the steerage of his wings he flies,
And shoots the vast expansion of the skies. 405
Arriv'd, th' almighty's orders he performs,
Charm'd by the god, no more the nation storms

formances. Thus in Virgil's first Æneid, where we see the representation of rage bound up, and chain'd in the temple of Janus :

— *Furor impius in his
Saeva sedens super arma, & centum vincitus anenis
Post tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento:*

tho' we are much pleas'd with so wonderful a description, how must the pleasure double on those who could compare the poet and the statuary together; and see which had put most horror and distraction in his figure. But we, who live in these lower ages of the world, are such entire strangers to this kind of diversion, that we often mistake the description of a picture for an allegory, and don't so much as know when it is hinted at. ADDISON.

Corda, volente deo. in primis regina quietum
Accipit in Teucros animum mentemque benignam.

At pius Aeneas, per noctem plurima volvens,

Ut primum lux alma data est, exire, locosque

Explorare novos, quas vento accesserit oras;

Qui teneant (nam inulta videt) hominesne, ferae,

Quaerere constituit, sociisque exacta referre,

Classem in convexo nemorum, sub rupe cavata,

Arboribus clausam circum atque horrentibus umbris,

Occulit: ipse uno graditur comitatus Achate,

Bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro.

Cui mater media fese tulit obvia sylva,

Virginis os habitumque gerens, et virginis arma

Spartanae: vel qualis equos Threissa fatigat

Harpalyce, volucremque fuga praevertitur Hebrum.

Namque humeris de more habilem suspenderat arcum

Venatrix, dederatque comam diffundere ventis;

Nuda genu, nodoque sinus collecta fluentes.

Ac prior: heus, inquit, juvenes, monstrate mearum

Vidistis si quam hic errantem forte sororum,

420. *As 'tho' the wilds the chief.]* This is a most enter-
taining and delightful scene. A great prince thrown by a
tempest upon a strange coast, doubtful of its inhabitants, nay
doubtful whether it has any inhabitants or no, is wandering
in a wood; meets a person whom he knows not, but who
appears to be a beautiful virgin. (He supposes her a nymph
or a goddess) in that lovely romantic dress.)

Namque humeris

She tells him a most surprizing story relating to the place
in which she finds him, gives him advice and comfort; afterwards
appears to be indeed a goddess, and not only so, but
his own mother, and then leaves him in suspense and anxiety.

BOOK II. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. IV 41

With jealous rage ; in chief the queen inclin'd about
To peace, and mild benevolence of mind.

All night involv'd in cares Æneas lay, 410
But rose impatient at the dawn of day,
To view the coast, the country to explore,
And learn if men, or beasts, possest the shore,
(For wide around the gloomy waste extends)
And bear the tidings to his anxious friends. 415

Beneath a shelving rock his fleet dispos'd,
With waving woods and awful shades inclos'd,
Two glitt'ring spears he fhook with martial pride,
And forth he march'd ; Achates at his side.

As thro' the wilds the chief his course purf'd, 420
He meets his goddess-mother in the wood ;
In show, an huntress she appear'd, array'd
In arms and habit like a spartan maid ;
Or swift Harpalyce of Thrace, whose speed
Out-flew the wings of winds, and tir'd the rapid steed.
Bare was her knee ; and with an easy pride
Her polish'd bow hung graceful at her side.
Close, in a knot, her flowing robes she drew ;
Loose to the winds her wanton tresses flew,
Ho ! gentle youths, she cry'd, have you beheld 430
One of my peers wand'ring o'er the field,

iety. The solitude of the recess, the unexpectedness of the meeting, the surprizing adventure, all conspire to fill the soul with ideas of pleasing melancholy, and impatient expectation of the event. TRAPP.

426. *Bare was her knee*] This attitude is very graceful : Virgil had in his eye a passage of Homer where he makes Minerva appear to Ulysses, but he has undoubtedly here excelled the Greek poet.

42 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Succinctam pharetra et maculosae tegmine lyncis,
 Aut spumantis apri cursum clamore prementem.
 Sic Venus : at Veneris contra sic filius orsus :
 Nulla tuarum audita mihi, neque visa sororum 330
 O (quam te memorem !) virgo : namque haud tibi vultus
 Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat. O dea, certe,
 An Phoebi soror, an nympharum sanguinis una ?
 Si felix, nostrumque leves quaecunque laborem :
 Et quo sub coelo tandem, quibus orbis in oris 335
 Jactemur, doceas. ignari hominumque locorumque
 Erramus, vento huc vastis et fluctibus acti.
 Multa tibi ante aras nostra cadet hostia dextra.
 Tunc Venus : haud equidem tali me dignor honore :
 Virginibus Tyriis mos est gestare pharetram,
 Purpureoque alte suras vincire cothurno. 340
 Punica regna vides, Tyrios et Agenoris urbem :
 Sed fines Libyci, genus intractabile bello.
 Imperium Dido Tyria regit urbe profecta,
 Germanum fugiens. longa est injuria, longae 345
 Ambages : sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.
 Huic conjux Sichaeus erat, ditissimus agri
 Phoenicum, et magno miserae dilectus amore :

BOOK I. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 43

Girt with a speckled lynx's vary'd hide,
A painted quiver rattling at her side ?
Or have you seen her with an eager pace

Urge with full cries the foaming boar in chace ? 435
None of your charming sisterhood (he said)

Have we beheld, or heard, oh ! beauteous maid.

Your name, oh ! nymph, or oh ! fair goddess, say ?
A goddess, sure, or sister of the day,

You draw your birth from some immortal line, 440

Your looks are heav'nly, and your voice divine.

Tell me, on what new climate are we thrown ?

Alike the natives and the lands unknown ;

By the wild waves, and swelling surges tost,

We wander strangers on a foreign coast. 445

Then will we still invoke your sacred name,

And with fat victims shall your altars flame.

No goddess' awful name, she said, I bear ;

For know, the Tyrian maids, by custom, here,

The purple buskin, and a quiver wear. 450

Your eyes behold Agenor's walls aspire ;

The Punick realms ; a colony from Tyre.

See ! wide around, waste Libya's bounds appear,

Whose swarthy sons are terrible in war.

From her fierce brother's vengeance, o'er the main, 455

From Tyre, fled Dido, and enjoys the reign :

The tale is intricate, perplex'd, and long ;

Hear then, in short, the story of her wrong.

Sichæus was her lord, beyond the rest

Of the Phœnician race, with riches blest ; 460

Cui pater intactam dederat, primisque jugarat
Omnibus: sed regna Tyri germanus habebat. 350
Pygmalion, scelere ante alios immanior omnes,
Quos inter medius venit furor. ille Sichaeum,
Impius ante aras, atque auri caecus amore,
Clam ferro incautum superat, securus amorum
Germanae: factumque diu celavit, et aegram, 355
Multa malus simulans, vana spe lusit amantem.
Ipsa sed in somnis inhumati venit imago
Conjugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris:
Crudeles aras, trajectaque pectora ferro
Nudavit, caecumque domus scelus omne retexit. 360
Tum celerare fugam, patriaque excedere suadet,
Auxiliumque viae, veteres tellure recludit
Thesauros, ignotum argenti pondus et auri.
His commota, fugam Dido sociosque parabat.
Conveniunt, quibus aut odium crudele tyranni, 365
Aut metus acer erat: naves, quae forte paratae,
Corripiunt, onerantque auro. portantur avari
Pygmalionis opes pelago. dux foemina facti.
Devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernes 369
Moenia, surgentemque novae Carthaginis arcem:

Much lov'd by Dido, whom her father led
Pure, and a virgin, to his nuptial bed.
Her brother, fierce Pygmalion, fill'd the throne
Of Tyre, in vice unrivall'd and alone. 460
Ev'n at the sacred altar in a strife, 465
By stealth, the tyrant shed his brother's life;
Blind with the charms of gold, his faulchion drove,
Stern, and regardless of his sister's love. 470
Then, with fond hopes, deceiv'd her for a time,
And forg'd pretences to conceal the crime. 475
But her unbury'd lord, before her sight,
Rose in a frightful vision of the night;
Around her bed he stalks; grim! ghastly! pale!
And, staring wide, unfolds the horrid tale 480
Of the dire altars, dash'd with blood around;
Then bares his breast, and points to every wound;
Warns her to fly the land without delay;
And, to support her thro' the tedious way, 485
Shews where, in massy piles, his bury'd treasure lay.
Rous'd, and alarm'd, the wife her flight intends,
Obeys the summons, and convenes her friends:
They meet, they join, and in her cause engage,
All, who detest, or dread the tyrant's rage. 490
Some ships, already rigg'd, they seiz'd, and stow'd
Their sides with gold; then launch'd into the flood. 495
They sail; the bold exploit a woman guides:
Pygmalion's wealth is wasted o'er the tides.
They came, where now you see new Carthage rise,
And yon' proud citadel invade the skies.

46 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Mercatique solum, facti de nomine Byrsam,
 Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.
 Sed vos qui tandem, quibus aut venistis ab oris,
 Quove tenetis iter? quaerenti talibus ille
 Suspirens, imoque trahens a pectore vocem: 375
 O dea, si prima repetens ab origine pergam,
 Et vacet annales nostrorum audire laborum;
 Ante diem clauso componet vesper Olympo.
 Nos Troja antiqua, si vestras forte per aures
 Trojae nomen iit, diversa, per aequora vestos, 380
 Forte sua Libycis tempestas appulit oris.
 Sum pius Aeneas, raptos qui ex hoste penates
 Clasfe vaho mecum, fama super aethera notus.
 Italiam quaero patriam: et genus ab Jove summo,
 Bis denis Phrygium concendi navibus aequor. 385
 Matre dea monstrante viam, data fata secutus:

504. *The good Æneas am I!* Modern critics may perhaps be disgusted at Æneas's praising himself: but the ancients entertained different notions concerning self-commendation. Homer's Ulysses (as Mr. SPENCE observes) calls himself the wisest of the Grecians, as his Achilles does not scruple to represent himself the best and most valiant of them; and that too in a council of all the princes: Virgil has given us his approbation of both the one and the other, in making Æneas talk frequently of his own piety and valour. Socrates in Plato, is always brought in to his advantage; he himself quotes the oracle, which pronounced him to be the wisest of men. Xenophon represents Cyrus, upon his death-bed, as taking notice of the greatest beauty of his own character, his humanity; in a piece which every one knows was designed for the character of a perfect prince. Caesar and the great Jewish writer of his own life frequently commend themselves: the greatest critic, as well as the greatest among the Romans, who so often reckons modesty among the things which are most necessary toward rendering a man great in his profession; how open and frequent is he in praising himself, and setting his own merit in a true light? But what

BOOK I. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. V 47

The wand'ring exiles bought a space of ground 490
Which one bull-hide inclos'd and compass'd round;
Hence Byrsa nam'd: but now, ye strangers, say,
Who? whence you are? and whither lies your way?

Deep, from his soul, he draws a length of sighs,
And, with a mournful accent, thus replies. 499
Shou'd I, o goddess, from their source relate,
Or you attend the annals of our fate,
The golden sun would sink, and ev'ning close,
Before my tongue could tell you half our woes.
By Grecian foes expell'd, from Troy we came, 50
From ancient Troy (if e'er you heard the name)
Thro' various seas; when lo! a tempest roars,
And raging drives us on the Lybian shores.
The good ÆNEAS am I call'd; my fame,
And brave exploits, have reach'd the starry frame: 505
From Grecian flames I bear my rescu'd gods,
Safe in my vessels, o'er the stormy floods.
In search of antient Italy I rove,
And draw my lineage from all-mighty Jove.
A goddess-mother and the fates, my guides, 510
With twenty ships I plough'd the Phrygian tides,

what puts this beyond dispute (and shews at the same time,
That a just commendation of one's self may be very con-
sistent with the greatest modesty) it is to be found in the sacred
writings, in which Moses says of himself, that he was the
meekest man upon earth.

Essay on Pope's Odyssey, Part i. 52.

48. VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Vix septem convulsa undis euroque superfunt.
 Ipse ignotus, egens, Libyae deserta petrago,
 Europa atque Asia pulsus, nec plura querentem
 Passa Venus, medio sic interfata dolore est. 390
 Quisquis es, haud, credo, invitus coelestibus auras
 Vitales carpis, Tyriam qui adyeneris urbem.
 Perge modo, atque hinc te reginae ad limina perfec.
 Namque tibi reduces socios classemque relatam. 395
 Nuncio, et in tutum veris aquilonibus actam.
 Ni frustra augurium vani docuere parentes.
 Aspice bis senos laetantes agmine cycnos,
 Aetherea quos lapsa plaga Jovis ales aperto
 Turbabat coelo: nunc terras ordine longo
 Aut capere, aut captas jam despectare videntur. 400
 Ut reduces illi ludunt stridentibus alis,
 Et coetu cinxere polum, cantusque dedere:
 Haud aliter pupesque tiae pubesque tudorum,
 Aut portum tenet, aut pleno subit ostia velo.
 Perge modo, et qua te ducit via, dirige gressum. 435
 Dixit, et avertens rosas cervice resuluit,
 Ambrosiaeque comae divinum vertice odorem

535. *She said and turning round,]* As Phidias is said to have conceived his sublime idea of majesty from Homer's description of Jupiter, why may we not imagine that Raphael Urbia borrowed his idea of that grace, for which he is so famous, from Virgil's Venus? Mr. Addison has observed that our poet is never better pleased than when he is describing what is beautiful; and I think we may apply to his muse, that most elegant and polite compliment of Tibullus to his Mistress,

Illam quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit,
 Componit furtum, subsequiturque decor.

TITULL. IV. 11.

VOL.

BOOK I. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 49

Scare sev'n of all my fleet are left behind,
Rent by the waves, and shatter'd by the wind.
My self, from Europe and from Asia cast,
A helpless stranger, rove the Libyan waste. 515

No more could Venus hear her son bewail
His various woes, but interrupts his tale.
Whoe'er you are, arriv'd in these abodes,
No wretch I deem abandon'd by the gods;
Hence then, with haste, to yon' proud palace bend 520
Your course, and on the gracious queen attend.
Your friends are safe, the winds are chang'd again,
Or all my skill in augury is vain!
See those twelve swans, a flock triumphant, fly,
Whom lately, shooting from th' ethereal sky, 525
Th' imperial bird of Jove dispers'd around,
Some hov'ring o'er, some settling on the ground.
As these returning clap their sounding wings,
Ride round the skies, and sport in airy rings;
So have your friends and ships possest the strand, 530
Or with full-bellying fails approach the land.

Haste to the palace then, without delay,
And, as this path directs, pursue your way.
She said, and turning round, her neck she show'd,
That with celestial charms divinely glow'd. 535
Her waving locks immortal odours shed,
And breath'd ambrosial scents around her head.

Spiravere : pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
 Et vera incessu patuit dea. ille, ubi matrem
 Agnovit, tali fugientem est voce secutus : 410
 Quid natum toties crudelis tu quoque falsis
 Ludis imaginibus? cur dextrae jungere dextram
 Non datur, ac veras audire et reddere voces?
 Talibus incusat, gressumque ad moenia tendit.
 At Venus obscuro gradientes aere sepsit,
 Et multo nebulae circum dea fudit amictu :
 Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere posset,
 Molirive moram, aut veniendi poscere causas.
 Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit
 Laeta suas : ubi templum illi, centumque Sabaeo 420
 Ture calent aera, fertisque recentibus halant.

Corripuere viam interea, qua semita monstrat.
 Jamque ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
 Imminet, adversaque asperat desuper arces.
 Miratur molem Aeneas, magalia quandam : 425
 Miratur portas, strepitumque, et strata viarum.
 Instant ardentes Tyrii : pars ducere muros,
 Molirique arcem, et manibus subvolvere faxa ;
 Pars aptare locum tecto, et concludere fulco.

563. *These roll,*] Observe the buildings which Virgil hath
 selected, to make a particular mention of; 1. A temple for
 public worship. 2. A senate house to dispense justice.
 3. Walls and a citadel for defence. 4. Houses of particular
 inhabitants. 5. A theatre for public spectacles Pausanias
 adds, to compleat the perfection of a great city, an academy
 for youth, and a reservoir of Water for the use of the
 public. CATROU.

BOOK I. VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

51

Her sweeping robe trail'd pompous as she trod,
And her majestick port confess'd the god.

Soon as he knows her thro' the coy disguise, 540
He thus pursues his mother as she flies.

Must never, never more our hands be join'd ?
Are you, like heaven, grown cruel and unkind ?
Why must thase borrow'd shapes delude your son ?
And why, ah ! why those accents not your own ? 545

He said ; then fought the town ; but Venus shrowds
And wraps their persons in a veil of clouds ;
That none may interpose, to cause delay,
Nor fondly curious ask them of their way.
Thro' air sublime the queen of love retreats 550
To Paphos' stately tow'rs, and blissful seats ;
Where to her name an hundred altars rise ;
And gums, and flow'ry wreaths, perfume the skies.

Now o'er the lofty hill they bend their way,
Whence all the rising town in prospect lay, 555
And tow'rs and temples ; for the mountain's brow
Hung bending o'er, and shaded all below.
Where late the cottage stood, with glad surprize
The prince beholds the stately palace rise ;
On the pav'd streets, and gates, looks wond'ring down,
And all the crowd and tumult of the town. 561

The Tyrians ply their work ; with many a groan
These roll, or heave some huge unwieldy stone ;
Those bid the lofty citadel ascend ;
Some in vast length th' embattled walls extend ; 565
Others for future dwellings choose the ground,
Mark out the spot, and draw the furrow round.

Juta, magistratusque legunt, sanctumque senatum.
 Hic portus alii effodiunt: hic alta theatris 431
 Fundamenta locant alii, immanesque columnas
 Rupibus excidunt, scenis decora alta futuris.
 Qualis apes aestate nova per florea rura
 Exercet sub sole labor, cum gentis adultos 435
 Educunt foetus; aut cum liquefientia mella
 Stipant, et dulci distendunt nectare cellas;
 Aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto
 Ignavum fucos pecus a praesepibus arcent.
 Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella. 440
 O fortunati, quorum jam moenia surgunt!
 Aeneas ait, et fastigia suspicit urbis.
 Infert se septus nebula, mirabile dictu,
 Per medios, miscetque viris; neque cernitur ulli.
 Lucus in urbe fuit media, laetissimus umbrae, 445
 Quo primum jactati undis et turbine Poeni

574. This simile is borrowed from one of Homer's on the same subject: and Scaliger, according to his usual method, very much prefers it to that of the Greek poet, and in particular extols the harmony and sweetness of the versification above that of Homer; against which censure (says Mr. Pope) we need only appeal to the ears of the reader.

Ήντε εθνά εισι μελισσῶν αδινάων,
 Πέτρης εκ γλαφύρων αἰεὶ νεον τρέχομεναων,
 Βοτύδον δε πελούλας επ' ανθεσιν ειαροινοιν
 Αι μεν τ' ενθα αλις πεπονηλαί, αι δε τε ενθα.

But Scaliger was unlucky in his choice of this particular comparison; there is a very fine one in the sixth *Aeneid*, v. 707. that better agrees with Homer's: and nothing is more evident, than that the design of these two is very different. Homer intended to describe the multitude of Greeks pouring out of the ships; Virgil the diligence and labour of the builders of Carthage. And Macrobius, who observes this difference Sat. I. v. c. 11. should also have found that therefore the similes

Some, useful laws propose, and some the choice
Of sacred senates, and elect by voice.

These sink a spacious mole beneath the sea, 570

Those a huge theatre's foundation lay;

Hew massy columns from the mountain's side,

Of future scenes an ornamental pride.

Thus to their toils, in early summer, run

The clust'ring bees, and labor in the sun; 575

Led forth, in colonies, their buzzing race,

Or work the liquid sweets, and thicken to a mass.

The busy nation flies from flow'r to flow'r,

And hoards, in curious cells, the golden store;

A chosen troop before the gate attends, 580

To take the burdens, and relieve their friends;

Warm at the fragrant work, in bands, they drive

The drone, a lazy robber, from the hive.

The prince surveys the lofty tow'r's, and cries,

Blest, blest are you, whose walls already rise: 585

Then strange, to tell, he mingled with the crowds,

And past, unseen, involv'd in mantling clouds.

Amid the town, a stately grove display'd

A cooling shelter, and delightful shade.

Here, tost by winds and waves, the Tyrians found 590

A courser's head within the sacred ground;

similes ought not to be compared together. The beauty of Homer's is not inferior to Virgil's, if we consider with what exactness it answers to its end. Thus far Mr. Pope. I will take this opportunity of assuring the reader, that in these notes, I shall be very cautious of lessening the character of Homer and advancing Virgil's, by any invidious comparisons (as some of Virgil's translators and commentators have done) for no other reason but because I am at present engaged in publishing the latter of these writers.

Effodere loco signum, quod regia Juno
 Monstrarat, caput acris equi; sic nam fore bello
 Egregiam, et facilem victu per saecula gentem.
 Hic templum Junoni ingens Sidonia Dido 450
 Condebat, donis opulentum et numine divae:
 Aerea cui gradibus surgebant limina, nexaeque
 Aere trabes; foribus cardo stridebat ahenis.
 Hoc primum in luco nova res oblata timorem
 Leniit: hic primum Æneas sperare salutem
 Ausus, et afflictis melius confidere rebus.
 Namque, sub ingenti lustrat dum singula templo
 Reginam opperiens, dum, quae fortuna sit urbi,
 Artificumque manus inter se operumque laborem
 Miratur, videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnas, 460
 Bellaque jam fama totum vulgata per orbem;
 Atridas, Priamumque, et saevum ambobus Achillem.
 Constitit; et lacrymans, Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate,
 Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

585. *Blest, blest are you, &c.]* There is something very natural and affecting in this exclamation of Æneas: it likewise artfully fixes our thoughts on the grand subject of this poem, viz. The founding a colony.

598. *Brass were the pins &c.]* This was not uncommon in the temples of the ancients. The doors to the Rotonda at Rome are covered with brass, and turn on brass-hinges. The portico was covered with the same formerly; and it rested on brass beams, fasten'd on with brass nails or pins of the same metal. There is one of these very nails, which I have seen in the great duke's gallery so large, that it weighs above forty seven pounds. SPENCE.

608. *Amid the stony'd walls,]* The Trojan war was with great propriety represented in a temple dedicated to Juno; for that goddess excited the war, and was the cause of the destruction of the City. 'Tis observable that Vitruvius, in his architecture, mentions the Trojan war as one of the finest subjects

An omen sent by Juno, to declare
A fruitful soil, and race renoun'd in war.
A temple here Sidonian Dido rais'd
To heav'n's dread empress, that with riches blaz'd; 595
Unnumber'd gifts adorn'd the costly shrine,
By her own presence hallow'd and divine.
Brass were the steps, the beams with brass were strong,
The lofty doors, on brazen hinges, rung.
Here, a strange scene before his eyes appears, 600
To raze his courage, and dispel his fears;
Here first, he hopes his fortunes to redress:
And finds a glimmering prospect of success.
While for the queen he waited, and amaz'd,
O'er the proud shrine and pompous temple gaz'd; 605
While he the town admires, and wond'ring stands
At the rich labours of the artist's hands;
Amid the story'd walls, he saw appear,
In speaking paint, the tedious Trojan war;
The war, that fame had blaz'd the world around, 610
And every battle fought on Phrygian ground.
There Priam stood, and Agamemnon here,
And Peleus' wrathful son, to both severe.
Struck with the view, oh! friend, the heroë cries,
(Tears, as he spoke, came starting from his eyes) 615
Lo! the wide world our miseries employ;
What realm abounds not with the woes of Troy?

subjects painting could afford, for the ornament of a palace
or magnificent building.

CATROU.

Virgil in a few verses selects the most striking and beautiful pictures of the Iliad; he has shewn his art in selecting those that are most proper for painting, as well as poetic description.

En Priamus. sunt hic etiam sua praemia laudi ; 465
 Sunt lacrymae rerum ; et mentem mortalia tangunt.
 Solve metus : feret haec aliquam tibi fama salutem.
 Sic ait, atque animum pictura pascit inani,
 Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine vultum.
 Namque videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum 470
 Hac fugerent Graii, premeret Trojana juventus ;
 Hac Phryges, instaret currū crīstatus Achilles.
 Nec propul hinc Rhesi niveis tentoria velis
 Agnoscit lacrymans ; primo quae prodita somno
 Tydides multa vastabat caede cruentus : 475
 Ardentesque avertit equos in castra, prius quam
 Pabula gustassent Trojae Xanthumque bibissent.
 Parte alia fugiens amissis Troilus armis,

628. *By plum'd Achilles with his dreadful spear,*] The art of Virgil is extremely delicate in this passage ; every epithet he uses is picturesque ; and strongly descriptive of the manner in which each particular person was painted ; Virgil's description of itself would be a sufficient direction for any painter to work after. Let us particularly review each expression.

Cristatus Achilles. Niveis velis. Tydides cruentus. Pulvis inscribitur hasta. Crinibus passis.—Diva solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat. Tendentemque manus Priānum. Nigri Memnonis arma. Lunatis peltis. Exertae mammae. Aurea cingula.

As to the moving picture of poor Troilus, give me leave to borrow the words of a critic of exquisite taste and judgment.

“ This is certainly as fine a piece as any drawn by the great hand of Virgil ! ”

— Amissis Troilus armis

Infelix puer, atque impar congressus Achilli,
 Fertur equis, curruque haeret resupinus inani,
 Lora tenens tamen ; huic cervique comaeque trahuntur
 Per terram, et versā pulvis inscribitur hasta.

How

BOOK I. VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

57

See ! where the venerable Priam stands !
See virtue honour'd in the Libyan sands !
For Troy, the generous tears of Carthage flow ; 620
And Tyrian breasts are touch'd with human woe.
Now banish fear, for since the Trojan name
Is known, we find our safety in our fame.

Thus while his soul the moving picture fed,
A show'r of tears the groaning hero shed. 625
For here, the fainting Greeks in flight he view'd ;
And there, the Trojans to their walls pursu'd
By plum'd Achilles, with his dreadful spear,
Whirl'd on his kindling chariot thro' the war.
Not far from thence, proud Rhaesus' tents he knows 630
By their white veils, that match'd the winter snows,
Betray'd and stretch'd amidst his slaughter'd train,
And, while he slept, by fierce Tydides slain ;
Who drove his coursers from the scene of blood,
E'er the fierce steeds had tafted Trojan food 635 }
Or drank divine Scamander's fatal flood.

There Troilus flies disarm'd (unhappy boy !)
From stern Achilles, round the fields of Troy,
How beautiful does this look in the poem and in the picture ?
Yes, the painter and the poet have one and the same art ; or
rather one and the same power of creating.

Aut utramque putabis esse pictam :

Aut utramque putabis esse veram.

SPENCE on Pope's Odyssy, Part ii. page 195.

Infelix puer, atque impar congressus Achilli,
Fertur equis, curruque haeret resupinus inani, 480
Lora tenens tamen. huic cervixque comaeque trahuntur
Per terram, et versa pulvis inscribitur hasta.
Interea ad templum non aequae Palladis ibant
Crinibus Iliades passis, peplumque ferebant
Suppliciter tristes, et tuncae pectora palmis. 485
Diva solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat.
Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros,
Exanimumque auro corpus vendebat Achilles.
Tum vero ingentem gemitum dat pectore ab imo,
Ut spolia, ut currus, utque ipsum corpus amici, 490
Tendentemque manus Priamum conspexit inermes.
Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis,
Eoasque acies, et nigri Memnonis arma,
Dicit Amazonidum lunatis agmina peltis
Penthesilea furens, mediisque in millibus ardet, 495
Aurea subnectens exortae cingula mammae
Bellatrix, audetque viris concurrere virgo.

BOOK I. VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

59

Unequal he ! to such an arm in war !

Supine, and trailing from his empty car,

640

Still, tho' in death, he grasps the flowing reins,

His startled coursers whirl him o'er the plains ;

The spear, inverted, streaks the dust around ;

His snowy neck and tresses sweep the ground.

Mean time a pensive supplicating train

645

Of Trojan Matrons, to Minerva's fane

In sad procession with a robe repair,

Beat their white breasts, and rend their golden hair.

Unmov'd with pray'rs, disdainfully she frown'd,

And fix'd her eyes, relentlessly, on the ground,

650

Achilles here, his vengeance to enjoy,

Thrice drag'd brave Hector round the walls of Troy :

Then to the mournful fire, the victor sold

The breathless body of his son, for gold.

His groans now deepen'd, and new tears he shed,

655

To see the spoils, and chariot of the dead,

And Priam both his trembling hands extend,

And, gash'd with wounds, his dear disfigur'd friend.

Mix'd with the Grecian peers, and hostile train,

Himself he view'd, conspicuous in the plain :

660

And swarthy Memnon, glorious to behold,

His eastern hosts, and arms that flame with gold.

All furious led Penthesilea there,

With moony shields, her Amazons to war ;

Around her breast her golden belt she threw ;

665

Then thro' the thick-embattled squadrons flew ;

Amidst the thousands stood the dire alarms,

And the fierce maid engag'd the men in arms.

Haec dum Dardanio Aeneae miranda videntur,
 Dum stupet, obtutuque haeret defixus in uno;
 Regina ad templum forma pulcherrima Dido 500
 Incessit, magna juvenum stipante caterva.
 Qualis in Eurotae ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
 Exercet Diana choros, quam mille secutae
 Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades: illa pharetram
 Fert humero, gradiensque deas supereminet omnes:
 Latonae tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus. 506
 Talis erat Dido: talem se laeta ferebat
 Per medios, instans operi regnisque futuris.

670. *And fix'd with wonder]* Monsieur Segrais observes, that an objection has been made to this incident of Æneas's meeting with the pictures of the Trojan war. How could the Trojan history (say some) be in so short a time so particularly known to the Carthaginians? And if it were, had they no exploits of themselves or ancestors, to adorn their temples with, but were they forced to fetch them from Greece and Troy? The answer is in substance as follows: Seven years had passed since the conclusion of that war, according to Virgil's account: nothing in the world had been ever so renowned; the gods and religion of these nations were the same: there might be, nay Virgil hints that there were, other decorations of the temple, besides this: tho' none of them was so likely to detain the eye of Æneas.

671. *Fair Dido]* A modern poet would have minutely and particularly described, the shape, the eyes, the hair, the cheeks, &c. of this beautiful queen. But Virgil by a single epithet (pulcherrima Dido) like a masterly painter with one stroke of his pencil, gives one a fuller idea of her beauty, than all the florid expressions which Tasso has bestowed on his Armida. See the sixteenth book of Godfrey of Bulloign, as it is admirably translated by Mr. Fairfax: particularly page 356. of the last edition, printed correctly with some judicious emendations in the year 1749.

673. *As on Eurota's banks]* The height of Diana's stature is frequently marked out by the poets; and that generally by

Thus, while the Trojan hero stood amaz'd,
And, fixt in wonder, on the picture gaz'd, 670
With all her guards, fair Dido, from below,
Ascends the dome, majestically flow.
As on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' heads,
A thousand beauteous nymphs Diana leads,
While round their quiver'd queen the quires advance,
She tow'r's majestic, as she leads the dance; 676
She moves in pomp superior to the rest,
And secret transports touch Latona's breast.
So pass'd the graceful queen amidst her train,
To speed their labours and her future reign. 680

by comparing her with her nymphs: I wish we could now enjoy the sight of that famous picture of this goddess, by Apelles, in which this was so finely expressed. Pliny says that Apelles formed his idea of it from a celebrated passage in Homer; (Odyssey 108.) and that he even surpassed his original. Virgil has imitated the very same description in his Æneid. What a pleasure might it have been to have compared the copies of two such scholars as Apelles and Virgil, with the work of so great a master as Homer? at least how much more pleasing, than to fall a disputing (as several of the critics have done) whether Homer or Virgil have given the finest strokes on this occasion? This Diana both in the picture, and in the descriptions was the Diana Venatrix; tho' she was not represented either by Virgil, or Apelles, or Homer, as hunting with her nymphs; but as employed with them in that sort of dances, which of old were regarded as very solemn acts of devotion.

See Polymetis, Dialogue viii. p. 102.
A reader, that is curious in such kind of criticisms, may find in the ninth book of Gellius's *Noctes Atticæ*, that Valerius Probus was of opinion that Virgil had failed more in this imitation of Homer, than he had in any other. Scaliger affirms quite the contrary with his usual dogmatal bitterness. See the fifth book of his *Poetics*.

62 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Tum foribus divae, media testudine templi,
Septa armis folioque alte subnixa, resedit. 510

Jura dabat legesque viris ; operumque laborem
Partibus aequabat iustis, aut forte trahebat :
Cum subito Aeneas concursu accedere magno
Anthea Sergestumque videt fortemque Cloanthum,
Teucrorumque alios : ater quos aequore turbo 515
Dispulerat, penitusque alias avexerat oras.
Obstupuit simul ipse, simul perculsus Achates
Laetitiaque metuque, avidi conjungere dextras
Ardebant : sed res animos incognita turbat.
Diffimulant, et nube cava speculantur amicti, 520
Quae fortuna viris, classem quo litore linquunt,
Quid veniant : cunctis nam lecti navibus ibant,
Orantes veniam, et templum clamore petebant.
Postquam introgressi, et coram data copia fandi ;
Maximus Ilioneus placido sic pectore coepit : 525
O regina, novam cui condere Jupiter urbem,
Iustitiaque dedit gentes fraenare superbas ;
Troës te miseri, ventis maria omnia vecti,
Oramus : prohibe infandos a navibus ignes ;

682. *Beneath,]* The ancient architects called the dome or cupola of a building, testudo.

BOOK I. VIRGIL's AENEID.

63

Then with her guards surrounded, in the gate,
Beneath the spacious dome, sublime she fate.
She shares their labours, or by lots she draws ;
And to the crowd administers the laws.

When lo ! Aeneas brave Cloanthus spies, 685
Antheus, and great Sergestus, with surprize,
Approach the throne, attended by a throng
Of Trojan friends, that pour'd in tides along ;
Whom the wild whistling winds and tempests bore,
And widely scatter'd on a distant shore. 690

Lost in his hopes and fears, amaz'd he stands,
And with Achates longs to join their hands :
But doubtful of th' event, he first attends,
Wrapt in the cloud, the fortune of his friends ;
Anxious, and eager till he knew their state, 695
And where their vessels lay, and what their fate.
With cries, the royal favour to implore,
They came, a train selected, from the shore :
Then, leave obtain'd, Ilioneus begun,
And, with their common suit, address the throne. 700

Oh ! queen, indulg'd by Jove, these lofty tow'rs
And this proud town to raise on Libyan shores,
With high commands, a savage race to awe,
And to the barb'rous natives give the law,
We wretched Trojans, an abandon'd race, 705
Tost round the seas, implore your royal grace ;
Oh ! check your subjects, and their rage reclaim,
Ere their wild fury wrap our fleet in flame.
Oh ! save a pious race ; regard our cry ;
And view our anguish with a melting eye. 710

64 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Parce pio generi, et propius res aspice nostras. 530

Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare Penates

Venimus, aut raptas ad litora vertere praedas :

Non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia victis.

Est locus, Hesperiam Graii cognomine dicunt,

Terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glebae : 535

Oenotri coluere viri ; nunc fama, minores

Italiam dixisse, ducis de nomine, gentem.

Huc cursus fuit :

Cum subito assurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion

In vada caeca tulit, penitusque procacibus austris 440

Perque undas, superante salo, perque invia faxa

Dispulit. hic pauci vestris adnavimus oris.

Quod genus hoc hominum, quaeve hunc tam barbara
morem

Permittit patria ? hospitio prohibemur arenae.

Bella carent, primaque vetant consistere terra. 545

Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma ;

At sperate deos memores fandi atque nefandi.

Rex erat Aeneas nobis, quo justior alter

Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major et armis :

Quem si fata virum servant, si vescitur aura 550

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VOL. I

BOOK I. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 53

We come not, mighty queen, an hostile band,
With sword and fire, and, ravaging the land,
To bear your spoils triumphant to the shore :
No ---- to such thoughts the vanquish'd durst not soar.
Once by Oenotrians till'd, there lies a place, 715
'Twas call'd Hesperia by the Grecian race,
(For martial deeds and fruits, renown'd by fame)
But since Italia, from the leader's name ;
To that blest shore we steer'd our destin'd way,
When sudden, dire Orion rous'd the sea ; 720
All charg'd with tempests rose the baleful star,
And on our navy pour'd his wat'ry war ;
With sweeping whirlwinds east our vessels wide,
Dash'd on rough rocks, or driving with the tide :
The few sad relicks of our navy bore 725
Their course to this unhospitable shore.
What are the customs of this barbarous place ?
What more than savage this inhuman race ?
In arms they rise, and drive us from the strand,
From the last verge, and limits of the land. 730
Know, if divine and human laws you slight,
The gods, the gods will all our wrongs requite ;
Vengeance is theirs ; and their's to guard the right.
Æneas was our king, of high renown ;
Great, good, and brave ; and war was all his own. 735
If still he lives, and breathes this vital air,
Nor we, his friends and subjects, shall despair ;
Nor you, great queen, repent, that you employ
Your kind compassion in the cause of Troy.

Aetherea, neque adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris;
 Non metus, officio nec te certasse priorem
 Poeniteat. sunt et Siculis regionibus urbes,
 Arimaque, Trojanoque a sanguine clarus Acestes.
 Quassatam ventis liceat subducere classem, 555
 Et sylvis aptare trabes, et stringere remos.
 Si datur Italiam, sociis et rege recepto,
 Tendere, ut Italiam, laeti Latiumque petamus.
 Sin absumpta salus, et te, pater optime Teucram,
 Pontus habet Libyae, nec spes jam restat Iuli; 560
 At freta Sicaniae saltem, sedesque paratas,
 Unde huc advecti, regemque petamus Acesten.
 Talibus Ilioneus. cuncti simul ore fremebant
 Dardanidae.
 Tum breviter Dido, vultum demissa, profatur: 565
 Solvite corde metum, Teucri; secludite curas.
 Res dura, et regni novitas me talia cogunt
 Moliri, et late fines custode tueri.
 Quis genus Aeneadum, quis Trojae nesciat urbem,
 Virtutesque, virosque, et tanti incendia belli? 570
 Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Poeni:
 Nec tam averfus equos Tyria sol jungit ab urbe.

754. *He spoke]* This harangue of Ilioneus is one of the finest pieces of eloquence in the whole *Aeneid*: it accordingly produced the desired effects in its hearers. Virgil, who constantly keeps up to the characters of each person he introduces in his poem, always employs this Ilioneus, being a fine speaker, in embassies. Mr. Segrais informs us, that he omitted translating the words

Nec spes jam restat Iuli, ver. 560.
 because it did not appear to him that Dido was obliged to know who this Iulus was. Perhaps this may be one of those little oversights which Virgil would have corrected, had he lived to make this poem as perfect as the *Georgics*.

Besides, on high the Trojan ensigns soar, 740
And Trojan cities grace Sicilia's shore ;
Where great Acestes, of the Dardan strain,
Deriv'd from antient Teucer, holds his reign.
Permit us, from your woods, new planks and oars
To fell, and bring our vessels on your shores ; 745
That, if our prince and friends return again,
With joy, for Latium, we may plow the main.
But if those hopes are vanish'd quite away,
If lost, and swallow'd in the Libyan sea,
You lie, great guardian of the Trojan state, 750
And young Iulus shares his father's fate ;
Oh ! let us seek Sicilia's shores again,
And fly from hence to good Acestes' reign.
He spoke ; a loud assent ran murmuring thro' the train.

Thus then, in short, the gracious queen replies, 755
While on the ground she fixt her modest eyes :
Trojans, be bold ; against my will, my fate,
A throne unsettled, and an infant state,
Bid me defend my realms with all my pow'rs,
And guard with these severities my shores. 760
Lives there a stranger to the Trojan name,
Their valour, arms, and chiefs of mighty fame ?
We know the war that set the world on fire ;
Nor are so void of sense the sons of Tyre ;
For here his beams indulgent Phœbus sheds, 765
And rolls his flaming chariot o'er our heads.

68 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Seu vos Hesperiam magnam, Saturniaque arva;
 Sive Erycis fines, regemque optatis Aceſten;
 Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibusque juvabo. 575
 Vultis et his mecum pariter confidere regnis?
 Urbem quam statuo, veftra eſt. subducite naves.
 Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.
 Atque utinam rex ipſe, noto compulſus eodem
 Afforet Aeneas! equidem per litora certos 580
 Dimittam, et Libyaे luſtrare extrema jubebo;
 Si quibus ejectus ſylvis aut urbibus errat.

His animum arreſti dictis, et fortis Achates,
 Et pater Aeneas, jamdudum erumpere nubem
 Ardebant. prior Aeneam compellat Achates: 585
 Nate dea, quae nunc animo ſententia ſurgit?
 Omnia tuta vides: clafsem, ſociosque receptos.
 Unus abeft, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipſi
 Submerſum: dictis respondent caetera matris.
 Vix ea fatus erat, cum circumfuſa repente 590
 Scindit ſe nubes, et in aethera purgat apertum.
 Reſtitit Aeneas, claraque in luce refuſit,
 Os humerosque deo ſimilis: namque ipſa decoram
 Caſarieim nato genitrix, lumenque juventae
 Purpureum, et laetos oculis afflarat honores. 595

791. *Radiant in-open view Aeneas stood]* This discovery is extremely beautiful. It equally surprizes and delights the reader. I ſhall ſcarce ever forget the pleasure I felt upon first reading it. One may affirm that Aristotle, who appears ſo fond of ſurprizes and discoveries in his Poetics, would have been charmed with it.

BOOK I. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 69

Seek you, my friends, the blest Saturnian plains,
Or fair Trinacria, where Acestes reigns ?
With aids supply'd, and furnish'd from my stores,
Safe will I send you from the Libyan shores. 770

Or would you stay to raise this growing town ?
Fix here your seat ; and Carthage is your own.
Haste, draw your ships to shore ; to me the same,
Your Troy and Tyre shall differ but in name.
And oh ! that great Æneas had been lost, 775
By the same storm, on the same friendly coast !
But I will send, my borders to explore,
And trace the windings of the mazy shore.

Perchance, already thrown on these abodes,
He roams the towns, or wanders thro' the woods. 780
Rais'd in their hopes the friend and hero stood ;
And long'd to break, transported, from the cloud.
Oh ! goddess-born ! cry'd brave Achates, say,
What are your thoughts, and why this long delay ?
All safe you see ; your friends and fleet restor'd : 785
One (whom we saw) the whirling gulf devour'd.
Lo ! with the rest your mother's words agree,
All but Orontes 'scap'd the raging sea.

Swift as he spoke, the vapours break away,
Dissolve in æther, and refine to day. 790
Radiant, in open view, Æneas stood,
In form and looks, majestic as a god.
Flush'd with the bloom of youth, his features shine,
His hair in ringlets waves with grace divine.
The queen of love the glance divine supplies, 795
And breathes immortal spirit in his eyes.

Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum Pariusve lapis circundatur auro.

Tum sic reginam alloquitur, cunctisque repente
Improvisus ait: Coram, quem quaeritis, adsum
Troius Aeneas, Libycis eruptus ab undis. 600

O sola infandos Troiae miserata labores,
Quae nos, reliquias Danaum, terraeque marisque
Omnibus exhaustos jam casibus, omnium egenos,
Urbe, domo, socias. grates persolvere dignas
Non opis est nostrae, Dido: nec quicquid ubique est
Gentis Dardaniae, magnum quae sparsa per orbem. 606

Di tibi, si qua piis respectant numina, si quid
Usquam justitiae est, et mens sibi conscientia recti,
Praemia digna ferant. quae te tam laeta tulerunt
Saecula? qui tanti talem genuere parentes? 610

In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbrae
Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum fidera pascet:

Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt:
Quae me cunque vocant terrae. sic fatus, amicum
Ilionea petit dextra, laevaque Serestum: 615

797. *Like Parian marble*] This comparison contains a beauty which we are by no means so sensible of as a Roman reader might be; for the ancient statues both of marble and ivory were polished to such an extreme degree, that there was even something luminous and shining on their surfaces, and which dazzled the eyes of their beholders. The *Vultus nimium fabricus aspici*, of Horace, might probably allude to this appearance in statues. SPENCE.

BOOK I. VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

71

Like Parian marble, beauteous to behold,
Or silver's milder gleam in burnish'd gold,
Or polish'd iv'ry, shone the godlike man :
All stood surpriz'd ; and thus the prince began. 800

Æneas, whom you seek, you here survey ;
Escap'd the tempest of the Libyan sea,
O Dido, gracious queen, who make alone
The woes, and cause, of wretched Troy your own ;
And shelter in your walls, with pious care, 805
Her sons, the relicks of the Grecian war ;
Who all the forms of misery have bore,
Storms on the sea, and dangers on the shore ;
Nor we, nor all the Dardan nation, hurl'd
Wide o'er the globe, and scatter'd round the world, 810
But the good gods, with blessings, shall repay
Your bounteous deeds, the gods and only they ;
(If pious acts, if justice they regard ;)
And your clear conscience stands its own reward.
How blest this age that has such virtue seen ? 815
How blest the parents of so great a queen ?
While to the sea the rivers roll, and shades
With awful pomp surround the mountain heads ;
While æther shines, with golden planets grac'd,
So long your honour, name, and praise shall last : 820
Whatever realm my fortune has assign'd,
Still will I bear your image in my mind.

This said, the pious chief of Troy extends
His hands around, and hails his joyful friends :
His left Sergetus grasp'd with vast delight, 825
To great Ilioneus he gave the right.

72 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Post alios, fortèmque Gyan, fortèmque Cloanthum,
 Obstupuit primo aspectu Sidonia Dido,
 Casu deinde viri tanto; et sic ore locuta est:
 Quis tè, nate dea, per tanta pericula casus
 Insequitur? quae vis immanibus applicat oris? 620
 Tune ille Aeneas, quem Dardanio Anchisae
 Alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoëntis ad undam?
 Atque equidem Teucrum memini Sidona venire,
 Finibus expulsum patriis, nova regna petèntem
 Auxilio Beli. genitor tum Belus opimam 625
 Vastabat Cyprum, et viètor ditione tenebat.
 Tempore jam ex illo casus mihi cognitus urbis
 Trojanæ, nomenque tuum, regesque Pelasgi.
 Ipse hostis Teucros insigni laude ferebat,
 Seque ortum antiqua Teucrorum a stirpe volebat. 630
 Quare agite, o tectis, juvenes, succedite nostris.
 Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores
 Jaçtata, hac deum voluit consistere terra.
 Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.
 Sic memorat. simul Aenean in regia dicit 635
 Tecta; simul divum templis indicit honorem.
 Nec minus interea sociis ad litora mittit

829. *Dido gaz'd him o'er*] Here was the beginning of that violent passion Dido afterwards felt for Aeneas

835. *And now I call to mind*] It is a very artful stroke in the poet to make Dido know something of Aeneas's family and actions, which renders his good reception from a stranger more natural; and inclined her to a favourable opinion of him at first sight. The sentiment with which she concludes her speech, *non ignara mali, &c.* is founded on the truest knowledge of human nature; for the passion of pity is ever most strongly felt by those who have been unfortunate.

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Cloanthus, Gyas, and the Dardan train,
All, in their turns, embrac'd the prince again.

Charm'd with his presence, Dido gaz'd him o'er,
Admir'd his fortune much, his person more. 830

What fate, O goddess-born, she said, has tost
So brave a heroe on this barbarous coast?

Are you Æneas, who in Ida's grove
Sprung from Anchises and the queen of love

By Simois' streams? and now I call to mind, 835
When Teucer left his native shores behind;

The banisht prince to Sidon came, to gain
Great Belus' aid, to fix him in his reign;
Then the rich Cyprian isle, my warlike fire
Subdu'd, and ravag'd wide with sword and fire. 840

From him I learnt the Grecian kings of fame,
The fall of Iliqn, and your glorious name:
He on your valour, tho' a foe, with joy
Would dwell, and proudly trace his birth from Troy.

Come to my palace then, my royal guest, 845
And, with your friends, indulge the genial feast,
My wand'rings and my fate resembling yours,
At length I settled on these Libyan shores;
And, touch'd with miseries myself have known,
I view, with pity, woes so like my own. 850

She spoke, then leads him to her proud abodes,
Ordains a feast, and offerings to the gods.

851. *She spoke*] Bossu has many excellent remarks on what the critics call the intrigue of the epic poem, or in other words, the obstacles that are flung in the hero's way to retard him from prosecuting his main design. The conduct of Virgil, says he, in the intrigues he forms, has the simplicity of

74 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Viginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum
 Terga suum, pingues centum cum matribus agnos :
 Munera, laetitiamque dei. 640
 At domus interior regali splendida luxu
 Instruitur, mediisque parant convivia tectis.
 Arte laboratae vestes, ostroque superbo :
 Ingens argentum mensis, coelataque in auro
 Fortia facta patrum, series longissima rerum, 645
 Per tot ducta viros antiquae ab origine gentis.
 Aeneas (neque enim patrius consistere mentem
 Passus amor) rapidum ad naves praemittit Achaten,
 Ascanio ferat haec, ipsumque ad moenia ducat.
 Omnis in Ascanio chari stat cura parentis. 650
 Munera praeterea, Iliacis erupta ruinis,
 Ferre jubet, pallam signis auroque rigentem,
 Et circumtextum croceo velamen acantho,
 Ornatus Argivae Helenae ; quos illa Mycenis,
 Pergama cum peteret, inconcessosque Hymenaeos, 655

of Homer in it. The tempests are made use of in the first part of the *Aeneid* just as in the *Odyssey*. In this very part of the *Aeneid*, Virgil suits himself to the humour and character of his hero, just as Homer suits himself to the humour of Achilles. For as he is passionate, warm, and easily provoked, Agamemnon provokes him and urges him by the most sensible affronts. *Aeneas* was of a soft and mild disposition ; therefore with the utmost propriety the poet makes use of good and benevolent offices, kind treats and entertainments, and the most melting, and most endearing passions, to engage him to stay at Carthage.

855. *A hundred boars*] A feast suited to the simplicity of ancient times.

864. *Eager love*] Tenderness being the characteristic of *Aeneas*, the poet takes all opportunities of displaying it.

866. *He sends Achates*] The character of Achates suggests to us an observation we may often make, on the intimacies of great men, who frequently chuse their compa-

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Twice fifty bleating lambs and ewes she sends,
And twice ten brawny oxen to his friends :

A hundred bristly boars, and monstrous swine ; 855
With Bacchus' gifts, a store of generous wine.

The inner rooms in regal pomp display'd,
The splendid feasts in ample halls are made ;
Where, labour'd o'er with art, rich carpets lie,
That glow resplendent with the purple dye. 860

The boards are pil'd with plate of curious mould ;
And their forefathers' deeds, in times of old,
Blaz'd round the bowls, and charg'd the rising gold.

No more the prince his eager love supprest,
All the fond parent struggled in his breast. 865

He sends Achates to inform his son,
And guide the young Ascanius to the town ;
(On his Ascanius turn his fear and joy,
The father's cares are center'd in the boy ;)
To bring rich presents to the queen of Tyre, 870
And reliques, rescu'd from the Trojan fire.
A mantle wrought with saffron foliage round ;
And a stiff robe with golden figures crown'd ;
Fair Helen's dress, when, fir'd with lawless joy,
She left her native walls to ruin Troy, 875

nions, rather for the qualities of the heart than those of the head ; and prefer fidelity in an easy, inoffensive, complying temper, to those endowments which make a much greater figure among mankind. I do not remember that Achates, who is represented as the first favourite, either gives his advice, or strikes a blow, thro' the whole Aeneid.

Spectator, No. 385.

874. *Fair Helen's dress]* Our hero's presents to Dido are all chosen with great elegance and propriety. And there is even something of gallantry in sending her a robe formerly worn by the beautiful Helen, and the sceptre of Ilione.

75 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Extulerat, matris Ledaे mirabile donum.
 Praeterea sceptrum, Ilione quod gesserat olim,
 Maxima natarum Priami, colloque monile
 Baccatum, et duplicum gemmis auroque coronam.
 Haec celerans, iter ad naves tendebat Achates. 660

At Cytherea novas artes, nova pectore versat
 Confilia: ut faciem mutatus et ora Cupido
 Pro dulci Ascanio veniat, donisque furentem
 Incendat reginam, atque ossibus implicit ignem:
 Quippe domum timet ambiguam, Tyriosque bilingues.
 Urit atrox Juno, et sub noctem cura recursat.
 Ergo his aligerum dictis affatur amorem:
 Nate, meae vires, mea magna potentia, solus,
 Nate, patris summi qui tela Typhoëa temnis:
 Ad te confugio, et supplex tua numina posco. 670
 Frater ut Aeneas pelago tuus omnia circum
 Litora jaetetur, odiis Junonis iniquae,
 Nota tibi: et nostro doluisti saepe dolore.
 Hunc Phoenissa tenet Dido, blandisque moratur
 Vocibus: et vereor, quo se Junonia vertant 675

884. *But beauteous Venus]* That the chief divinity who guides the holy, wise, and brave Aeneas, should be Venus, is somewhat unlucky. She well might tutor Paris, and favour all the Trojans, who had their seraglio's even then; but it required great discretion to make her act in the Aeneid with any propriety. And after all, however we may be charm'd with the delicacy of her appearance, and the pomp of the description, I don't know but she is introduc'd as a mere person, divine indeed, and of great power; but without any regard to her character and inclinations. It was hard to make her appear in a virtuous cause, or direct the enterprizes of the pious hero, in any other capacity than his traditional parent; except she had condescended to accompany him when he went a hunting, and conducted him into the cave with Dido.

Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, p. 217.

(Her mother's present in the bridal hour;) With gold a shining sceptre studded o'er, That wont Ilione's fair hand to grace, The eldest nymph of Priam's beauteous race; Her necklace, strung with pearls; her crown, that glows Instarr'd with gems and gold in double rows. 881 To bring the splendid gifts, without delay, Swift to the fleet, Achates bends his way.

But beauteous Venus in her breast design'd New wiles, and plann'd new counsels in her mind, 885 That winged Cupid to the court should come Like sweet Ascanius, in Ascanius' room; With the rich gifts the Tyrian queen inspire, And kindle in her veins the raging fire. Her dread of Juno's arts, who guards the place, 890 Her just suspicions of the treach'rous race, Break, each revolving night, her golden rest: And thus the suppliant queen the god address.

Oh son! my strength! supreme in heav'n above! Whose arrows triumph o'er the bolts of Jove: 895 To thee I fly, thy succour to implore, Court thy protection, and thy pow'r adore. To tell how Juno's restless rage has tost Your brother round the seas, and ev'ry coast, Is but to mention what too well you know, 900 Who sigh'd my sighs, and wept a mother's woe. Him, in her town, the Tyrian queen detains, With soft seducements, from the Latian plains. But much I fear that hospitable place, Where Juno reigns the guardian of the race: 905

78 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Hospitia. haud tanto cessabit cardine rerum.
 Quocirca capere ante dolis et cingere flamma
 Reginam meditor; ne quo se numine mutet;
 Sed magno Aeneae mecum teneatur amore.
 Qua facere id possis, nostram nunc accipe mentem.
 Regius, accitu chari genitoris, ad urbem 681
 Sidoniam puer ire parat, mea maxima cura,
 Dona ferens, pelago et flammis restantia Trojae.
 Hunc ego sopitum somno, super alta Cythera,
 Aut super Idalium, sacrata fede recondam: 685
 Ne qua scire dolos, mediusve occurrere possit.
 Tu faciem illius, noctem non amplius unam,
 Falle dolo, et notos pueri puer indue vultus:
 Ut, cum te gremio accipiet laetissima Dido,
 Regales inter mensas laticemque Lyaeum, 690
 Cum dabit amplexus atque oscula dulcia figet,
 Occultum inspries ignem, fallasque veneno.
 Paret amor dictis charae genericis, et alas
 Exuit, et gressu gaudens incedit Iuli.
 At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem
 Irrigat, et fotum gremio dea tollit in altos 696
 Idaliae lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
 Floribus et dulci aspirans, complectitur umbra.

934. *Wrapt in a flow'ry bed*] In the original, "Surrounded him with sweet marjoram;" which would not sound gracefully in English. Nothing, says Catrou, escapes the vast learning of Virgil: One may think at first sight that he uses sweet marjoram in this passage, indifferently for any other odoriferous herb. 'Tis no such thing. It is because the matjoram of Cyprus had a power to drive away scorpions, which were so much to be feared during sleep. Pliny confirms this—Amaracus in Cypro Scorpionibus adversatur.

BOOK I. VIRGIL's AENEID.

79

And left this fair occasion she improve,
Know, I design to fire the queen with love ;
A love, beyond the cure of pow'rs divine ;
A love as strong, and violent as mine.

But how the proud Phoenician to surprize
With such a passion, hear what I advise.

The royal youth, Ascanius, from the port,
Hastes, by his father's summons, to the court ;
With costly presents charg'd, he takes his way,
Sav'd from the Trojan flames, and stormy sea ; 915
But to prevent suspicion, will I steep
His temples in the dews of balmy sleep,
Then to Cythera's sacred seats remove,
Or softly lay him in th' Idalian grove.

This one revolving night, thyself a boy, 920
Wear thou the features of the youth of Troy ;

And when the queen, transported with thy charms,
Amidst the feast, shall strain thee in her arms,
The gentle poison by degrees inspire

Thro' all her breast ; then fan the rising fire, 925
And kindle all her soul. The mother said,
With joy the god her soft commands obey'd.

Aside his quiver, and his wings he flung,
And, like the boy Iulus, tript along.

Mean time the goddess on Ascanius throws 930
A balmy slumber and a sweet repose ;
Lull'd in her lap to rest, the queen of love
Convey'd him to the high Idalian grove.

There on a flow'ry bed her charge she laid,
And, breathing round him, rose the fragrant shade. 935

80 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I.

Jamque ibat dicto parens, et dona Cupido
 Regia portabat Tyriis, duce laetus Achate. 700
 Cum venit, aulaeis jam se regina superbis
 Aurea composuit sponda, mediamque locavit.
 Jam pater Aeneas et jam Trojana juventus
 Conveniunt, stratoque super discumbitur ostro.
 Dant famuli manibus lymphas, Cereremque canistris
 Expediunt, tonsisque ferunt mantelia villis. 706
 Quinquaginta intus famulæ; quibus ordine longo
 Cura penum struere, et flammis adolere penates.
 Centum aliae, totidemque pares aetate ministri,
 Qui dapibus mensas onerent, et pocula ponant. 710
 Necnon et Tyrii per limina laeta frequentes
 Convenere, toris jussi discumbere pictis.
 Mirantur dona Aeneae; mirantur lulum,
 Flagrantesque dei vultus, simulataque verba,
 Pallamque, et pictum croceo velamen acantho. 715
 Praecipue infelix, pesti devota futurae,
 Expleri mentem nequit, ardescitque tuendo
 Phoenissa, et puero pariter donisque movetur.
 Ille, ubi complexu Aeneae colloque pependit,
 Et magnum falsi implevit genitoris amorem, 720
 Reginam petit. haec oculis, haec pectore toto

939. *The queen majestic,*] In the arrangement of the guests Dido takes place of Aeneas (*se mediam locavit*) for the middle was the most honourable place among the Africans. Sallust has expressly marked this; *Ne medius ex tribus*, says he, *quod apud Numidas honori ducitur Jugurtha foret*. Farther, the queen's couch was of gold, that of Aeneas and the Trojans of purple only. Dido being a woman did not give the upper place to her guest. A good poet should observe even these trifling decorums.

CATROU.

Now Cupid, pleas'd his orders to obey,
Brought the rich gifts; Achates led the way.
He came, and found on costly carpets spread
The queen majestic midst her golden bed.

The great Aeneas and the Trojans lie 940

On pompous couches stain'd with Tyrian dye:
Soft towels for their hands th' attendants bring,
And limpid water from the crystal spring.

They wash; the menial train the tables spread;
And heap in glitt'ring canisters the bread. 945

To dress the feast, full fifty handmaids join,
And burn rich incense to the pow'rs divine;
A hundred boys and virgins stood around,
The banquet marshall'd, and the goblet crown'd.

To fill th' embroider'd beds the Tyrians come 950
Rank behind rank; and crowd the regal room.

The guests the gorgeous gifts and boy admire,
His voice, and looks, that glow with youthful fire;
The veil and foliage wond'ring they behold,
And the rich robe that flam'd with figur'd gold: 955
But chief the queen, the boy and presents move,
The queen, already doom'd to fatal love.

Infatiate in her joy, she fate amaz'd,
Gaz'd on his face, and kindled as she gaz'd.
First, his dissembled father he carest, 960
Hung round his neck, and play'd upon his breast;
Next to the queen's embraces he withdrew;
She look'd, and sent her soul at ev'ry view:

Haeret, et interdum gremio fovet: inscia Dido,
 Insidat quantus miserae deus: at memor ille
 Matris Acidaliae, paullatim abolere Sichaeum
 Incipit, et vivo tentat praevertere amore 725
 Jampridem resudes animos desuetaque corda.

Postquam prima quies epulis, mensaeque remotae;
 Crateras magnos statuunt, et vina coronant.
 Fit strepitus tectis, vocemque per ampla volunt
 Atria: dependent lychni laquearibus aureis 730
 Incensi, et noctem flammis funalia vincunt.
 Hic regina gravem gemmis auroque poposcit,
 Implevitque mero pateram: quam Belus, et omnes
 A Belo soliti. tum facta silentia tectis:
 Jupiter (hospitibus nam te dare jura loquuntur) 735
 Hunc laetum Tyriisque diem Trojaque profectis
 Esse velis, nostrosque hujus meminisse minores.
 Adsit laetitiae Bacchus dator, et bona Juno:
 Et vos o coetum Tyrii celebrate faventes.
 Dixit, et in mensam laticum libavit honorem, 740
 Primaque libato summo tenus attigit ore.

734. Orig. A Belo soliti (sunt implere.)—is understood.
 970. *The living for the dead,* Vivo amore (in the original,) that is no doubt with the love of a living man instead of a dead one as Sichaeus was; not amore vehementi, as some would have it. Praevertere, i. e. with respect to any design of Juno's. 2 TRAPP.

Then took him on her lap, devour'd his charms ;
Nor knew poor Dido, blind to future harms, 965
How great a god she fondled in her arms.

But he, now mindful of his mother, stole
By slow degrees Sichaeus from her soul ;
Her soul, rekindling, in her husband's stead
Admits the prince ; the living for the dead. 970

Soon as the banquet paus'd, to raise their souls
With sparkling wine they crown the massy bowls.
Thro' the wide hall the rolling echo bounds,
The palace rings, the vaulted dome resounds.
The blazing torches, and the lamps display, 975
From golden roofs, an artificial day.

Now Dido crowns the bowl of state with wine,
The bowl of Belus, and the regal line.
Her hands aloft the shining goblet hold,
Pond'rous with gems, and rough with sculptur'd gold. 980
When silence was proclaim'd, the royal fair
Thus to the gods addreſt her fervent pray'r.

Almighty Jove ! who plead'ſt the stranger's cause ;
Great gaurdian god of hospitable laws !
Oh ! grant this day to circle still with joy, 985
Thro' late posterity, to Tyre and Troy.
Be thou, O Bacchus ! god of mirth, a guest ;
And thou, O Juno ! grace the genial feast.
And you, my lords of Tyre, your fears remove,
And shew your guests benevolence and love. 990
She said, and on the board, in open view,
The first libation to the gods she threw :

Tum Bitiae dedit increpitans: ille impiger haisit
 Spumantem pateram, et pleno se proluit auro.
 Post alii proceres. cithara crinitus Iopas
 Personat aurata, docuit quae maximus Atlas. 745

Hic canit errantem lunam, solisque labores;
 Unde hominum genus, et pecudes; unde imber, et
 ignes;

Arcturum, pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque Triones:
 Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere soles
 Hiberni, vel quae tardis mora noctibus obstet. 750
 Ingeminant plausum Tyrii, Troesque sequuntur.

993. *Then sip'd the wine,*] Virgil often describes the incidents in his poem in allusion to the Roman customs. The ladies of Rome never drank wine but at religious ceremonies, the laws of that city punished with death, those who drank it any other time. Thus Dido does not drink it here but as at a ceremony, and does no more than touch her lips with it.

CATROU.

999. *With curling tresses grac'd,*] I cannot but fancy some celebrated master complimented under the name of Iopas the philosophical musician at Dido's banquet; for methinks the epithet, Crinitus, is so wholly foreign to the purpose, that it perfectly points at some particular person; who perhaps (to pursue a wandering guess) was one of the Grecian performers then in Rome; for besides that they were the best musicians and philosophers, the termination of the name belongs to their language, and the epithet is the same (*καρκηφωντες*) that Homer gives to his countrymen in general.

Thus far Mr. Addison: but Mr. Spence hath given a better interpretation to this passage.

As the Romans must have been so familiarly acquainted with the dress of the Festal Apollo, his long robe which he always wore then, and his full-dressed hair; Virgil's applying the epithet Crinitus (the known epithet of Apollo) to Iopas on this occasion, might imply to them, that he was dressed out like the Festal Apollo; in a long magnificent robe, and with his hair all flowing down his back; this by the way, is a strong instance of the use of being acquainted

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Then sip'd the wine, and gave to Bitias' hand :
He rose, obedient to the queen's command ;
At once the thirsty Trojan swill'd the whole, 995
Sunk the full gold, and drain'd the foaming bowl.

Then thro' the peers, with sparkling nectar crown'd.

The goblet circles, and the health goes round.

With curling tresses grac'd, and rich attire,

Iopas stands, and sweeps the golden lyre ; 1000

The truths, which antient Atlas taught, he sings,

And nature's secrets, on the sounding strings.

Why Cynthia changes ; why the sun retires,

Shorn of his radiant beams, and genial fires;

From what originals, and caules, came
Medicinal bl. of the i. and ii. f.

Mankind and beasts, the rain, and rising

Arcturus, dreadful with his stormy star;
The eastern Head, and the northern end

The wat'ry Hyads, and the northern car;
Why firs in summer the slow night detain

Why lags in summer the slow might detain,
And rush so swift in winter to the main.

With shouts the Tyrians praise the song divine.

With shouts the Pythians strain the long dirge,
And in the loud applause the Trojans join.

ed with the ancient Roman Customs, and with the appearances their gods used to make, on such and such occasions, towards understanding their poets. Had the author of a piece published a few years ago, under a name that would make every body fond of reading it, been aware of this, methinks he never could have called Crinitus here, an epithet so wholly foreign to the purpose. **POLYMETIS**, page 193.

1011. *The truths which ancient Atlas taught.*] An enter-taining and sprightly Frenchman makes the following re-mark. The banquet which Alcinous gives to Ulysses in the *Odyssey*, is well contrived, very proper and gallant; ne-vertheleſs men only are preſent at it: The banquet which Dido gives to Æneas is not conducted with propriety: in the first, were ſung the gallantries and adventures of the

Necnon et vario noctem sermone trahebat
 Infelix Dido, longumque bibebat amorem ;
 Multa super Priamo rogitans, super Hectore multa :
 Nunc, quibus aurorae venisset filius armis : 755
 Nunc quales Diomedis equi : nunc, quantus Achilles.
 Immo age, et a prima dic, hospes, origine nobis
 Insidias, inquit, Danaum, casusque tuorum.
 Erroresque tuos : nam te jam septima portat
 Omnibus errantem terris et fluctibus aetas. 760

gods, and other matters agreeable and gay: in the last, were sung the course of the stars, the causes of eclipses, and other philosophical matters. Carry the banquet of Alcinous to the court of Carthage, and that of Dido to the island of the Pheacians, and all will be in it's proper order.

Melanges de Vigneul Marville, Tom. iii.

Dr. Trapp will furnish us with an answer to M Vigneul Marville's objection. " To put so much natural philosophy into a song, may seem strange to a mere modern. Yet how much more grand and noble is it than a silly story of Chloris and Phyllis; and such like frothy trifles, which are the subjects of songs in our times! By the way, how pretty would have been an opera or masquerade, to entertain Aeneas and his friends, upon this occasion? What pity it is, the ancients were not so polite and judicious as we are!"

1017. *What arms adorn'd?* 'Tis worth observing how natural and proper for a woman these questions of Dido are. Quibus armis! Quantus Achilles! Quales Diomedis equi! These are such strokes of nature as escape common-readers, but are infinitely beautiful. Our Shakespear abounds in them beyond any other author whatever.

1021. *Nay, but at large, my godlike guest, relate,*] The sudden change of persons from the poet to the queen; the natural sliding in of that immo age &c. and stealing the inquit, into the second line, as it were out of the way, and in a place where we can scarce observe it; the passing from those scatter'd particular questions, to the general request in form and solemnity, preparatory to the noble narrative which follows upon it; the art of the poet being like that of musicians, who sport themselves with little warbling essays and flourishes while they are preparing to begin a grand and full concert;

and

The queen, in various talk, prolongs the hours,
 Drinks deep of love, and ev'ry word devours;
 This moment longs of Hector to enquire, 1015
 The next of Priam, his unhappy sire;
 What arms adorn'd Aurora's glorious son;
 How high, above his hosts, Achilles shone;
 How brave Tydides thunder'd on his car;
 How his fierce coursers swept the ranks of war. 1020
 Nay, but at large, my godlike guest, relate
 The Grecian wiles, she said, and Ilion's fate;
 How far your course around the globe extends,
 And what the woes and fortunes of your friends:
 For, since you wander'd every shore and sea, 1025
 Have sev'n revolving summers roll'd away.

and lastly the concluding the book with that request, and so leaving the mind of the reader in the most earnest expectation: are all of them circumstances marvellously beautiful; and the more they are consider'd, the more beautiful they will appear.

TRAPP.

The END of the FIRST Book.

S

A

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
VIRGIL's
ÆNEID.

SECOND BOOK

ANAGYRS

ÆNEAS

The A R G U M E N T.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixt resolution he had taken not to survive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it: at last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

P. VIRGILII MARONIS
AENEIDOS
 LIBER II.

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant.

Inde toro pater Aeneas sic orsus ab alto :

The destruction of an ancient, populous city, with all those scenes of devastation, sorrow, and misery that must attend it, is one of the most striking objects in the world. Virgil accordingly chose it, as the properest subject imaginable to move the passions of pity and terror, and surely he hath succeeded to his wish. One cannot but think, that he was particularly pleased with this subject, as it happened to be left untouched by Homer. Our poet however hath borrowed many fine hints and affecting circumstances from two tragedies of Euripides, the Troades, and the Hecuba. Virgil, in general, seemeth to have been a great reader and lover of the works of this noble tragedian. And indeed these two writers seem to have nearly resembled each other in their genius and manner: Both were remarkable for brevity, and an elegant simplicity of style, both were of a tender temper, and particularly skilled in moving the passions.

I must not neglect to observe, that Virgil recited this second book to the emperor Augustus, in order to give his great patron a taste of the rest of his *Æneid*. The versification of this book is extremely beautiful, and it is in general the most correct piece of the whole poem.

V. 1. *All gaz'd,*] An ingenious critic hath lately made some just observations on this second book: Let us conceive an objector to put the following query: “ Supposing the au-

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VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

THE

SECOND BOOK.

ALL gaz'd in silence, with an eager look,
 Then from the golden couch the hero spoke.
 Ah mighty queen ! you urge me to disclose,
 And feel, once more, unutterable woes ;

“ thor of the *Æneis* to have related, in the natural order, the destruction of Troy, would not the subject have been, to all intents and purposes, as much one, as it is, under its present form; in which that event is told, in the second book, by way of episode ?” I answer, by no means. The reason is taken from the nature of the work, and from the state and expectations of the reader.

1. The nature of an epic or narrative poem is this, that it lays the author under an obligation of shewing any event, which he formally undertakes in his own person, at full length, and with all its material circumstances. Every figure must be drawn in full proportion, and exhibited in strong, glowing colours. Now had the subject of the second book of the *Æneis* been related, in this extent, it must not only have taken up one, but many books. By this faithful and animated drawing, and from the time it must necessarily have to play upon the imagination, the event would have grown into such importance, that the remainder could only have passed for a kind of appendix to it.

2. The same conclusion is drawn from considering the state of the reader. For, hurried away by an instinctive impatience, he pursues the proposed event with eagerness and rapidity.

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem ;
 Trojanas ut opes et lamentabile regnum
 Eruerint Danai ; quaeque ipse miserrima vidi, 5
 Et quorum pars magna fui. quis, talia fando,
 Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulysseni,
 Temperet a lacrimis ? et jam nox humida coelo
 Praecipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.
 Sed, si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros, 10
 Et breviter Trojae supremum audire laborem ;
 Quanquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit,

pidity. So circumstantial a detail, as was supposed, of an intermediate action not necessarily connected with it, breaks the course of his expectations, and throws back the point of view to an immoderate distance. In the mean time the action, thus interposed and presented to his thoughts, acquires by degrees, and at length ingrosses his whole attention. It becomes the important theme of the piece ; or, at least, what follows sets out with the disadvantage of appearing to him, as a new and distinct subject.

But now being related by way of episode, that is, as a succinct, summary narration, not made by the poet himself, but coming from the mouth of a person, necessarily engaged in the progress of the action, it serves for a short time to interrupt, and, by that interruption to sharpen the eager expectation of the reader. It holds the attention, for a while from the point of view ; yet not long enough to destroy that impatient curiosity, which looks forward to it. And thus it contributes to the same end, as a piece of miniature, properly introduced into a large picture. It amuses the eye with something relative to the painter's design, yet not so, as to withhold its principal observation from falling on the greater subject. The parallel will not hold very exactly, because the painter is, of necessity, confined to the same instant of time ; but it may serve for an illustration of my meaning. Suppose the painter to take, for his subject, that part of Æneas's story, where, with his Penates, his father, and his son, he is preparing to set sail for Italy. To draw Troy in flames, as a constituent part of this picture, would be manifestly absurd.

It

How vengeful Greece with victory was crown'd, 5
And Troy's fair empire humbled to the ground ;
Those direful scenes I saw on Phrygia's shore,
Those wars in which so large a part I bore,
The fiercest Argive would with tears bewail,
And stern Ulysses tremble at the tale : 10
And lo ! the night precipitates away ;
The stars, grown dim before the dawning day,
Call to repose ; but since you long to know,
And curious listen to the story'd woe ;
Tho' my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell, 15
But with a bleeding heart, how Ilion fell.

It would be painting two subjects, instead of one. And perhaps Troja incensa might seize the attention before,

Ascanium Anchisenque patrem Teucrosque Penates.

But a distant perspective of burning Troy, might be thrown into a corner of the piece, that is episodically, with good advantage ; where instead of distracting the attention, and breaking the unity of the subject, it would concenter, as it were, with the great design, and have an effect in augmenting the distress of it. Hurd's notes on Horace's art of poetry.

11. *And lo ! the night precipitates away ;*] Notwithstanding these words contain a good reason to excuse Æneas from the task desired of him ; yet I much mistake, if that was the only reason why the poet inserted them : The idea of the night-scene adds very much to the solemnity and awfulness of the relation. Indeed the whole disposition of the scene and the concomitant circumstances is admirable in every respect. A great prince, driven by a storm to a strange coast, entertained by a great queen, in a numerous assembly of princes and nobility and guards, and attendants supposed to be listening at a distance, after a magnificent banquet, in the large hall of a stately palace, hung round with tapers and flambeaus, in the dead of night, relates to her, at her request, such a surprising history of wars, distresses, and travels as was never before heard of.

TRAPP.

Incipiam. Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi
 Ductores Danaūm, tot jam labentibus annis,
 Instar montis equum, divina Palladis arte 15
 Aedificant : sectaque intexunt abiete costas.
 Votum pro reditu simulant. ea fama vagatur.
 Huc delecta virūm fortiti corpora furtim
 Includunt caeco lateri, penitusque cavernas
 Ingentes, uterumque armato milite complent. 20
 Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
 Insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant ;
 Nunc tantum sinus, et statio male fida carinis :

20. *A steed that tow'ring, &c.*] Servius observes, that when Virgil speaks of the building this horse, he makes use of the terms which belong to the shipwright's trade. Pausanias says, that every one must either allow that this horse was an engine made to batter the walls of Troy, or that the Trojans were most strangely infatuated. Tubero and Hyginus, according to Servius on this passage, were likewise of opinion, that it was such an engine as the ram or the testudo, invented for the purpose mentioned by Pausanias, which Properius (says Mr. Merric) seems to allude to when he says,

Aut quis equo pulsas abiegnō nosceret arces ?

But that it was expressly the same as the battering ram is asserted only on the authority of Pliny, whose words are as follows : Equum, qui nunc Aries appellatur, in muralibus machinis, Epeum ad Trojam invenisse dicunt. Lib. vii. c. 56. But no historical authority can be produced that is reconcileable with Pliny's assertion.

Though the original of this story of the Trojan horse be thus uncertain, yet it can scarce be imagined that the fiction could have been raised so early, and spread so universally without some foundation in history. Several therefore have been inclined to believe the account which is given of it by Palaephatus, whose testimony carries with it the greater weight on account of his antiquity, as he is thought to have lived before Homer. It is reported, says this author, that the Greeks took Troy, by enclosing themselves in a wooden

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VOL.

The Grecian kings, (for many a rolling year,
Repell'd by fate, and harraſſ'd by the war;)
By Pallas' aid, of season'd fir compose
A ſteed, that tow'ring like a mountain roſe; 20
This they pretend their common vow, to gain
A ſafe return, and measure back the main:
Such the report; but guileful Argos hides
Her bravest heroes in the monster's ſides;
Deep, deep within, they throng'd the dreadful gloom, 25
And half a hoſt lay ambuſh'd in the womb.

An iſle, in antient times renown'd by fame,
Lies full in view, and Tenedos the name;
Once bleſt with wealth, while Priam held the ſway,
But now a broken, rough, and dang'rous bay: 30

wooden horse. But the truth of the ſtory is, that they built a horse of ſo large a ſize, that it could not be drawn within the city walls. In the mean while the chief of them, lay concealed in a hollow place near the city, which is to this day called *αργειων λοχός*, the Grecian ambuſcade. Sinon upon this deserted to the Trojans, and persuaded them to admit the horse within the city, aſſuring them that the Greeks would not return to moleſt them any more. The Trojans believing him, make a breach in their walls to let in the horse, thro' which the enemy entered at night, while the inhabitants were eaſting, and ſacked the town. Palæophatus, de Incredibilibus.

It is observable, that this relation agrees in many particulars with that which the poets have given us; and as to that remarkable circumstance of the Grecian ambuſcade, it ſeems to be obscurely hinted at, in a tradition mentioned by Servius; namely, that the Greeks lay in ambuſh behind a hill called Hippius, and from thence ſurprized the Trojans. Bonifacio, an Italian, joins with Aldus in ſuppoſing, that this hill not only took its name from the Greek word for a horse, but was likewiſe in the figure of one; the ſame author obſerves, that the Italians to this day make uſe of a rampart, which they call Cavalliero.

Huc se proiecti deserto in litore conduit.
 Nos abiisse rati, et vento petiisse Mycenæ. 25
 Ergo omnis longo solvit se Teucria luctu :
 Panduntur portæ : juvat ire, et Dorica castra,
 Desertosque videre locos, litusque relictum.
 Hic Dolopum manus, hic saevus tendebat Achilles ;
 Classibus hic locus ; hic acies certare solebant. 30
 Pars stupet innuptæ donum exitiale Minervæ,
 Et molem mirantur equi : primusque Thymoetes
 Duci intra muros hortatur, et arce locari ;
 Sive dolo, seu jam Trojae sic fata ferebant.
 At Capys, et quorum melior sententia menti, 35
 Aut pelago Danaum insidias suspectaque dona,
 Praecipitare jubent, subjectisque urere flammis ;
 Aut terebrare cavas uteri et tentare latebras.
 Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.
 Primus ibi ante omnes, magna comitante caterva, 40
 Laocoön ardens summa decurrit ab arce.
 Et procul, O miseri, quae tanta insania, cives ?
 Creditis avectos hostes ? aut ulla putatis
 Dona carere dolis Danaum ? sic notus Ulysses ?
 Aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur Achivi, 45

31. *Thither their unsuspected course they bore,]* Mr. Merric, in his learned notes on Tryphiodorus, has observed, that the Menapii, a people bordering on the Rhine, were surprized by the same stratagem, which the Greeks are here described making use of to circumvent the Trojans. The story is related by Caesar, in his history of the Gallic war, Lib. iv. cap. 4.

Thither their unsuspected course they bore,
And hid their hosts within the winding shore.

We deem'd them fail'd for Greece ; transported Troy
Forgot her woes, and gave a loose to joy ;
Threw wide her gates, and pour'd forth all her train, 35
To view th' abandon'd camp, and empty plain.

Here the Dolopian troops their station held ;
There proud Achilles' tent o'erlook'd the field ;
Here rang'd the thousand vessels stood, and there
In conflict join'd the furious sons of war. 40

Some view the gift of Pallas with surprize,
The fatal monster, and its wondrous size.
And first Thymoetes mov'd the crowd to lead
And lodge within the tower the lofty steed ;
Or, with design, his country to destroy, 45
Or fate determin'd now the fall of Troy.
But hoary Capys, and the wise, require
To plunge the treacherous gift of Greece in fire,
Orwhelm the mighty monster in the tides,
Or bore the ribs, and search the cavern'd sides. 50

Their own wild will the noisy crowds obey,
And vote, as partial fancy points the way ;
Till bold Laocoön, with a mighty train,
From the high tower rush'd furious to the plain ;
And sent his voice from far, with rage inspir'd--- 55
What madness, Trojans, has your bosoms fir'd ?
Think you the Greeks are fail'd before the wind ?
Think you these presents safe, they leave behind ?
And is Ulysses banish'd from your mind ?

Aut haec in nostros fabricata est machina muros,
Inspectura domos, venturaque desuper urbi ;
Aut aliquis latet error. equo ne credite, Teucri.
Quicquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.
Sic fatus, validis ingentem viribus hastam 50
In latus, inque feri curvam compagibus alvum
Contorsit. stetit illa tremens, uteroque recusso
Insonuere cavae gemitumque dedere cavernae.
Et, si fata deum, si mens non laeva fuisset,
Impulerat ferro Argolicas foedare latebras : 55
Trojaque nunc stares, Priamique arx alta maneres.
Ecce, manus juvenem interea post terga revinctum
Pastores magno ad regem clamore trahebant
Dardanidae : qui se ignotum venientibus ultro,
Hoc ipsum ut strueret, Trojamque aperiret Achivis, 60
Obtulerat : fidens animi, atque in utrumque paratus,
Seu versare dolos, seu certae occumbere morti.
Undique visendi studio Trojana juventus
Circumfusa ruit, certantque illudere capto.
Accipe nunc Danaum insidias, et criminis ab uno 65
Disce omnes.

BOOK II. VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

101

Or this prodigious fabric must inclose, 60
Deep in its darksom womb, our ambush'd foes ;
Or 'tis some engine, rais'd to batter down
The tow'rs of Ilion, or command the town ;
Ah ! trust not Greece, nor touch her gifts abhorr'd ;
Her gifts are more destructive than her sword. 65

Swift as the word, his pond'rous lance he threw ;
Against the fides the furious javelin flew,
Thro' the wide womb a spacious passage found,
And shook with long vibrations in the wound.
The monster groans, and shakes the distant shore ; 70
And, round his caverns roll'd, the deep'ning thunders
roar.

Then, had not partial fate conspir'd to blind,
With more than madness, ev'ry Trojan mind,
The crowd the treach'rous ambush had explor'd,
And not a Greek had 'scap'd the vengeful sword ; 75
Old Priam still his empire would enjoy,
And still thy tow'rs had stood, majestic Troy !

Meantime, before the king, the Dardan swains,
With shouts triumphant, brought a youth in chains,
A willing captive to the Trojan hands, 80
To open Ilion to the Grecian bands ;
Bold and determin'd either fate to try ;
Resolv'd to circumvent, or fix'd to die.
The troops tumultuous gather round the foe,
To see the captive, and insult his woe. 85
Now hear the falsehoods of the Grecian train,
All, all in one ; a nation in a man.

Namque, ut conspectu in medio turbatus, inermis,
 Constitit, atque oculis Phrygia agmina circumspexit:
 Heu, quae nunc tellus, inquit, quae me aequora possunt,
 Accipere? aut quid jam misero mihi denique restat? 70
 Cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus: et super ipsi
 Dardanidae infensi poenas cum sanguine pœsunt.
 Quo gemitu conversi animi, compressus et omnis
 Impetus. hortamur fari, quo sanguine cretus,
 Quidve ferat, memoret; quae sit fiducia capti. 75
 Ille haec, deposita tandem formidine, fatur:
 Cuncta equidem tibi, rex, fuerit quocunque, fatebor;
 Vera inquit: neque me Argolica de gente negabo,
 Hoc primum. nec, si miserum fortuna Sinonem
 Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba finget. 80
 Fando aliquod si forte tuas pervenit ad aures
 Belidae nomen Palamedis, et inclyta fama
 Gloria: quem falsa sub proditione Pelasgi
 Insontem infando indicio, quia bella vetabat,
 Demisere neci; nunc cassum lumine lugent. 85
 Illi me comitem, et consanguinitate propinquum,
 Pauper in arma pater primis huc misit ab annis.
 Dum stabat regno incolumis, regumque vigebat
 Consiliis; et nos aliquod nomenque decusque

103. *Yet Sinon can defy]* Hesychius (says Mr. Merric abovementioned) speaks of a tragedy of Sophocles by the name of Sinon, and Aristotle seems to allude to it in his poetics. Were this performance still extant, we should very probably find Virgil indebted to it for several particulars in the management of this incident.

For while confounded and disarm'd he stands,
And trembling views around the Phrygian bands,
Alas ! what hospitable land, (he cry'd) 90
Or oh ! what seas a wand'ring wretch will hide ?
Not only banish'd from the Grecian state ;
But Troy, avenging Troy, demands my fate.

His melting tears, and moving sighs controul
Our rising rage, and soften ev'ry soul. 95
We bid him tell his race, and long to know
The fate and tidings of a captive foe.
At length, encourag'd thus, the youth reply'd,
And laid his well dissembled fears aside.

All, all, with truth, great monarch, I confess, 100
And first I own my birth deriv'd from Greece ;
Wretch as he is, yet Sinon can defy
The frowns of fortune, and disdains a lye.
You know, perchance, great Palamedes' name,
Thro' many a distant realm renown'd by fame ; 105
Condemn'd, tho' guiltless, when he mov'd for peace,
Condemn'd for treason by the voice of Greece.
Tho' false the charge, the glorious hero bled,
But now the Greeks deplore the warrior dead.

Me, yet a youth, my father sent to share 110
With him, my kinsman, in the toils of war.
Long as that hero stood secure from fate,
Long as his counsels prop'd the Grecian state,
Ev'n I could boast an honourable name,
And claim some title to a share of fame : 115

Geffimus. invidia postquam pellacis Ulyssēi 90
 (Haud ignota loquor) superis concessit ab oris;
 Afflictus vitam in tenebris luctuque trahebam,
 Et casum insontis mecum indignabar amici.
 Nec tacui demens: et me, fors si qua tulisset,
 Si patrōs unquam remeassem vīctor ad Argos, 95
 Promisi ultiōrem, et verbis odia aspera movi.
 Hinc mihi prima mali labes: hinc semper Ulyssēs
 Criminibus terrere novis: hinc spargere voces
 In vulgum ambiguas, et quaerere conscius arma.
 Nec requievit enim, donec Calchante ministro— 100
 Sed quid ego haec autem nequicquam ingrata revolvo?
 Quidve moror? si omnes uno ordine habetis Achivos,
 Idque audire sat est; jamdudum sumite poenās:
 Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atridae.
 Tum vero ardemus scitari et quaerere causas, 105
 Ignari scelerum tantorum artisque Pelasgæ.

117. *Ulysses' arts*] Some manuscripts read fallacis instead of pellacis Ulyssēi; but the latter epithet seems the stronger of the two, and more applicable to the seducing Ulysses. Lucretius uses the substantive, placidi pellacia ponti subdola.

130. *At length with Calchas he concerta the scheme*] There is a just observation of Mr. Spence on the great art of the poet in this passage.

Have you not observed (says he) a larger sort of break, which is used artificially in a poem to incite the attention of the reader? I mean, when the narration is dropt in the most engaging parts of it, or just before some very material incident: this adds a double desire of hearing: the audience generally make it their request, that the speaker would go on, and inform them of the sequel. Thus it is in the eleventh *Odyssey*. Ulysses, in the midst of his account of the infernal regions, makes a feint of concluding: we are immediately told, that the Phæacians were eager to hear him on;

BOOK II. VIRGIL's AENEID. 105

But when the prince, (a well-known truth I tell,) 105
By dire Ulysses' arts and envy fell ;
Soon as he ceas'd to breathe this vital air,
I drag'd my days in darkness and despair.
And, if kind heav'n shou'd give me back once more 120
Safe and triumphant to my native shore,
For innocence condemn'd, revenge I vow'd,
Mad as I was, and spoke my rage aloud.
This mov'd Ulysses' hate, and hence arose
My past misfortunes, and my present woes. 125
Eager he fought the means, and watch'd the time
To charge me too with some pretended crime.
For conscious of his guilt, my death he vow'd,
And with dark hints amus'd the list'ning crowd.
At length with Calchas he concert's the scheme— 130
But why, why dwell I on this hateful theme ?
Or why detain you with a tale of woe ?
Since you determine ev'ry Greek, a foe.
Strike, strike ; th' Atrides will my death enjoy,
And dire Ulysses thank the sword of Troy. 135

Now blind to Grecian frauds, we burn to know
With fond desire the causes of his woe ;
Who thus, still trembling as he stood, and pale,
Pursu'd the moving melancholy tale.

on ; and 'tis observable, that the very same break, and the
very same sentiment after it, is imitated by Virgil.

Donec Calchante ministro—
Tum vero ardemus scitari.
'Tis indeed improved in the latter ; he has all the use of
Homer's suspense, without the tediousness of it.

Essay on Pope's Odysssey, Part ii. 43.

Prosequitur pavitans, et facto pectore fatur :
 Saepe fugam Danai Troja cupiere relicta
 Moliri, et longo fessi discedere bello.
 Fecissentque utinam ! saepe illos aspera ponti 110
 Interclusit hiems, et terruit austere euntes.
 Praecipue, cum jam hic trabibus contextus acernis
 Staret equus, toto sonuerunt aethere nimbi.
 Suspensi Eurypylum scitatum oracula Phœbi
 Mittimus ; isque adytis haec tristia dicta reportat. 115
 Sanguine placantis ventos, et virgine caesa,
 Cum primum Iliacas Danai venistis ad oras :
 Sanguine querendi redditus, animaque litandum
 Argolica, vulgi quæ vox ut venit ad aures,
 Obstupuere animi, gelidusque per ima cucurrit 120
 Osfa tremor ; cui fata parent, quem poscat Apollo.
 Hic Ithacus yatem magno Calchanta tumultu
 Protrahit in medios : quæ sint ea numina divum
 Flagitat. et mihi jam multi cradele caneabant
 Artificis scelus, et taciti ventura videbant. 125
 Bis quinos filet ille dies, tectusque recusat
 Prodere voce sua quenquam, aut opponere morti.
 Vix tandem magnis Ithaci clamoribus actus,
 Composito rumpit vocem, et me destinat aerae.

150. — *Ye calm'd the main
With blood, ye Grecians, and a virgin slain.]*

This virgin was Iphigenia the daughter of Agamemnon ;
 whom the oracle declared must be sacrificed, before the
 Grecian fleet which lay at Aulis, could obtain a favourable
 wind to carry it to the siege of Troy. One of Euripides's
 finest tragedies is on this interesting subject ; and it has been
 imitated, and its principal beauties translated in one of Ra-
 cine's on the same subject.

Oft' had our hosts determin'd to employ
Their sails for Greece, and leave untaken Troy,
Urg'd to a shameful flight, from deep despair,
And the long labours of a ten-year's war. 140
And oh! that they had sail'd!—as oft' the force
Of southern winds, and tempests stop'd their course. 145
But since this steed was rais'd; strait, bellowing loud,
Deep thunders roar'd, and burst from ey'ry cloud.
We sent Euryalus to Phœbus' shrine,
Who brought this sentence from the voice divine;
When first ye sail'd for Troy, ye calm'd the main 150
With blood, ye Grecians, and a virgin slain;
And ere you measure back the foamy flood,
Know, you must buy a safe return with blood.
These awful words to ev'ry Greek impart
Surprise and dread, and chill the bravest heart; 155
To the dire stroke each thought himself decreed,
Himself the victim that for Greece should bleed.
Ulysses then, importunate and loud,
Produc'd sage Calchas to the trembling crowd,
Bade him the secret will of heav'n relate--- 160
And now my friends could prophesy my fate;
And base Ulysses' wicked arts, they said,
Were level'd all at my devoted head.
Ten days the prophet from the crowd retir'd,
Nor mark'd the victim that the gods requir'd. 165
So long besieg'd by Ithacus he stood,
And seem'd reluctant to the voice of blood;
At length he spoke, and, as the scheme was laid,
Doom'd to the slaughter my predestin'd head.

Assensere omnes : et, quae sibi quisque timebat, 130
 Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.
 Jamque dies infanda aderat : mihi sacra parari,
 Et falsae fruges, et circum tempora vittae.
 Eripui (fateor) leto me, et vincula rupi :
 Limosoque lacu per noctem obscurus in ulva 135
 Delitui, dum vela darent, si forte dedissent.
 Nec mihi jam patriam antiquam spes ulla videndi,
 Nec dulces natos, exoptatumque parentem :
 Quos illi fors ad poenas ob nostra reposcent
 Effugia, et culpam hanc miserorum morte piabunt. 140
 Quod te, per superos et conscia numina veri ;
 Per, si qua est, quae restat adhuc mortalibus usquam
 Intemerata fides, oro, miserere laborum
 Tantorum ; miserere animi non digna ferentis.
 His lacrymis vitam damus, et miserefcimus ultro. 145
 Ipse viro primus manicas atque arcta levari
 Vincla jubet Priamus ; dictisque ita fatur amicis :

181. *My dear, dear children,]* No wonder the Trojans, who were ignorant of Sinon's design were moved at these verses, when 'tis scarce possible even for us, who know the villany of them, to read them without tears: At least I speak for one; I have cry'd over them many a time when I was a school-boy, and am not ashamed to own that I am still exceedingly affected by them; I take it to be one of the most moving passages I ever met with. Virgil, to shew the triumph of his art, will soften us with the tenderest compassion by the mouth of one whom we know to be a perjur'd villain. It is not indeed upon the account of him, but of human nature in general: But still the person thro' whom it was convey'd would have prejudic'd us against it; had not the force of it been irrefiitible. No hope of ever more seeing his beloved native country, children, father! that was distressful enough; but little in comparison of what follows: there

All prais'd the sentence, and were pleas'd to see 170
The fate that threaten'd all, confin'd to me.
And now the dire tremendous day was come,
When all prepar'd to solemnize my doom ;
The salted barley on my front was spread,
The sacred fillets hound my destin'd head : 175
I fled th' appointed slaughter, I confess,
And, till our troops should hoist their sails for Greece,
Swift to a slimy lake I took my flight,
Lay wrapt in flags, and cover'd by the night.
And now these eyes shall view my native shore, 180
My dear, dear children, and my fire no more ;
Whom haply Greece to slaughter has decreed,
And for my fatal flight condemn'd to bleed.
But thee, o gracious monarch, I implore
By ev'ry god, by ev'ry sacred pow'r, 185
Who conscious of the facts my lips relate,
With truth inspire me to declare my fate ;
By all the solemn sanctions that can bind
In holy ties the faith of human kind ;
Have mercy, mercy, on a guiltless foe, 190
O'erwhelm'd and sunk with such a weight of woe !

His life we gave him, and dispell'd his fears,
Touch'd with his moving eloquence of tears ;
And, melting first, the good old king commands
To free the captive, and to loose his hands. 195
Then with soft accents, and a pleasing look,
Mild and benevolent the monarch spoke,
there was danger that those dear lives would be sacrificed in
his absence, and for his sake. TRAPP.

Quisquis es, amissos hinc jam obliscere Graios ;
 Noster eris : mihique haec edissere vera roganti : 149
 Quo molem hanc immanis equi statuere ? quis auctor ?
 Quidve petunt ? quae religio ? aut quae machina belli ?
 Dixerat. ille, dolis instructus et arte Pelasga,
 Susstulit exutas vinclis ad sidera palmas :
 Vos, aeterni ignes, et non violabile vestrum
 Testor numen, ait : vos aiae ensesque nefandi, 155
 Quos fugi ; vittaeque deum, quas hostia geffi :
 Fas mihi Graiorum sacrata resolvere jura ;
 Fas odisse viros, atque omnia ferre sub auras,
 Siqua tegunt : teneor patriae nec legibus ullis.
 Tu modo promissis maneas, servataque serves 160
 Troja fidem : si vera feram, si magna rependam.
 Omnis spes Danaum, et coepti fiducia belli,
 Palladis auxiliis semper stetit. impius ex quo
 Tydides sed enim scelerumque inventor Ulysses,
 Fatale aggressi sacrato avellere templo 165
 Palladium, caefis summae custodibus arcis,
 Corripuere sacram effigiem, manibusque cruentis
 Virgineas ausi divae contingere vittas :
 Ex illo fluere, ac retro sublapsa referri
 Spes Danaum : fractae vires, aversa deae mens. 170

BOOK II. VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

111

Henceforth let Greece no more thy thoughts employ,
But live a subject and a son of Troy ;
With truth and strict sincerity proceed, 200
Say, to what end they fram'd this monstrous steed ;
Who was its author, what his aim, declare ;
Some solemn vow ? or engine of the war ?

Skill'd in the frauds of Greece, the captive rears
His hands unshackled to the golden stars ; 205
You, ye eternal splendors ! he exclaims,
And you divine inviolable flames,
Ye fatal swords and altars, which I fled,
Ye wreaths that circled this devoted head ;
All, all, attest ! that justly I release 210
My sworn allegiance to the laws of Greece,
Renounce my country, hate her sons, and lay
Their inmost counsels open to the day.
And thou, O Troy, by Sinon snatch'd from fate,
Spare, spare the wretch, who saves the Phrygian state.
Greece on Minerva's aid rely'd alone, 215
Since first the labours of the war begun.
But from that execrable point of time,
When Ithacus, the first in ev'ry crime,
With Tydeus' impious son, the guards had slain, 220
And brought her image from the Phrygian fane,
Distain'd her sacred wreaths with murderous hands,
Still red and reeking from the slaughter'd bands ;
Then ceas'd the triumphs of the Grecian train,
And their full tide of conquest funk again ; 225
Their strength decay'd, and many a dreadful sign
To trembling Greece proclaim'd the wrath divine.

Nec dubiis ea signa dedit Tritonia monstros.
 Vix positum castris simulacrum; arsere coruscae
 Luminibus flammae arrectis, falsusque per artus
 Sudor iit, terque ipsa solo, mirabile dictu,
 Emicuit, parvamque ferens hastamque trementem. 175
 Extemplo tentanda fuga canit aequora Calchas:
 Nec posse Argolicis excindi Pergama telis;
 Omnia ni repeatant Argis, numenque reducant,
 Quod pelago et curvis secum advexere carinis.
 Et nunc quod patrias vento petiere Mycenas, 180
 Arma deosque parant comites, pelagoque remenso
 Improvisi aderunt. ita digerit omnia Calchas.
 Hanc pro Palladio moniti, pro numine laeso,
 Effigiem statuere, nefas quae triste piaret.
 Hanc tamen immensam Calchas attollere molem 185
 Roboribus textis, coeloque educere jussit:
 Ne recipi portis, aut duci in moenia possit;
 Neu populum antiqua sub religione tueri.
 Nam si vestra manus violasset dona Minervae;
 Tum magnum exitium, quod Dī prius omen in ipsum
 Convertant! Priami imperio Phrygibusque futurum. 191

240. *With more auspicious signs.*] It is certain that Virgil often attributes to the Greeks the customs of the Romans. Perhaps indeed they were the same in Greece that they afterwards were in Rome. At least it appears to be certain, that the Roman generals always returned to Rome after an unfortunate expedition, and never returned to the same enterprise till they had taken new auspices. Livy assures us of this, H. l. 10. and l. 23. They called this ceremony Redau-spicari.

BOOK II. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 113

Scarce to the camp the sacred image came,
When from her eyes she flash'd a living flame ;
A briny sweat bedew'd her limbs around, 230
And thrice she sprung indignant from the ground ;
Thrice was she seen with martial rage to wield
Her pond'rous spear, and shake her blazing shield.
With that, sage Calchas mov'd the trembling train
To fly, and measure back the deeps again ; 235
That 'twas not giv'n our armies to destroy
The Phrygian empire, and the tow'rs of Troy,
Till they should bring from Greece those favouring gods,
Who smil'd indulgent, when they plow'd the floods ;
With more auspicious signs repass the main, 240
And with new omens take the field again.
Now to their native country they repair,
With gather'd forces to renew the war ;
The scheme of Calchas ! but their vanish'd host
Will soon return to waste the Phrygian coast. 245
All Greece, atoning dire Ulysses' deed,
To Pallas' honour rais'd this wound'rous steed ;
But Calchas order'd this enormous size,
This monstrous bulk, that heaves into the skies,
Lest Troy should lead it thro' her opening gate, 250
And by this new palladium guard her state.
For oh ! ye Phrygians, had your rage profan'd
This gift of Pallas with an impious hand,
Some fate (which all ye pow'rs immortal shed
With all your vengeance on its author's head !) 255
In one prodigious ruin would destroy
Thy empire, Priam, and the sons of Troy.

114 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Sin manibus vestris vestram ascendisset in urbem ;
 Ultro Asiam magno Pelopeia ad moenia bello
 Venturam, et nostros ea fata manere nepotes.
 Talibus insidiis, perjurique arte Sinonis, 195
 Credita res ; captique dolis, lacrymisque coactis,
 Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissaeus Achilles,
 Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinae.
 Hic aliud majus miseris multoque tremendum
 Objicitur magis, atque improvida pectora turbat. 200
 Laocoön, ductus Neptuno sorte sacerdos,
 Sollemnes taurum ingentem mactabat ad aras.
 Ecce autem, gemini a Tenedo tranquilla per alta,
 Horresco referens, immensis orbibus angues
 Incumbunt pelago, pariterque ad litora tendunt : 205
 Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta, jubaque
 Sanguineae exsuperant undas ; pars caetera, pontum
 Pone legit, sinuantque immensa volumine terga.
 Fit sonitus, spumante salo : jamque arva tenebant,
 Ardentisque oculos suffecti sanguine et igni, 210
 Sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora.

But would you join within your walls to lead
 'This pledge of heav'n, this tutelary steed ;
 Then, with her hosts, all Asia shall repair, 260
 And pour on Pelops' walls a storm of war ;
 Then Greece shall bleed, and perish in her turn ;
 Her future sons ; her nations yet unborn.

Thus did the perjur'd Sinon's art prevail ;
 Too fondly we believ'd the study'd tale ; 265
 And thus was Troy, who bravely could sustain
 Achilles' fury, when he fwept the plain,
 A thousand vessels, and a ten years war,
 Won by a sigh, and vanquish'd by a tear.

Here a more dreadful object rose to sight, 270
 And shook our souls with horror and affright.
 Unblest Laocoon, whom the lots design
 Priest of the year, at Neptune's holy shrine
 Slew on the sands, beside the rolling flood,
 A stately steer, in honour of the god. 275
 When, horrid to relate ! two serpents glide
 And roll incumbent on the glassy tide,
 Advancing to the shore ; their spires they raise
 Fold above fold, in many a tow'ring maze.

Beneath their burnish'd breasts the waters glow, 280
 Their crimson crests inflame the deeps below ;
 O'er the vast flood extended long and wide,
 Their curling backs lay floating on the tide ;
 Lash'd to a foam the boiling billows roar,
 And now the dreadful monsters reach'd the shore ; 285
 Their hissing tongues they darted, as they came,
 And their red eye-balls shot a sanguine flame.

116 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Diffugimus visu exangues. illi agmine certo
 Laocoonta petunt : et primum parva duorum
 Corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterque
 Implicat, et miseros morsu depascitur artus. 215
 Post ipsum, auxilio subeuntem ac tela ferentem,
 Corripiunt, spirisque ligant ingentibus : et jam
 Bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum
 Terga dati, superant capite et cervicibus altis.
 Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos, 220
 Perfusus sanie vittas atroque veneno.
 Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit :
 Quales mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram
 Taurus, et incertam excusit cervice securim.
 At gemini lapsu delubra ad summa dracones 225
 Effugiunt, saevaeque petunt Tritonidis arcem :
 Sub pedibusque deae, clypeique sub orbe teguntur.
 Tum vero tremefacta novus per pectora cunctis
 Insinuat pavor : et scelus expendisse merentem
 Laocoonta ferunt ; sacrum qui cuspidi robur 230
 Laeserit, et tergo sceleratam intorserit hastam.
 Ducendum ad sedes simulacrum, orandaque divae
 Numina conclamant.

290. *And first in curling fiery volumes]* There is now in Rome a very ancient statue entangled in a couple of marble serpents, which admirable groupe of figures is said to be the work of Phidias. Pliny the elder tells us he had seen it in the palace of Titus. But the poet has the advantage of the statuary.

The statuary can take but one point of time ; the poet can describe any action successively. Here you have the whole suite. You first see the serpents on the sea ; then on the shore ; then killing the two sons of Laocoon ; and lastly killing Laocoon himself. This may make almost every particular

I.

BOOK II. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 117

Pale at the sight, we fled in dire dismay ;
Strait to Laocoön they direct their way ;
And first in curling fiery volumes bound 290
His two young sons, and wrapt them round and round,
Devour'd the children in the father's view ;
Then on the miserable father flew,
While to their aid he runs with fruitless haste ;
And all the man in horrid folds embrac'd : 295
Twice round his waist, and round his neck they rear
Their winding heads, and hiss aloft in air.
His sacred wreaths the livid poisons stain,
And, while he labours at the knots in vain, 300 }
Stung to the soul, he bellows with the pain.
So, when the ax has glanc'd upon his skull,
Breaks from the shrine, and roars the wounded bull,
But each huge serpent now retires again,
And flies for shelter to Minerva's fane ;
Her buckler's orb the goddess wide display'd, 305
And screen'd her monsters in the dreadful shade.

Then, a new fear the trembling crowd possest,
A holy horror pants in every breast ;
All judge Laocoön justly doom'd to bleed,
Whose guilty spear profan'd the sacred steed. 310
We vote to lead him to Minerva's tow'r,
And supplicate, with vows, th' offended pow'r.

cular in this description of Laocoön's death, different from
the famous groupe of it in the Vatican, except his own attitude,
and the air of his head ; which are like enough to be
copied, the one from the other.

SPENCE.

118 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Dividimus muros, et moenia pandimus urbis.

Accingunt omnes operi, pedibusque rotarum 235

Subjiciunt lapsus, et stupea vincula collo

Intendunt: scandit fatalis machina muros,

Foeta armis: pueri circum innuptaeque puellae

Sacra canunt, funemque manu contingere gaudent.

Illa subit, mediaeque minans illabitur urbi. 240

O patria! o divum domus Ilium, et inclyta bello

Moenia Dardanidum! quater ipso in limine portae

Substitit, atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere.

Instamus tamen immemores caecique furore,

Et monstrum infelix sacrata fistimus arce. 245

Tunc etiam fatis aperit Cassandra futuris

Ora, dei jussu non unquam credita Teueris.

Nos delubra deum miseris, quibus ultimus esset

Ille dies, festa velamus fronde per urbem.

Vertitur interea coelum, et ruit Oceano nox, 250

Involvens umbra magna terramque polumque,

331. *Cassandra too, inspir'd.*] Virgil does but just mention Cassandra on this occasion, without giving us the particulars of her prophecy. All he says of her is included in two lines:

Tunc etiam fatis aperit Cassandra futuris

Ora, Dei jussu non unquam credita Teucris.

It had been very injudicious in Virgil to have put a long harangue into her mouth, since whatever she could have said, would have been little else but a repetition of what Laocoön had said at the beginning of the book. The death of Laocoön, which immediately follows his speech (verse 41) together with the amazing circumstances attending it, were admirably contrived by Virgil, (or perhaps Sophocles, who is said

BOOK II. VIRGIL's AENEID. 119

All to the fatal labour bend their care,
Level the walls, and lay the bulwarks bare ;
Some round the lofty neck the cables tye, 219
Some to the feet the rolling wheels apply ?
The tow'ring monster, big with Ilion's doom,
Mounts o'er the wall ; an army in the womb ;
Around the moving pile the children join
In shouts of transport, and in songs divine ; 320
They run, they pull the stretching cords with joy,
And lend their little hands to ruin Troy !
In one loud peal th' enormous horse rolls down,
And thund'ring gains the center of the town.
Oh Troy, renown'd in war ! oh bright abodes ! 325
Oh glorious Troy ! the labour of the gods !—
Thrice stop'd unmov'd the monster in the gate,
And clashing arms thrice warn'd us of our fate ;
But we, by madness blinded and o'ercome,
Lodge the dire monster in the sacred dome. 330
Cassandra too, inspir'd, our fate declares
(So Phœbus doom'd) to unregarding ears ;
We, thoughtless wretches ! deck the shrines, and waste
In sports the day, which heav'n decreed our last.

Now had the sun roll'd down the beamy light, 335
And from the caves of Ocean rush'd the night ;
With one black veil her spreading shades suppress
The face of nature, and the frauds of Greece.

SAID to have written a tragedy on that subject) and were sufficient to confirm the Trojans in their belief of Sinon's story.

MERRIC's notes on Tryphiodorus, page 71.

120 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Myrmidonumque dolos : fusi per moenia Teucri
 Contricuere : sopor fessos complectitur artus.
 Argiva phalanx instructis navibus ibat
 A Tenedo, tacitae per amica silentia lunae, 255
 Litora nota petens : flamas cum regia puppis
 Extulerat ; fatisque deum defensus inquis,
 Inclusos utero Danaos, et pinea furtim
 Laxat claustra Sinon : illos patefactus ad auras
 Reddit equus, laetique cavo se robore promunt ; 260
 Thessandrus Sthenelusque duces, et dirus Ulysses,
 Demissum lapsi per funem, Acamasque, Thoasque,
 Pelidesque Neoptolemus, primusque Machaon,
 Et Menelaus, et ipse doli fabricator Epëus,
 Invadunt urbem somno vinoque sepultam. 265
 Caeduntur vigiles, portisque patentibus omnes
 Accipiunt socios, atque agmina conscia jungunt.
 Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus aegris
 Incipit, et dono divum gratissima serpit.
 In somnis, ecce, ante oculos moestissimus Hector 270
 Visus adesse mihi, largosque effundere fletus ;
 Raptatus bigis, ut quondam, aterque cruento
 Pulvere, perque pedes trajectus lora tumentes.
 Hei mihi, qualis erat ! quantum mutatus ab illo
 Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achillis, 275
 Vel Danaum Phrygios jaculatus pupibus ignes !
 Squalentem barbam, et concretos sanguine crines,

BOOK II. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 121

The Trojans round their walls in silence lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day. 340

When lo ! their course the Grecian navy bore,
New-rigg'd and arm'd, and reach'd the well-known
shore,

By silent Cynthia's friendly beams convey'd;
And the proud admiral a flame display'd.

Then Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods, 345
Unlocks the mighty monster's dark abodes ;

His peopled caves pour forth in open air
The heroes, and the whole imprison'd war.

Led by the guiding cord, alight with joy
Th' impatient princes, in the midst of Troy; 350

Machaon first, then great Achilles' heir,
Ulysses, Thoas, Acamas, appear;

A crowd of chiefs with Menelaus succeed ;
Epeus last, who fram'd the fraudulent steed.

Strait they invade the city, bury'd deep 355
In fumes of wine, and all dissolv'd in sleep ;

They slay the guards, they burst the gates, and join
Their fellows, conscious to the bold design.

'Twas now the time when first kind heav'n bestows
On wretched man the blessings of repose ; 360

When, in my slumbers, Hector seem'd to rise
A mournful vision ! to my closing eyes.

Such he appear'd, as when Achilles' car
And fiery coursers whirl'd him thro' the war;

Drawn thro' his swelling feet the thongs I view'd, 365
His beauteous body black with dust and blood.

Vulneraque illa gerens, quae circum plurima muros
Accepit patrios. ultiro flens ipse videbar
Compellare virum, et moestas expromere voces : 280
O lux Dardaniae, spes o fidissima Teucrum,
Quae tantae tenuere morae ? quibus Hector ab oris
Expectate venis ? ut te post multa tuorum
Funera, post varios hominumque urbisque labores
Defessi aspicimus ? quae causa indigna serenos 285
Foedavit vultus ? aut cur haec vulnera cerno ?
Ille nihil : nec me quaerentem vana moratur ;
Sed graviter gemitus imo de pectore ducens :
Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis.
Hostis habet muros, ruit alto a culmine Troja : 290
Sat patriae Priamoque datum. si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.
Sacra, suosque tibi commendat Troja Penates :
Hos cape fatorum comites : his moenia quaere,
Magna pererrato statues quae denique ponto. 295
Sic ait, et manibus vittas, Vestamque potentem,
Aeternumque adytis effert penetralibus ignem.

BOOK II. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 123

Ye gods ! how chang'd from Hector ! who with joy
Return'd in proud Achilles' spoils to Troy ;
Flung at the ships, like heav'n's almighty fire,
Flames after flames, and wrapt a fleet in fire. 379

Now gash'd with wounds that for his Troy he bore,
His beard and locks stood stiffen'd with his gore,
With tears and mournful accents I began,
And thus bespoke the visionary man !

Say, glorious prince, thy country's hope and joy, 375
What cause so long detains thee from thy Troy ?
Say, from what realms, so long desir'd in vain,
Her Hector comes, to bless her eyes again ?
After such numbers slain, such labours past,
Thus is our prince ! ah ! thus return'd at last ? 380
Why stream these wounds ? or who could thus disgrace
The manly charms of that majestic face ?

Nought to these questions vain the shade replies,
But from his bosom draws a length of sighs ;
Fly, fly, oh ! fly the gathering flames ; the walls 385
Are won by Greece, and glorious Ilion falls ;
Enough to Priam and to Troy before
Was paid ; then strive with destiny no more ;
Could any mortal hand prevent our fate,
This hand, and this alone, had fav'd the state. 390
Troy to thy care commends her wand'ring gods ;
With these pursue thy fortunes o'er the floods
To that proud city, thou shalt raise at last,
Return'd from wand'ring wide the watry waste.
This said, he brought from Vesta's hallow'd quire 395
The sacred wreaths, and everlasting fire.

Diverso interea miscentur moenia luctu :
 Et magis atque magis, quanquam secreta parentis
 Anchisaē domus, arboribusque obtecta recessit, 300
 Clarescunt sonitus, armorumque ingruit horror.
 Excutior somno, et summi fastigia tecti
 Ascensu supero, atque arrectis auribus adsto.
 In segetem veluti cum flamma furentibus austris
 Incidit, aut rapidus montano flumine torrens 305
 Sternit agros, sternit sata laeta boumque labores,
 Praecipitesque trahit sylvas ; stupet inscius alto
 Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor.
 Tum vero manifesta fides, Danaūmque patescunt
 Insidiae. jam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam, 310
 Vulcano superante, domus : jam proximus ardet
 Ucalegon : Sigea igni freta lata reluent.

397. *Round the walls arise,*] This puts me in mind of a line in Lucretius that is marvellously fine, where that poet (who had the warmest imagination of all the Roman writers,) unites together in one verse all the dreadful images of war, which he says is carried on,

Vulneribus, clamore, fugi, terrore, tumultu.

Lib. v. 1335.

405. *Thus o'er the corn*] Upon the occasion of Æneas's making this simile, I cannot forbear hazarding an observation for which perhaps some critics may severely censure me. However that may be, it appears to me, that Virgil is injudicious in putting these comparisons into the mouth of Æneas. The hero in this and some other passages, is by far too great a poet. Virgil seems to forget that Æneas is speaking, and not himself. What can be more unnatural and offensive to propriety, than for Æneas to stop in a narration, where he is describing the desolation of his own city, to make

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Meantime tumultuous round the walls arise
 Shrieks, clamours, shouts, and mingle in the skies.
 And (tho' remote my father's palace stood,
 With shades surrounded, and a gloomy wood) 400
 Near, and more near, approach the dire alarms ;
 The voice of woe ; the dreadful din of arms.
 Rous'd at the deaf'ning peal that roars around,
 I mount the dome, and listen to the sound.
 Thus o'er the corn, while furious winds conspire, 405
 Rolls on a wide-devouring blaze of fire ;
 Or some big torrent, from a mountain's brow,
 Bursts, pours, and thunders down the vale below,
 O'erwhelms the fields, lays waste the golden grain,
 And headlong sweeps the forests to the main ; 410
 Stun'd at the din, the swain with lift'ning ears
 From some steep rock the sounding ruin hears.

Now Hector's warning prov'd too clear and true,
 The wiles of Greece appear'd in open view ;
 The roaring flames in volumes huge aspire, 415
 And wrap thy dome, Deiphobus, in fire ;
 Thine, sage Ucagon, next strow'd the ground,
 And stretch'd a vast unmeasur'd ruin round,
 Wide o'er the waves the bright reflection plays ;
 The surges reddens with the distant blaze. 420

make a laboured comparison of five or six lines about a fire
 seizing a field of corn, or a shepherd listening to the roarings
 of a torrent? In short, I think all the similes Æneas uses in
 this second and the third book, during the time he is relating
 his story and adventures to Dido, are as injudicious, and as
 ill-placed as those laboured comparisons are with which the
 acts of several celebrated modern tragedies are concluded.'

126 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Exoritur clamorque virum, clangorque tubarum.
 Arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis :
 Sed glomerare manum bello. et concurrere in assem.
 Cum sociis ardent animi. furor iraque mentem 316
 Praecipitant, pulchrumque mori succurrit in armis.
 Ecce autem, telis Pantheus elapsus Achivum,
 Pantheus Othryades, arcis Phœbique sacerdos ;
 Sacra manu, victosque deos, parvumque nepotem 320
 Ipse trahit, cursuque amens ad limina tendit.
 Quo res summa loco, Pantheus ? quam prendimus arcem ?
 Vix ea fatus eram gemitu cum talia reddit :
 Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus
 Dardaniae. suimus Troës ; fuit Ilium, et ingens 325
 Gloria Teucrorum. ferus omnia Jupiter Argos

421. *Then shouts and trumpets]* It is the observation of Mons. Dacier, that Virgil hath been guilty of a mistake in this particular, of describing the trumpet as used in the sacking of Troy.

Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum.

And he likewise celebrates Misenus as the trumpeter of Æneas : but as Virgil wrote at a time very remote from those heroic ages, perhaps this liberty may be excused. However, a poet had better confine himself to customs and manners like a good painter ; and it is equally a fault in either of them to ascribe to times and nations any thing with which they were unacquainted.

This hath been a rock on which many a poet hath struck, and made himself highly ridiculous to the judicious and discerning ; preposterously and unnaturally mixing modern with antient manners and customs. A practice as absurd, to use Voltaire's allusion, as it was for certain Italian and Flemish painters to represent the virgin Mary with a chaplet of beads hanging

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Then shouts and trumpets swell the dire alarms;
 And, tho' 'twas vain, I madly flew to arms:
 Eager to raise a band of friends, and pour
 In one firm body, to defend the tow'r;
 Rage and revenge my kindling bosom fire, 425
 Warm, and in arms, to conquer or expire.
 But lo! poor Pantheus, Phœbus' priest appears,
 Just scap'd the foe, distracted with his fears,
 The sage his vanquish'd gods and reliques bore,
 And with his trembling grandson fought the shore. 430

Say, Pantheus, how the fate of Ilion stands?
 Say, if a tow'r remains in Trojan hands?
 He thus with groans;—Our last sad hour is come,
 Our certain, fixt, inevitable doom.
 Troy once was great, but oh! the scene is o'er, 435
 Her glory vanish'd! and her name no more!
 For partial Jove transfers her past renown
 To Greece, who triumphs in her burning town;

hanging at her girdle, to place Swiss guards at the door of the apartment of Pharaoh; and to mix cannons and carabines with the antient arrows in the battle of Joshua.

435. *Troy once was great*] Virgil had his eye undoubtedly on a passage in the Troades of Euripides, where Andromache and Hecuba speak, as follows,

Ἄνδρε.—Πέγιν πολι ημεν.

Εκαβ.—Βεβάκειν ολέος, βεβάκει Τροία.

449. *While Pantheus' words*] There is a very majestic and solemn air of lamentation in this speech of Pantheus; and its being put into the mouth of the priest of Phœbus, adds a dignity and importance to it.

Transtulit. incensa Danai dominantur in urbe.
 Arduus armatos moediis in moenibus adstans
 Fundit equus, victorque Sinon incendia miscet
 Insultans. portis alii bipatentibus adsunt, 330
 Millia quo magnis nunquam venere Mycenis.
 Obsedere alii telis angusta viarum
 Oppositi: stat ferri acies mucrone corusco
 Stricta, parata neci: vix primi praelia tentant
 Portarum vigiles, et caeco Marte resistunt. 335
 Talibus Othryadae dictis et numine divum.
 In flamas et in arma feror: quo tristis Eriennys,
 Quo fremitus vocat, et sublatus ad aethera clamor.
 Addunt se socios Ripheus, et maximus annis 339
 Iphitus, oblati per lunam, Hypanisque, Dymasque;
 Et lateri agglomerant nostro: juvenisque Choroebus
 Mygdonides. illis ad Trojam forte diebus
 Venerat, infano Cassandrae incensus amore;
 Et gener auxilium Priamo Phrygibusque ferebat:
 Infelix, qui non sponsae praecepta furentis 345
 Audierat.

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And the huge monster from his op'ning side ;
 Pours forth her warriors in an endless tide ; 440
 With joy proud Sinon sees the flames aspire,
 Heaps blaze on blaze, and mingles fire with fire ;
 Here thousands pouring through the gates appear,
 Far more than proud Mycenæ sent to war.

Some seize the passes ; groves of spears arise, 445
 That thirst for blood, and flash against the skies.
 The guards but just maintain a feeble fight
 With their fierce foes, amidst the gloomy night.

While Pantheus' words, while ev'ry god inspires,
 I flew to arms ; and rush'd amidst the fires, 450
 Where the loud furies call, where shouts and cries
 Ring round the walls, and thunder in the skies.
 Now faithful Ripheus on my side appears,
 With hoary Iphitus, advanc'd in years ;
 And valiant Hypanis and Dymas, known 455
 By the pale splendors of the glimm'ring moon ;
 With these Chorœbus, Mygdon's generous boy,
 Who came, ill-fated, to the wars of Troy ;
 Fir'd with the fair Cassandra's blooming charms,
 To aid her fire with unavailing arms ; 460
 Ah ! brave unhappy youth !--he would not hear
 His bride inspir'd, who warn'd him from the war !

These when I saw, with fierce collected might,
 Breathing revenge, and crowding to the fight ;
 With warmth I thus address'd the gen'rous train : 465
 Ye bold, brave youths, but bold and brave in vain !
 If by your dauntless souls impell'd, you dare
 With me to try th' extremities of war ;

130 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II

Quos ubi confertos audere in praelia vidi,
 Incipio super his: juvenes, fortissima frustra
 Pectora, si vobis audentem extrema cupido est
 Certa sequi; quae sit rebus fortuna, videtis. 350
 Excessere omnes adytis arisque relicts
 Di, quibus imperium hoc steterat: succurritis urbi
 Incensae: moriamur, et in media arma ruamus.
 Una salus victis, nullam sperare salutem.
 Sic animis juvenum furor additus. inde, lupi ceu 355
 Raptore atra in nebula, quos improba ventris
 Exegit caecos rabies, catulique relicti
 Faucibus expectant siccis: per tela, per hostes
 Vadimus haud dubiam in mortem, mediaeque tenemus
 Urbis iter, nox atra cava circumvolat umbra. 360
 Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando
 Explicit; aut possit lacrymis aequare labores?
 Urbs antiqua ruit, multos dominata per annos:
 Plurima perque vias sternuntur inertia passim
 Corpora, perque domos, et relligiosa deorum 365
 Limina. nec soli poenas dant sanguine Teucri:
 Quondam etiam victis redit in praecordia virtus,
 Victoresque cadunt Danai. crudelis ubique
 Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago.
 Primus fe, Danaum magna comitante caterva, 370

488. *Majestic Troy, lay level'd]* This description is sublime
 and pathetic; but how infinitely is it excelled by a passage
 in the prophet Isaiah, where he is speaking of the destruction
 of Babylon? "And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the
 beauty of the Chaldees excellency, shall be as when God
 overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited,
 neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to genera-
 tion: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there, neither
 shall

You see our hopeless state ; how every god,
Who guarded Troy, has left his old abode ; 470

You aid a town already sunk in fire ;
Fly, fly to arms, and gloriously expire ;
Let all rush on, and, vanquish'd as we are,
Catch one last beam of safety from despair.

Thus while my words inflame the list'ning crew, 475
With rage redoubled to the fight they flew.

As hungry wolves, while clouds involve the day,
Rush from their dens ; and, prowling wide for prey,
Howl to the tempest, while the savage brood,
Stretch'd in the cavern, pant and thirst for blood ; 480
So thro' the town, determin'd to expire,
Through the thick storm of darts, and smoke and fire,
Wrapt and surrounded with the shades of night,
We rush'd to certain death, and mingled in the fight.

What tongue the dreadful slaughter could disclose ? 485
Or oh ! what tears could answer half our woes ?

The glorious empress of the nations round,
Majestic Troy, lay level'd with the ground ;
Her murder'd natives crowded her abodes,
Her streets, her domes, the temples of her gods. 490
Nor Iliion bled alone : her turn succeeds ;
And then she conquers, and proud Argos bleeds ;
Death in a thousand forms destructive frown'd,
And woe, despair, and horror rag'd around.

shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts
of the desert shall lie there, and their houses shall be full of
dolesful creatures ; and the wild beasts of the islands shall
cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant
palaces." Chap. xiii.

Androgeos offert nobis, socia agmina credens,
 Inscius; atque ultiro verbis compellat amicis:
 Festinate viri; nam quae tam sera moratur
 Segnities? alii rapiunt incensa feruntque
 Pergama: vos celsis nunc primum a navibus itis? 375
 Dixit: et extemplo, neque enim responsa dabantur
 Fida satis, sensit medios delapsus in hostes:
 Obstupuit, retroque pedem cum voce repressit.
 Improvisum aspris veluti qui fentibus anguem
 Pressit humi nitens, trepidusque repente refugit 380
 Attollentem iras, et caerulea colla tumentem:
 Haud secus Androgeos visu tremefactus abibat.
 Irruimus, densis et circumfundimur armis:
 Ignarosque loci, passim, et formidine captos
 Sternimus. aspirat primo fortuna labori. 385
 Atque hic successu exultans animisque Choroebus:
 O socii, qua prima, inquit, fortuna salutis
 Monstrat iter, quaque ostendit se dextra, sequamur.
 Mutemus clypeos, Danaumque insignia nobis
 Aptemus. dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirat? 390

505. *So the pale swain,*] This fine simile, remarkable for its justness and propriety, is copied and imitated from one of Homer, in the third book of his Iliad. Mr. Pope makes this curious remark on it. “ It may be said to the praise of “ Virgil, that he has applied it upon an occasion where it has “ an additional beauty.” Paris, upon the sight of Menelaus’s approach, is compared to a traveller who sees a snake shoot on a sudden towards him: but the surprize and danger of Androgeus is more lively, being just in the reach of his enemies before he perceived it: and the circumstance of the serpent rousing his crest,

(Attollentem iras, et caerulea colla tumentem.)
 which brightens with anger, finely images the shining of
 their arms in the night time, as they were just lifted up to
 destroy

And first Androgeos, whom a train attends, 495
 With stile familiar hail'd us as his friends ;
 Haste, brave associates, haste ; what dull delay
 Detains you here, while others seize the prey ?
 In flames your friends have laid all Ilion waste,
 And you come lagging from your ships the last. 500

Thus he ; but soon from our reply he knows
 His fatal error, compass'd round with foes ;
 Restrains his tongue, and, meditating flight,
 Stops short ;--and startles at the dreadful sight.
 So the pale swain, who treads upon a snake 505
 Unseen, and lurking in the gloomy brake,
 Soon as his swelling spires in circles play,
 Starts back, and shoots precipitate away.
 Fierce we rush in, the heedless foes surround,
 And lay the wretches breathless on the ground : 510
 New to the place, with sudden terror wild ;
 And thus at first our flatt'ring fortune siml'd.
 Then, by his courage and success inspir'd,
 His warlike train the brave Chorœbus fir'd ;
 Lo ! friends, the road of safety you survey ; 515
 Come, follow fortune, where she points the way ;
 Let each in Argive arms his limbs disguise,
 And wield the bucklers, that the foe supplies ;

destroy him. Scaliger criticises on the needless repetition of the words in Homer, παλινορθός, and αναχωρεῖν, which is avoided in the translation. But it must be observed in general, that little exactnesses are what we should not look for in Homer; the genius of his age was too incorrect, and his own too fiery to regard them.

Notes on the third book of the Iliad, l. 47.

134 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Arma dabunt ipsi. sic fatus, deinde comantem
 Androgei galeam, clypeique insigne decorum
 Induitur: laterique Argivum accommodat ensim.
 Hoc Ripheus, hoc ipse Dymas, omnisque juventus
 Laeta facit; spoliis se quisque recentibus armat. 395
 Vadimus immixti Danais, haud numine nostro,
 Multaque per caecam congressi praelia noctem
 Conserimus; multos Danaum demittimus Orco.
 Diffugiunt alii ad naves, et litora cursu
 Fida petunt: pars ingentem formidine turpi 400
 Scandunt rursus equum, et nota conduntur in alvo.
 Heu, nihil invitis fas quenquam fidere divis!
 Ecce trahebatur passis Priameia virgo
 Crinibus a templo Cassandra adytisque Minervae,
 Ad coelum tendens ardentia lumina frustra; 405
 Lumina: nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.

537. *For lo! Cassandra, lo! the royal fair*] This is a beautiful and moving picture of the lovely prophetess in distress. A reader of taste will not be displeased to see her story in the words of Mr. Thompson, taken from his noble tragedy of Agamemnon, a play written in the true taste of the ancients, and enriched with many excellent imitations and translations from the Greek tragedies.

This Priam's fairest daughter,
 Is a young princess of engaging beauty
 Rais'd by distress; of noble sense and spirit
 But by poetic visions led astray,
 She dreamt Apollo lov'd her, and the gift
 Of prophecy bestowed to gain her promise:
 The gift once hers, the chafly-faithless maid
 Deceiv'd the God; who therefore in revenge
 Since he could not recall it, made it useleis,
 For ever doom'd to meet with disregard.

Act. iv. scene i.

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For if success an enemy attends,
Who asks, if fraud or valour gain'd his ends? 520
This said, Androgeos' crested helm he wore;
Then, on his arm, the ponderous buckler bore
With beauteous figures grac'd, and warlike pride;
The starry sword hung glitt'ring at his side.

Like him, bold Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest, 525
Their manly limbs in hostile armour drest.

With gods averse, we follow to the fight,
And, undistinguish'd in the shades of night,
Mix with the foes, employ the murd'ring steel,
And plunge whole squadrons to the depths of hell. 530

Some, wild with fear, precipitate retreat,
Fly to the shore, and shelter in the fleet;
Some climb the monstrous horse, a frighted train,
And there lie trembling in the sides again.

But, heav'n against us, all attempts must fail, 535
All hopes are vain, nor courage can prevail;

For lo! Cassandra, lo! the royal fair
From Pallas' shrine with loose dishevel'd hair
Dragg'd by the shouting victors;---to the skies
She rais'd, but rais'd in vain, her glowing eyes; 540
Her eyes---she could no more---the Grecian bands
Had rudely manacled her tender hands;

541. *Her eyes--she could no more--*] The only gesture described by Homer, as used by the ancients in the invocation of the gods, is the lifting up their hands to heaven. Virgil frequently alludes to this passage; particularly in the second book there is a passage, the beauty of which is much raised by this consideration. Pope's notes. Iliad vi. There is a fine Cassandra in the Florentine collection, in this attitude of distress.

136 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Non tulit hanc speciem furiata mente Choroebus,
 Et sese medium injectis moriturus in agmen.
 Consequimur cuncti, et densis incurrimus armis.
 Hic primum ex alto delubri culmine telis 410
 Nostrorum obruimur, oriturque miserrima caedes,
 Armorum facie, et Grajarum errore jubarum.
 Tum Danai, gemitu atque ereptae virginis ira,
 Undique collecti invadunt; acerrimus Ajax,
 Et gemini Atridae, Dolopumque exercitus omnis. 415
 Adversi rupto ceu quondam turbine venti
 Configunt, zephyrusque, notusque, et laetus eois
 Eurus equis: stridunt sylvae, saevitque tridenti
 Spumeus, atque imo Nereus ciet aequora fundo.
 Illi etiam, si quos obscura nocte per umbam 420
 Fudimus infidiis, totaque agitavimus urbe,
 Apparent: primi clypeos mentitaque tela
 Agnoscunt, atque ora sono discordia signant.
 Ilicet obruimur numero: primusque Choroebus
 Penelei dextra divae armipotentis ad aram 425
 Procumbit: cadit et Ripheus, justissimus unus
 Qui fuit in Teucris, et servantissimus aequi.
 Dis aliter visum. pereunt Hypanisque, Dymasque,

Chorœbus could not bear that scene of woes,
But, fir'd with fury, flew amidst the foes ;
As swift we follow to redeem the fair,
Rush to his aid, and thicken to the war. 545

Here from the temple on our troop descends
A storm of javelins from our Trojan friends,
Who from our arms and helmets deem'd us foes ;
And hence a dreadful scene of slaughter rose. 550

Then all the Greeks our slender band invade,
And pour enrag'd to seize the rescu'd maid ;
Ajax with all the bold Dolopians came,
And both the kings of Atreus' royal name.

So when the winds in airy conflict rise,
Here south and west charge dreadful in the skies ;
There louder Eurus, to the battle borne,
Mounts the swift coursers of the purple morn ;
Beneath the whirlwind roar the bending woods ;
With his huge trident Neptune strikes the floods : 560
Foams, storms, and tempesting the deeps around,
Bares the broad bosom of the dark profound.
Those too, we chas'd by night, a scatter'd train,
Now boldly rally, and appear again.

To them our Argive helms and arms are known, 565
Our voice and language diff'ring from their own.

We yield to numbers. By Peneleus' steel
First at Minerva's shrine Chorœbus fell.
Next Ripheus bled, the justest far of all
The sons of Troy ; yet heav'n permits his fall. 570
The like sad fate brave Hypanis attends
And hapless Dymas, slaughter'd by their friends.

138 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Confixi a sociis : nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
 Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis infula texit. 430
 Iliaci cineres, et flamma extrema meorum,
 Testor, in occasu vestro, nec tela, nec ulla
 Vitavisse vices Danaum ; et, si fata fuissent
 Ut caderem, meruisse manu, divellimur inde ;
 Iphitus et Pelias mecum : quorum Iphitus aevo 435
 Jam gravior, Pelias et vulnere tardus Ulysses.
 Protinus ad sedes Priami clamore vocati,
 Hic vero ingentem pugnam, ceu caetera nusquam
 Bella forent, nulli tota morerentur in urbe :
 Sic Martem indomitum, Danaosque ad tecta ruentes 440
 Cernimus, obseuumque acta testudine limen.
 Haerent parietibus scalae, postesque sub ipsos
 Nituntur gradibus, clypeosque ad tela sinistris
 Protecti objiciunt, prensant fastigia dextris.
 Dardanidae contra turres ac tecta domorum 445
 Culmina convellunt, his se, quando ultima cernunt,
 Extrema jam in morte parant defendere telis :
 Auratasque trabes, veterum decora alta parentum,
 Devolunt. alij strictis mucronibus imas
 Obsedere fores ; has servant agmine denso, 450

589. *Shield lock'd]* The testudo was properly a figure which the soldiers cast themselves into ; so that their targets should close altogether above their heads, and defend them from the missive weapons of the enemy ; as if we suppose, the first rank to have stood upright on their feet, and the rest to have stoop'd lower and lower by degrees, till the last rank kneel'd down upon their knees : so that every rank covering with their target, the heads of all in the rank before them, they resembled a tortoise's shell, or a sort of penthouse. KENNETT's Antiq. B. iv.

BOOK H. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 139

Nor thee, sage Pantheus ! Phoebus' wreaths could save,
Nor all thy shining virtues from the grave.

Ye dear, dear ruins ! and thou, Troy ! declare 575
If once I trembled or declin'd the war :

Midst flames and foes a glorious death I sought,
And well deserv'd the death for which I fought.

Thence we retreat, our brave associates gone,
Pelias and Iphitus were left alone ; 580

This slow with age and bending to the ground,
And that more tardy from Ulysses' wound.

Now from the palace-walls tumultuous ring
The shouts, and call us to defend the king ;

There we beheld the rage of fight, and there 585
The throne of death, and center of the war ;

As Troy, all Troy beside had slept in peace,
Nor stain'd by slaughter, nor alarm'd by Greece.

Shield lock'd in shield, advance the Grecian pow'rs,
To burst the gates, and storm the regal tow'rs ; 590

Fly up the steep ascent where danger calls,
And fix their scaling engines in the walls.

High in the left they grasp'd the fenceful shield,
Fierce in the right the rocky ramparts held ;

Roofs, tow'rs, and battlements the Trojans throw, 595
A pile of ruins ! on the Greeks below ;

Catch for defense the weapons of despair,
In these the dire extremes of death and war.

Now on their heads the pond'rous beams are roll'd,
By Troy's first monarchs crust'd round with gold. 600

Here thronging troops with glitt'ring fau'chions stand,
To guard the portals, and the door command.

140 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Instaurati animi, regis succurrere tectis,
 Auxilioque levare viros, vimque addere victis.
 Limen erat, caecaeque fores, et pervius usus
 Tectorum inter se Priami, postesque relicti
 A tergo: infelix qua se, dum regna manebant, 455
 Saepius Andromache ferre incomitata solebat
 Ad soceros, et avo puerum Astyanacta trahebat.
 Evado ad summi fastigia culminis; unde
 Tela manu miseri jactabant irrita Teucri.
 Turrim in praecipiti stantem, summisque sub astra 460
 Eductam tectis, unde omnis Troja videri,
 Et Danaum solitae naves, et Achaica castra,
 Aggressi ferro circum, qua summa labantes
 Juncturas tabulata dabant, convellimus altis
 Sedibus, impulimusque. ea lapsa repente ruinam 465
 Cum sonitu trahit, et Danaum super agmina late

605. *A secret portico*] The palace of Priam being strongly
 beleaguer'd and invested, before Aeneas can enter to its re-
 lief, he is driven to a necessity of stealing in with his party
 at a postern, either deserted, or undiscovered: thro' which,
 they ascend to an old tower, and push the battlements of it
 down upon the enemy. These are circumstances, of so low
 a nature in themselves, as not to admit of being embel-
 lished, or wrought up to the dignity of heroic poetry. Vir-
 gil was conscious of this objection; and happily found the
 means of heightening, and enlivening, both circumstances by
 the help of fiction. To elevate the affair of the blind post-
 tern, he feigns, that thro' this gate and passage, in the times
 of her prosperity, Andromache was used to lead her young
 Astyanax to visit his old grandf^re Priam; by this image, no-
 ble and elevated in itself, and full of tenderness, the lowness
 of the circumstance, with regard to the postern, is avoided
 and lost. To elevate the affair of the old mouldring tower,
 being pushed down, which conveys but a mean idea, he as
 happily feigns, that from thence they could take a prospect
 of all Troy, discover the camp and motions of the enemy,
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Strait to the palace, fir'd with hopes, I go

To aid the vanquish'd, and repell the foe.

A secret portico contriv'd behind,

605

Great Hector's mansion to the palace join'd,

By which his hapless princess oft would bring

Her royal infant to the good old king.

This way the topmost battlements I gain,

Whence the tir'd Trojans threw their darts in vain. 610

Rais'd on a lofty point, a turret rears

Her stately head unrival'd to the stars ;

From hence we wont all Ilion to survey,

The fields, the camp, the fleets, and rolling sea.

With steel the yielding timbers we assail'd. 615

Where loose the huge disjointed structure fail'd ;

Then, tugg'd convulsive from the shatter'd walls,

We push the pile ; the pond'rous ruin falls

and survey the extent of their whole fleet. This, again, is giving the old turret a significance which makes its demolition to be considered with regret and pity ; and quite turns off every thought of ridicule, arising from the manner of its tumbling.

SEGREGIS.

613. *From hence*] This landscape which lay in prospect from the tower, diversifies the scenes of fire, and carnage he is describing.

618. *We push the pile* ;] This is a fine instance of the translator's making the sound of the verses an echo to the sense. The pause is likewise very judicious, and closely imitates the original,

—convellimus altis
Sedibus impulimusque.

I shall add a passage in Leonidas, where the Greeks gather together stones of the greatest bulk and bodies of vast trees, and push them down from Mount Oeta upon the heads of the Persians who fought beneath :

—Down—

142 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Incudit. ast alii subeunt; nec saxa, nec ullum
Telorum interea cessat genus. 470

Vestibulum ante ipsum primoque in limine Pyrrhus
Exultat, telis et luce coruscus ahena. 475

Qualis ubi in lucem coluber, mala gramina pastus,
Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat,
Nunc positis novus exuviis, nitidusque juventa,
Lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga
Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis. 475

Una ingens Periphas, et equorum agitator Achillis
Armiger Automedon; una omnis Scyria pubes
Succedunt tecto, et flamas ad culmina jactant.
Ipse inter primos, correpta dura bipenni
Limina perrumpit, postesque a cardine vellit 480

Aeratos: jamque excisa trabe firma cavavit
Robora, et ingentem lato dedit ore fenestram.
Apparet domus intus, et atria longa patescunt:
Apparent Priami et veterum penetralia regum:

—Downward sinks

The nodding pile, stupendous heap of death!
Trees roll'd on trees with mingled rock descend
Unintermitt'd ruin. Loud resound
The hollow trunks against the mountain's side,
Swift bounds each craggy mass.—

The poet then adds a circumstance, which is entirely new
and his own, and most strongly conceived.

—The foes beneath

Look up aghast, with horror shrink and die.

Leonidas, book v. 736.

625. *So from his den,*] This comparison is copied from Homer Il. X. v. 93. Virgil (says Dr. Theobald) speaks of the serpent, *mala gramina pastus*, as if poisonous herbs were his ordinary and constant diet: Homer, I think with more propriety, and a more intimate knowledge of nature, men-
tions

BOOK II. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 143

Tumbling in many a whirl, with thund'ring sound,
Down headlong on the foes, and smokes along the
ground. 620

But crowds on crowds the bury'd troops supply ;
And in a storm the beams and rocky fragments fly.

Full in the portal rag'd with loud alarms
Brave Pyrrhus, glitt'ring in his brazen arms.
So from his den, the winter slept away, 625
Shoots forth the burnish'd snake in open day ;
Who, fed with ev'ry poison of the plain,
Sheds his old spoils, and shines in youth again ;
Proud of his golden scales rolls tow'ring on,
And darts his forked sting, and glitters on the sun. 630

To him the mighty Periphas succeeds,
And the bold † chief who drove his fathers steeds ;
With these the Scyrian bands advance, and aim
Full at the battlements the missive flame. 635

Fierce Pyrrhus in the front with forceful sway
Ply'd the huge ax, and hew'd the beams away ;
The solid timbers from the portal tore,
And rent from ev'ry hinge the brazen door.

At last the chief a mighty op'ning made, 640
And, all th' imperial dome, in all her length display'd :
The sacred rooms of Troy's first monarchs lie,
With Priam's pomp, profan'd by every eye ;

tions the serpent as having eat poison, just when he meant to lie in wait, and was prepar'd for mischief. *Ἄνδρα μέντοι, Βε-
ρπωνως χακα Φαρμακα.* Aelian (Lib. vi. c. 4.) in his history of animals, mentions this custom of the serpent, and says it is alluded to by Homer.

† Automedon.

144 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Armatosque vident stantes in limine primo. 485

At domus interior gemitu miseroque tumultu
 Miscetur, penitusque cavae plangoribus aedes
 Foemineis ululant. ferit aurea fidera clamor.
 Tum pavidae tectis matres ingentibus errant,
 Amplexaeque tenent postes, atque oscula figunt. 490
 Instat vi patria Pyrrhus; nec claustra, neque ipsi
 Custodes sufferre valent. labat ariete crebro
 Janua, et emoti procumbunt cardine postes.
 Fit via vi: rumpunt aditus, primosque trucidant
 Immisi Danai, et late loca milite complent. 495
 Non sic, aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis
 Exiit, oppositasque evicit gurgite moles,
 Fertur in arva furens cumulo, camposque per omnes
 Cum stabulis armenta trahit. vidi ipse furentem 499
 Caede Neoptolemum, geminosque in limine Atridas:

646. *Now far within,]* The women in Greece, and all over the east (as the custom holds to this day) had their apartments quite distinct from those of men, in the inner and most retired part of the house. For their chambers to be broken open and violated was the most dreadful of calamities. Servius tells us, that all this fine passage is taken from Ennius's description of the siege of Alba; which Livy has so nobly painted in the first book of his history. The custom of kissing beds, columns, and doors, before they were oblig'd to quit them, is mentioned frequently by Sophocles and Euripides.

648. *The roof resounds,]* Ariosto has exactly and minutely imitated this fine description in his *Orlando Furioso*.

Sonar per gli alti e spatioi tetti
 S' odono gridi, e feminil lamenti:
 L'afflitti donne, percotendo i petti,
 Corron per casa pallide, e dolenti:
 E abbracian gli usci e i geniali letti,
 Che tosto hanno a lasciare astrane genti.

Canto xvii. Stanza 13.

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In arms the centries to the breach repair,
And stand embody'd, to repell the war. 645

Now far within, the regal rooms disclose,
Loud and more loud, a direful scene of woes ;
The roof resounds with female shrieks and cries,
And the shrill echo strikes the distant skies.
The trembling matrons fly from place to place, 650
And kiss the pillars with a last embrace ;
Bold Pyrrhus storms with all his father's fire ;
The barriers burst ; the vanquish'd guards retire ;
The shatter'd doors the thund'ring engines ply ;
The bolts leap back ; the sounding hinges fly ; 655
The war breaks in ; loud shout the hostile train ;
The gates are storm'd ; the foremost soldiers slain :
Through the wide courts the crowding Argives ram,
And swarm triumphant round the regal dome.
Not half so fierce the foamy deluge bounds, 660
And bursts resistless o'er the level'd mounds ;
Pours down the vale, and roaring o'er the plain,
Sweeps herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.
These eyes within the gate th' Atrides view'd,
And furious Pyrrhus cover'd o'er with blood ; 665

'Tis remarkable that Sir J. Harrington has totally omitted this fine passage (as indeed he has many others) in his translation of this celebrated Italian poet. There are a great many passages in Ariosto copied from this second book of Virgil.

Dr. THEOBALD's second book.

665. *And furious Pyrrhus,*] The character of this son of Achilles is all along supported with great spirit. There is a fine passage in the eleventh book of the *Odysssey* which from the relation it bears to this second book of the *Æneid* I shall quote at length. Achilles enquires of Ulysses the behaviour

Vidi Hecubam, centumque nurus, Priamumque per aras
 Sanguine foedantem, quos ipse sacraverat, ignes.
 Quinquaginta illi thalami, spes tanta nepotum,
 Barbarico postes auro spoliisque superbi,
 Procubuere. tenent Danai, qua deficit ignis. 505
 Forsitan et, Priami fuerint quae fata, requiras.
 Urbis ubi captae casum, convulsaque vident
 Limina tectorum, et medium in penetralibus hostem ;
 Arma diu senior desueta trementibus aevo
 Circundat nequicquam humeris, et inutile ferrum 510
 Cingitur, ac densos fertur moriturus in hostes.
 Aedibus in mediis, nudoque sub aetheris axe
 Ingens ara fuit, juxtaque veterima laurus
 Incumbens aiae, atque umbra complexa Penates.
 Hic Hecuba et natae nequicquam altaria circum, 515
 Praecipites atra ceu tempestate columbae,
 Condensae, et divum amplexae simulacra, sedebant.

of his son, since he himself died: and Ulysses, to give him the highest idea of Pyrrhus his courage, answers him in the following lines :

When Iliion in the horse receiv'd her doom,
 And unseen armies ambush'd in its womb,
 Greece gave her latent warriours to my care,
 'Twas mine on Troy to pour th' imprison'd war:
 Then when the boldest bosom beat for fear,
 When the stern eyes of heroes drop'd a tear ;
 Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,
 Flush'd in his cheek or sally'd in his blood ;
 Indignant in the dark recels he stands,
 Pants for the battle, and the war demands ;
 His voice breath'd death ; and with a martial air,
 He grasp'd his sword, and shook his glittering spear.
 Mr. Pope has animated and added fire to the original lines.

Sad they beheld, amid the mournful scene,
The hundred daughters with the mother queen,
And Priam's self polluting with his gore
Those flames, he hallow'd at the shrines before.

The fifty bridal rooms, a work divine! 670

(Such were his hopes of a long regal line)

Rich in Barbaric gold, with trophies crown'd,
Sunk with their proud support of pillars round; 675
And, where the flames retire, the foes possess the ground.

And now, great queen, you haply long to know 675

The fate of Priam in this general woe.

When with sad eyes the venerable fire
Beheld his Ilion sunk in hostile fire;
His palace storm'd, the lofty gates laid low,
His rich pavillions crowded with the foe; 680
In arms, long since disus'd, the hoary sage
Loads each stiff languid limb, that shook with age;
Girds on an unperforming sword in vain,
And runs on death amidst the hostile train.

Within the courts, beneath the naked sky, 685

An altar rose; an aged laurel by;
That o'er the hearth and household-gods display'd
A solemn gloom, a deep majestic shade:
Hither, like doves, who close-embodys'd fly
From some dark tempest black'ning in the sky, 690
The queen for refuge with her daughters ran,
Clung and embrac'd their images in vain.

675. *And now,*] This is the only line, throughout all
Æneas's narration, in which he takes notice of his audience.

Ipsum autem sumptis Priamum juvenilibus armis
 Ut vidit: quae mens tam dira, miserrime conjux,
 Impulit his cingi telis? aut quo ruis? inquit. 520
 Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
 Tempus eget: non, si ipse meus nunc afforet Hector.
 Huc tandem concede: haec ara tuebitur omnes:
 Aut moriere simul, sic ore effata, recepit
 Ad fessum, et sacra longaevum in sede locavit. 525
 Ecce autem, elapsus Pyrrhi de caede Polites,
 Unus natorum Priami, per tela, per hostes
 Porticibus longis fugit, et vacua atria lustrat
 Saucius. illum ardens infesto vulnere Pyrrhus 529
 Insequitur, jam jamque manu tenet, et premit hasta.
 Ut tandem ante oculos evasit et ora parentum,
 Concidit, ac multo vitam cum sanguine fudit.
 Hic Priamus, quanquam in media jam morte tenetur,
 Non tamen abstinuit, nec voci, iraeque pepercit:
 At tibi pro scelere, exclamat, pro talibus ausis 535
 Di, si qua est coelo pietas, quae talia curet,
 Persolvant grates dignas, et praemia reddant
 Debita: qui nati coram me cernere letum
 Fecisti, et patrios foedasti funere vultus.

700. *My own dear Hector,*] De la Cerda imagines there is
 some hidden meaning in her saying *My Hector*, rather than
Yours or Ours; as if he were the son of some God: Which
 conjecture is groundless and very far fetch'd. 'Tis certainly,
 as Dr. Trapp observes, only a fond, motherly expression, and
 nothing more.

But when in cumbrous arms the king she spy'd,
Alas ! my poor unhappy lord ! she cry'd,
What more than madness, 'midst these dire alarms, 695
Mov'd thee to load thy helpless age with arms ?
No aid like thine this dreadful hour demands,
But asks far other strength, far other hands.
No ! could my own dear Hector arm again,
My own dear Hector now would arm in vain. 700
Come to these altars ; here we all shall have
One common refuge, or one common grave.
This said, her aged lord the queen embrac'd,
And on the sacred seat the monarch plac'd.

When lo ! Polites, one of Priam's sons, 705
Through darts and foes, from slaught'ring Pyrrhus runs,
Wounded he traverses the cloyster'd dome,
Darts through the courts, and shoots from room to room ;
Close, close behind, pursu'd the furious foe,
Just grasp'd the youth, and aim'd the fatal blow ; 710
Soon as within his parents fight he past,
Pierc'd by the pointed death, he breath'd his last :
He fell ; a purple stream the pavement dy'd,
The soul comes gushing in the crimson tide.
The king, that scene impatient to survey, 715
Tho' death surrounds him, gives his fury way ;
And oh ! may ev'ry violated God,
Barbarian ! thank thee for this deed of blood ;
(If Gods there are, such actions to regard,)
Oh ! may they give thy guilt the full reward ; 720
Guilt, that a father's sacred eyes defil'd
With blood, the blood of his dear murder'd child !

At non ille, satum quo te mentiris, Achilles 540
 Talis in hoste fuit Priamo; sed jura fidemque
 Supplicis erubuit, corpusque exangue sepulchro
 Reddidit Hectoreum, meque in mea regna remisit.
 Sic fatus senior, telumque imbelli fine ictu
 Conjecit: rauco quod protinus aere repulsum, 545
 Et summo clypei nequicquam umbone pependit.
 Cui Pyrrhus: Referes ergo haec, et nuncius ibis
 Pelidae genitori. illi mea tristia facta,
 Degeneremque Neoptolemum narrare memento.

723. *Unlike thy fire,*] Achilles in the twenty fourth book of the Iliad, receives old Priam with tenderness and compassion, and restores to him the body of his son Hector.

I fancy this interview between Priam and Achilles would furnish an admirable subject for a painter, in the surprize of Achilles and the other spectators, and the attitude of Priam, and the sorrows in the countenance of this unfortunate king. That circumstance of Priam's kissing the hands of Achilles is inimitably fine; "he kiss'd, says Homer, the hands of Achilles, those terrible, murderous hands, that had robb'd him of so many sons." By these two words the poet recalls to our minds, all the noble actions performed by Achilles in the whole Iliad: and at the same time strikes us with the utmost compassion for this unhappy king, who is reduced so low as to be obliged to kiss those hands that had slain his subjects, and ruined his kingdom and family.

POPE's Iliad, xxiv. 586.

733. *Thou then be first,*] Virgil was too judicious, says Mr. Pope, to imitate Homer in some of his cruel and inhuman speeches, made over the dying and the dead; and is much more reserved in his sarcasms, and insults. There are not above four or five in the whole Æneid. That of Pyrrhus to Priam in the second book, tho' barbarous in itself, may be accounted for, as intended to raise a character of horror, and render the action of Pyrrhus odious; whereas Homer stains his most favourite characters with these barbarities. That of Ascanius over Numanus in the ninth, was a

fair

Unlike thy fire, Achilles the divine !
(But sure Achilles was no fire of thine !)

Foe as I was, the heroē deign'd to hear 725

The guest's, the suppliant's, king's, and father's pray'r ;
To funeral rites restor'd my Hector slain,
And safe dismiss'd me to my realm again.

This said, his trembling arm essay'd to throw

The dull dead javelin, that scarce reach'd the foe ; 730

The weapon languishingly lagg'd along,
And, guiltless, on the buckler faintly rung.

Thou then be first, replies the chief, to go

With these sad tidings to his ghost below ;

Begone—acquaint him with my crimes in Troy, 735

And tell my fire of his degenerate boy.

fair opportunity where Virgil might have indulged the humour of a cruel raillery, and have been excused by the youth and gaiety of the speaker ; yet it is no more than a very moderate answer to the insolencies with which he had just been provoked by his enemy, only retorting two of his own words upon him.

— *I, verbis virtutem illude superbis !*

Bis capti Phryges haec Rutulis responsa remittunt.

He never suffers his Aeneas to fall into this practice, but while he is on fire with indignation after the death of his friend Pallas : That short one is the best that could be said to such a tyrant :

— *Ubi nunc Mezentius acer, et illa*

Effera vis animi ? —

The worst-natured one I remember (which yet is more excusable than Homer's,) is that of Turnus to Eumedes in the twelfth book,

En, agros et quam bello, Trojane, petisti,

Hesperiam metire jacens : haec praemia, qui me

Ferro ausi tentare, ferunt : sic moenia condunt.

This note is so full of just criticism on so many passages of our author, that it's length does not want any excuse.

Nunc morere. hoc dicens, altaria ad ipsa trementem
 Traxit, et in multo lapsantem sanguine nati, 551
 Implicitque comam laeva; dextraque coruscum
 Extulit, ac lateri capulo tenus abdidit ensim.
 Haec finis Priami fatorum: hic exitus illum
 Sorte tulit Trojam incensam et prolapsa videntem 555
 Pergama, tot quondam populis terrisque superbum
 Regnatorem Asiae. jacet ingens litore truncus,
 Avulsumque humeris caput, et sine nomine corpus.
 At me tum primum saevus circumstigit horror:
 Obstupui. subiit chari genitoris imago, 560
 Ut regem aquaevum crudeli vulnere vidi
 Vitam exhalantem: subiit deserta Creusa,
 Et direpta domus, et parvi casus Iuli.
 Respicio, et, quae sit me circum copia, lustro.
 Deseruere omnes defessi, et corpora saltu 565
 Ad terram misere, aut ignibus aegra dedere.
 Jamque adeo super unus eram, cum limina Vestae
 Servantem, et tacitam secreta in sede latentem

745. *Such was the fate,*] There is a passage in Dr. Trapp's poetical lectures, where that judicious critic compares the chaste manner of Virgil's writing with the false and frivolous conceits and witticisms of Seneca and Ovid; and he produces this passage of Virgil as an instance. In Troade Seneca, Hecuba dolens quod Trojae excidio, Priami jaceret inhumatum cadaver, luctum suum sic exprimit:

Ille tot regum parens

Caret sepulchro Priamus, et flammâ indiget,
 Ardente Trojâ—
 Et eodem modo alias;
 — Priamumque in littore truncum,
 Cui non Troja rogus.—
 Quid frigidius in materiâ tam grandi et sublimi? Quam leve
 istud dictum flammâ funebri caruisse Priamum, cum Troja
 flammis nimium abundaret? Quanto melius de re eadem Vir-
 gilius! *Haec finis Priami*—Grandia sunt omnia; majestatis ple-
 na et arguento congruentia; noluit poeta in re tam seriâ et
 magnifica exiguis facetiis ludere.

Die then : he said, and dragg'd the monarch on,
 Thro' the warm blood that issu'd from his son,
 Stagg'ring and sliding in the slipp'ry gore,
 And to the shrine the royal victim bore ;
 Lock'd in the left he grasps the silver hairs,
 High in the right the flaming blade he rears,
 Then to the hilt with all his force apply'd,
 He plung'd the ruthless fau'chion in his side.

Such was the fate unhappy Priam found, 745

Who saw his Troy lie levell'd with the ground ;
 He, who round Asia sent his high commands,
 And stretch'd his empire o'er a hundred lands ;
 Now lies a headless carcass on the shore,
 The man, the monarch, and the name more ! 750

Then, nor till then, I fear'd the furious foe,
 Struck with that scene of unexampled woe ;
 Soon as I saw the murder'd king expire ;
 His old compeer, my venerable sire,
 My palace, son, and consort left behind, 755
 All, all, at once came rushing on my mind.
 I gaz'd around, but not a friend was there ;
 My hapless friends, abandon'd to despair,
 Had leap'd down headlong from the lofty spires,
 Tir'd with their toils ; or plung'd amidst the fires. 760

Thus left alone, and wand'ring, I survey
 Where trembling Helen close and silent lay

754. *Old compeer,*] This circumstance of his being put in mind of his father and family by seeing the lamentable death of old Priam, is very natural and moving. The distress is now work'd up to the height. Aeneas is left alone amid all the dangers that surrounded him.

761. *Thus left alone,*] Varius and Tucca, who were appointed to revise the Aeneid, are said to have struck out the

twenty

Tyndarida aspicio: dant clara incendia lucem
Erranti, passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti. 570
Illa sibi infestos eversa ob Pergama Teucros,
Et poenas Danaum, et deserti conjugis iras
Permetuens, Trojae et patriae communis Erinnys,
Abdiderat sese, atque aris invisa sedebat.
Exarsere ignes animo: subit ira cadentem 575
Ulcisci patriam, et sceleratas sumere poenas.
Scilicet haec Spartam incolumis patriasque Mycenae
Aspiciet, partoque ibit regina triumpho?
Conjugiumque, domumque, patres, natosque videbit,
Iliadum turba et Phrygiis comitata ministris? 580
Occiderit ferro Priamus? Troja arserit igni?
Dardanium toties sudarit sanguine litus?
Non ita: namque etsi nullum memorabile nomen
Foeminea in poena est, nec habet victoria laudem;
Extinxisse nefas tamen, et sumpfissae merentis 585
Laudabor poenas; animumque explesse juvabit

twenty two following verses in the original, as containing some inconsistencies relating to Helen's flight, and some expressions not agreeable to the purity of Virgil's style. Catrou is for retrenching them, but Dr. Trapp has defended them at large, and thinks they deserve to stand in their place.

See ADDISON's travels, p. 425-6.

778. *Drench the Dardan shore,*] In the original, sudarit sanguine tellus, is very strong, and is censured by some critics; but Virgil had Ennius's authority for it, from whom he has borrow'd many expressions of great force and energy:

— *Æs sonat,*

Franguntur hastae, terra sudat sanguine.

786. *I saw my mother rise,*] With what pomp and majesty has the poet introduced this piece of machinery! at the same

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In Vesta's porch ; and by the dismal glare
Of rolling flames discern the fatal fair ;
The common plague ! by Troy and Greece abhor'd ! }
She fear'd alike the vengeful Trojan sword, }
Her injur'd country, and abandon'd lord. }
Fast by the shrine I spy'd the lurking dame,
And all my soul was kindled into flame ;
My ruin'd country to revenge, I stood 770
In wrath resolv'd to shed her impious blood.
Shall she, this guilty fair, return in peace,
A queen, triumphant, through the realms of Greece,
And see, attended by her Phrygian train,
Her home, her parents, spouse, and sons again ? 775
For her curst cause shall raging flames destroy
The stately structures of imperial Troy ?
So many slaughterers drench the Dardan shore ?
And Priam's self lie welt'ring in his gore ?
No !—she shall die—for tho' the victor gain 780
No fame, no triumph for a woman slain ;
Yet if by just revenge the traitress bleed,
The world consenting will applaud the deed :
To my own vengeance I devote her head,
And the great spirits of our heroes dead. 785

Thus while I ray'd, I saw my mother rise,
Confess'd a goddes, to my wond'ring eyes,

same time, how great is his art and judgment in bringing in
Venus to make Æneas desist from any farther attempts in
endeavouring to save the city ! nothing but the appearance
of this goddes, who plainly shews him the deities that are en-
gaged in destroying Troy, could make Æneas forsake the
fight.

Ultricis flammae, et cineres satiasse meorum.
 Talia jactabam, et furiata mente ferebar,
 Cum mihi se, non ante oculis tam clara, videndam
 Obtulit, et pura per noctem in luce resulxit. 590
 Alma parens, confessa deam; qualisque videri
 Coelicolis et quanta solet; dextraque prehensum
 Continuit, roseoque haec insuper addidit ore:
 Nata, quis indomitas tantus dolor excitat iras?
 Quid furis? aut quonam nostri tibi cura recessit? 595
 Non prius aspicies, ubi fessum aetate parentem
 Liqueris Anchisen? superet conjuxne Creusa,
 Ascaniusque puer? quos omnes undique Graiae
 Circum errant acies: et, ni mea cura resistat,
 Jam flammæ tulerint, inimicus et hauserit ensis. 600
 Non tibi Tyndaridis facies invisa Lacaenæ,
 Culpatusve Paris; verum inclemens divum
 Has evertit opes, sternitque a culmine Trojam.
 Aspice (namque omnem, quae nunc obducta tuent
 Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum 605
 Caligat, nubem eripiam: tu ne qua parentis
 Jussa time, neu praeceptis parere recusa)
 Hic, ubi disjectas moles, avolaque saxis
 Saxa vides, mixtoque undantem pulvere fumum,
 Neptunus muros, magnoque emota tridenti 610

815. *There Neptune's trident*] This imagery is prodigiously sublime; the thought of Venus's clearing his eye, and shewing him the Gods at work in destroying the city, is nobly conceived. I apprehend this to be one of the sublimest passages in Virgil's writings, and indeed it is comparable to any thing in Homer, the greatest commendation that can be given it.

The hint seems to have been given by Homer, Iliad. V. 127. And this passage has been imitated by Milton, book xi. 411. and by Tasso, Canto xviii. Stanza 93.

In pomp unusual, and divinely bright ;
Her beamy glories pierc'd the shades of night ;
Such she appear'd, as when in heav'n's abodes 790
She shines in all her glories to the gods.
Just rais'd to strike, my hand she gently took,
Then from her rosy lips the goddess spoke.

What wrath so fierce to vengeance drives thee on ?
Are we no objects of thy care, my son ? 795
Think of Anchises, and his helpless age,
Thy hoary fire expos'd to hostile rage ;
Think if thy dear Creüsa yet survive,
Think if thy child, the young Iulus live ;
Whom, ever hov'ring round, the Greeks inclose, 800
From every side endanger'd by the foes ;
And, but my care withstood, the ruthless sword
Long since had slaughter'd, or the flames devour'd.
Nor beauteous Helen now, nor Paris blame,
Her guilty charms, or his unhappy flame ; 805
The gods, my son, th' immortal gods destroy
This glorious empire, and the tow'rs of Troy.
Hence then retire, retire without delay,
Attend thy mother, and her words obey ;
Look up, for lo ! I clear thy clouded eye 810
From the thick midst of dim mortality ;
Where yon' rude piles of shatter'd ramparts rise,
Stone rent from stone, in dreadful ruin lies, }
And black with rolling smoke the dusty whirlwind flies : }
There, Neptune's trident breaks the bulwarks down,
There, from her basis heaves the trembling town ; 816

Fundamenta quatit, totamque a sedibus urbem
 Eruit. hic Juno Scaeas saevissima portas
 Prima tenet, sociumque furens a navibus agmen
 Ferro accincta vocat.

Jam summas arces Tritonia, respice, Pallas 615
 Insedit, nimbo effulgens et Gorgone saeva.
 Ipse pater Danais animos viresque secundas
 Sufficit: ipse deos in Dardana fuscitat arma.
 Eripe, nate, fugam, finemque impone labori.
 Nusquam abero, et tutum patrio te limine sistam. 620
 Dixerat; et spissis noctis se condidit umbris.
 Apparent dirae facies, inimicaque Troiae
 Numina magna deum.
 Tum vero omne mihi visum considere in ignes
 Ilium, et ex imo verti Neptunia Troja. 625

817. *Heaven's awful queen, &c.]* In the ancient gems and marbles the Juno Matrona is always represented in a modest and decent dress; as the Juno Regina, and the Juno Moneta, are always in a fine and more magnificent one: Yet when one has formed an idea of Juno, either from the simplicity of the one, or the magnificence of the others, one is still at a loss what to make of Virgil's account of her arms and military chariot in the first *Aeneid* (ver. 17.) or of that angry and warlike figure he has given of her in this passage.

At my first considering these warlike descriptions of Juno in Virgil, I saw they did not agree with the most established characters of that goddess among the Romans: I therefore thought, for some time, that Virgil took a good deal of liberty in cases of this nature, and that these were to be reckoned among his negligences. But on a more careful review, I found the fault was in myself; and that Virgil in both those places intended to speak of Juno, not according to the appearances she used to make among the Romans, but according

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Heav'n's awful queen, to urge the Trojan fate,
Here storms tremendous at the Scæan gate;
Radiant in arms the furious goddess stands,
And from the navy calls her Argive bands.

820

On yon' high tow'r the martial maid behold,
With her dread Gorgon blaze in clouds of gold.
Great Jove himself the sons of Greece inspires,
Each arm he strengthens, and each soul he fires.

Against the Trojans, from the bright abodes, 825

See! where the thund'rer calls th' embattled gods.
Strive then no more with heav'n;---but oh! retreat,
Ourself will guide thee to thy father's seat;
Ourself will cover and befriend thy flight.

She said, and sunk within the shades of night; 830

And lo! the gods with dreadful faces frown'd,
And lower'd, majestically stern, around.

Then fell proud Ilion's bulwarks, tow'rs and spires;
Then Troy, tho' rais'd by Neptune, sunk in fires.

cording to the representations of her in other countries. In the first he certainly speaks of the Carthaginian Juno; and in the second, of the Juno Argiva; or, at least, some particular Juno of the Greeks.

It should, by the rules of propriety, be some Grecian Juno, or other; because she is assisting the Greeks, to overturn the empire of the Asiatics. One of the most celebrated among the Grecian Juno's was the Juno Argiva. She was worshiped under that name even in Italy; and Ovid has a long description of a procession to her at Falisci lib. iii. El. 13.

Helenus had ordered the Romans, by Aeneas, to worship Juno most particularly, to get her over to their party. Virgil A&n. iii. ver 433—439. They did so, and thought that, in time, she came to prefer them to all her most favourite nations, Ovid's Fast. lvi. ver. 45—48.

Polymetis, p. 56.

Ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum
 Cum ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant
 Eruere agricolae certatum ; illa usque minatur,
 Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat ;
 Volneribus donec paullatim evicta supremum 630
 Congemuit, traxitque jugis avolsa ruinam.
 Descendo, ac ducente deo flamمام inter et hostes
 Expedior. dant tela locum, flammaeque recedunt.
 Atque ubi jam patriae perventum ad limina sedis,
 Antiquasque domos ; genitor, quem tollere in altos 635

835. *So when an aged aſſ]* This simile is copied from Homer, whose great advocate Macrobius, gives the preference in this instance to Virgil. The translator has done it justice, and we venture to affirm it has lost no one beauty under his hands. The last line, is an eminent instance of the sound's being an echo to the sense : as is the fourth line

The tall tree trembling —

of a beauty in style much admired, called, the alliteration, or beginning many words that are placed together with the same letter : Waller thought this a beauty, and Dryden was extremely fond of it. Some late writers under the notion of imitating these two great versifiers in this point, run into downright affectation, and are guilty of the most improper and ridiculous expressions, provided there be but an alliteration. 'Tis observable, that there are many instances of this beauty of style in Lucretius, such are,

Verbera ventorum vitare —

Et murmura magna minarum :

but a most charming instance of it is in another passage of this fine old poet, in a line the most soft and smooth imaginable, where speaking of swans, he says,

Et liquidam tollunt lugubri voce querelam.

Lib. iv. 552.

A reader of a musical ear will easily perceive the beauty of so many of the letter L concurring.

'Tis very remarkable, that the affectation of this beauty is ridiculed by Shakespear, in his Love's Labours Lost, act ii.

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VOL.

So when an aged ash, whose honours rise 835
 From some steep mountain tow'ring to the skies,
 With many an ax by shouting swains is ply'd,
 Fierce they repeat the strokes from every side;
 The tall tree trembling, as the blows go round,
 Bows the high head, and nods to every wound: 840
 At last quite vanquish'd, with a dreadful peal,
 In one loud groan rolls crashing down the vale,
 Headlong with half the shatter'd mountain flies,
 And stretch'd out huge in length th' unmeasur'd ruin
 lies.

Now, by the goddes led, I bend my way, 845
 Tho' javelins hiss, and flames around me play;
 With sloping spires the flames obliquely fly,
 The glancing darts turn innocently by.
 Soon as, these various dangers past, I come
 Within my rev'rend father's antient dome, 850

where the pedant Holofernes says, I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierc'd and prickt —
 'Tis ridiculed too in Chaucer, in a passage which I believe not every reader understands.

The Plowman's tale is written, in some measure, in imitation of Piers Plowman's visions, and runs chiefly upon some one letter, or at least many stanzas have this affected iteration, as

A full sterne streif is stirrid now —
 For some be grete grown on grounde —

When the parson therefore in his order comes to tell his tale, which reflected on the clergy, he says,

— I am a southern man,
 I cannot jest, rum, ram, ruf, by letter,
 And God wote, rime hold I but little better.

UPTON's letter concerning Spenser, p. 27.

Optabam primum montes, primumque petebam,
 Abnegat excisa vitam producere Troja
 Exiliumque pati. Vos o, quibus integer aevi
 Sanguis, ait, solidaeque suo stant robore vires,
 Vos agitate fugam.
 Me si coelicolae voluissent ducere vitam,
 Has mihi servassent sedes. satis una superque
 Vidimus excidia, et captae superavimus urbi.
 Sic, o sic positum affati discedite corpus.
 Ipse manu mortem inveniam. miserebitur hostis, 645
 Exuviasque petet. facilis jactura sepulcri.
 Jampridem, invisus divis et inutilis, annos
 Demoror; ex quo me divum pater atque hominum^{ex}
 Fulminis afflavit ventis, et contigit igni.
 Talia perstabat memorans, fixusque manebat. 650
 Nos contra effusi lacrymis, conjuxque Creusa,
 Ascaniusque, omnisque domus, ne vertere secum
 Cuncta pater, fatoque urgenti incumbere vellet.
 Abnegat, inceptoque et sedibus haeret in isdem.

872. *The mournful family]* The pathetic was never perhaps carried farther than in this moving passage. Old Anchises, in the utmost despair, resolving to die on the spot, and thinking it impossible to try to escape, Creusa and Iulus, and Aeneas, all standing about him, and persuading him to fly, to whose advice he continues inflexible, are most striking circumstances. This would have been a finer subject for Le Brun, than Darius's tent.

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Whom first I sought, to bear his helpless age
Safe o'er the mountains, far from hostile rage ;
An exil'd life disdaining to enjoy,
He stands determin'd to expire with Troy :
Fly you, who health, and youth, and strength main-

tain, 855

You, whose warm blood beats high in every vein ;
For me had heav'n decreed a longer date,
Heav'n had preserv'd for me the Dardan state ;
Too much of life already have I known,
To see my country's fall prevent my own ; 860
Think then, this aged corse with Ilion fell,
And take, oh ! take your solemn last farewell :
For death---these hands that office yet can do ;
If not---I'll beg it from the pitying foe.

At least the soldier for my spoils will come ; 865
Nor heed I now the honours of a tomb.

Grown to my friends an useles heavy load,
Long have I liv'd, abhor'd by every god,
Since, in his wrath, high heaven's almighty fire
Blasted these limbs with his avenging fire. 870

Thus he ; and obstinately bent appears :
The mournful family stand round in tears.
Myself, my shrieking wife, my weeping son,
Friends, servants, all, intreat him to be gone,
Nor to the general ruin add his own ; 875
Bid him be reconcil'd to life once more,
Nor urge a fate, that flew too swift before.
Unmov'd, he still determines to maintain
His cruel purpose, and we plead in vain.

Rursus in arma feror, mortemque miserrimus opto.
 Nam quod consilium, aut quae jam fortuna dabatur?
 Mene efferre pedem, genitor, te posse relicto
 Sperasti? tantumque nefas patrio excidit ore?
 Si nihil ex tanta superis placet urbe relinqui;
 Et sedet hoc animo, perituraeque addere Trojae 660
 Teque tuosque juvat: patet istic janua letho.
 Jamque aderit multo Priami de sanguine Pyrrhus,
 Natum ante ora patris, patrem qui obtruncat ad aras.
 Hoc erat, alma parens, quod me, per tela, per ignes,
 Eripis; ut mediis hostem in penetralibus, utque 665
 Ascaniumque, patremque meum, juxtaque Creüsam,
 Alterum in alterius mactatos sanguine cernam?
 Arma, viri, ferte arma: vocat lux ultima victos.
 Reddite me Danais; finite instaurata revisam
 Praelia. nunquam omnes hodie moriemur inulti. 670
 Hic ferro accingor rursus, clypeoque fínistram
 Insertabam aptans, meque extra tecta ferebam.
 Ecce autem complexa pedes in limine conjux
 Haerebat, parvumque patri tendebat lulum:

902. *My arms!*] Whoever attentively considers this animated passage, cannot surely think, that either Æneas or Virgil wants spirit and fire.

BOOK II. VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

165

Once more I hurry to the dire alarms, 88a
To end a miserable life in arms ;
For oh ! what measures could I now pursue,
When death, and only death, was left in view :
To fly the foe, and leave your age alone,
Could such a fire propose to such a son ? 885
If 'tis by your's and heav'n's high will decreed,
That you, and all, with hapless Troy, must bleed :
If not her least remains you deign to save ;
Behold ! the door lies open to the grave.
Pyrrhus will soon be here, all cover'd o'er 890
And red from venerable Priam's gore ;
Who stab'd the son before the father's view,
Then at the shrine the royal father flew.
Why, heavenly mother ! did thy guardian care
Snatch me from fires, and shield me in the war ? 895
Within these walls to see the Grecians roam,
And purple slaughter stride around the dome ;
To see my murder'd confort, son, and fire,
Steep'd in each other's blood, on heaps expire !
Arms ! arms ! my friends, with speed my arms supply, 901
'Tis our last hour, and summons us to die ;
My arms ! ---in vain you hold me,---let me go---
Give, give me back this moment to the foe.
'Tis well---we will not tamely perish all,
But die reveng'd, and triumph in our fall. 905

Now rushing forth, in radiant arms, I wield
The sword once more, and gripe the pond'rous shield.
When, at the door, my weeping spouse I meet,
The fair Creüsa, who embrac'd my feet,

Si periturus abis, et nos rape in omnia tecum : 675
 Sin aliquam expertus sumptis spem ponis in armis,
 Hanc primum tutare domum. cui parvus Iulus,
 Cui pater, et conjux quondam tua dicta relinquor?
 Talia vociferans gemitu tectum omne replebat :
 Cum subitum dictuque oritur mirabile monstrum.
 Namque manus inter moestorumque ora parentum,
 Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli
 Fundere lumen apex, tractuque innoxia molli
 Lambere flamma comas, et circum tempora pasci.
 Nos pavidi trepidare metu, crinemque flagrantem 685
 Excutere, et sanctos restinguere fontibus ignes.
 At pater Anchises oculos ad sidera laetus
 Extulit; et coelo palmas cum voce tetendit.
 Jupiter omnipotens, precibus si flecteris ullis,
 Aspice nos, hoc tantum: et, si pietate meremur, 690

911. *Reach'd to my arms my dear unhappy child,
 And oh! she cries—*

This short speech of Creusa is very moving, and her holding out the little Iulus to his father, is a most tender circumstance. None of the poets (says the excellent Mr. Addison) have touched this passion of grief like Virgil: the generality of other writers, when they attempt to move their readers, offend in this point, that they are too prolix in spinning out their complaints, and think their flood of tears inexhaustible; or else, while they labour to express the greatness of their genius, in the profuseness of their verse, rather raise our admiration at the flowing of their numbers, than excite our pity at the catastrophe of their story. Virgil has carefully avoided both these extremes, and dresses his images of sorrow in their native simplicity; and wherever he touches upon the pathetic, he does it, with a masterly quickness.

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BOOK II. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 167

And clinging round them, with distraction wild, 910
Reach'd to my arms my dear unhappy child :
And oh ! she cries, if bent on death thou run,
Take, take with thee, thy wretched wife and son ;
Or, if one glimmering hope from arms appear,
Defend these walls, and try thy valour here ; 915
Ah ! who shall guard thy fire, when thou art slain,
Thy child, or me, thy consort once in vain ?
Thus while she raves, the vaulted dome replies
To her loud shrieks, and agonizing cries.

When lo ! a wond'rous prodigy appears, 920
For while each parent kis'd the boy with tears,
Sudden a circling flame was seen to spread
With beams resplendent round Iulus' head ;
Then on his locks the lambent glory preys,
And harmless fires around his temples blaze. 925
Trembling and pale we quench with busy care
The sacred fires, and shake his flaming hair.
But old Anchises lifts his joyful eyes,
His hands and voice, in transport, to the skies.

Almighty Jove ! in glory thron'd on high, 930
This once regards us with a gracious eye ;

The declamatory writers of long speeches in tragedy, uttered by persons in deep distress, should consider a little this practice of our judicious poet.

V. 920. It is certain (says Catrou) that Virgil borrowed this event from the Roman history ; for a flame appeared upon the head of Servius Tullius, according to the relations of Pliny and Plutarch, whilst he was yet an infant. It was conjectured by that incident, that he would be a king. Anchises, skilled in auguries, judged, by the same prognostic, that a kingdom was promised to his grandson.

Da deinde auxilium, pater, atque haec omnia firma.
 Vix ea fatus erat senior; subitoque fragore
 Intonuit laevum, et de coelo lapsa per umbras
 Stella facem ducens multa cum luce cucurrit.
 Illam, summa super labentem culmina tecti, 695
 Cernimus Idaea claram se condere sylva,
 Signantemque vias: tum longo limite fulcus
 Dat lucem, et late circum loca sulfure fumant.

Hic vero vixtus genitor se tollit ad auras,
 Affaturque deos, et sanctum fidus adorat: 700
 Jam jam nulla mora est: sequor, et, qua ducitis, adsum.
 Di patrii, servate domum, servate nepotem.
 Vestrum hoc augurium, vestroque in numine Troja est.
 Cedo equidem, nec, nate, tibi comes ire recuso.
 Dixerat ille: et jam per moenia clarior ignis 705
 Auditur, propiusque aëstus incendia volvunt.
 Ergo age, chare pater, cervici imponere nostræ:
 Ipse subibo humeris, nec me labor iste gravabit.
 Quo res cunque cadent, unum et commune periculum,
 Una salus ambobus erit. mihi parvus Iulus 710
 Sit comes, et longe servet vestigia conjux.

1. 169
BOOK II. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. IV

If e'er our vows deserv'd thy aid divine,
Vouchsafe thy succour, and confirm thy sign.
Scarce had he spoke, when sudden from the pole,
Full on the left, the happy thunders roll ; 935
A star shot sweeping through the shades of night,
And drew behind a radiant trail of light,
That o'er the palace, gliding from above,
To point our way, descends in Ida's grove ;
Then left a long continu'd stream in view, 940
The track still glittering where the glory flew.
The flame past gleaming with a bluish glare,
And smokes of sulphur fill the tainted air.

At this convinc'd, arose my reverend fire,
Addres'd the gods, and hail'd the sacred fire. 945
Proceed, my friends, no longer I delay,
But instant follow where you lead the way.
Ye gods, by these your omens, you ordain
That from the womb of fate shall rise again,
To light and life, a glorious second Troy ; 950
Then save this house, and this auspicious boy ;
Convinc'd by omens so divinely bright,
I go, my son, companion of thy flight.
Thus he --- and nearer now in curling spires
Through the long walls roll'd on the roaring fires. 955
Haste then, my fire, I cry'd, my neck ascend,
With joy beneath your sacred load I bend ;
Together will we share, where-e'er I go,
One common welfare, or one common woe.
Ourself with care will young Iulus lead ; 960
At safer distance you my spouse succeed ;

170 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II

Vos famuli, quae dicam, animis advertite vestris.
 Est urbe egressis tumulus, templumque vetustum
 Desertae Cereris, juxtaque antiqua cupressus,
 Relligione patrum multos servata per annos. 715
 Hanc ex diverso sedem veniemus in unam.
 Tu, genitor, cape sacra manu, patriosque Penates.
 Me, bello e tanto digressum et caede recenti,
 Attrectare nefas; donec me flumine vivo
 Abluero. 720

Haec fatus, latos humeros subiectaque colla
 Veste super, fulvique insternor pelle leonis,
 Succedoque oneri. dextrae se parvus Iulus
 Implicit, sequiturque patrem non passibus aequis.
 Pone subit conjux, ferimur per opaca locorum. 725
 Et me, quem dudum non ulla injecta movebant
 Tela, neque adverso glomerati ex agmine Graii,
 Nunc omnes terrent aurae, sonus excitat omnis
 Suspensum, et pariter comitique onerique timentem.

968. *Thou, thou, my fire, our gods and relicks bear—]*

As the not taking the true scope of the *Aeneid* has occasioned mistakes to Virgil's disadvantage, concerning the plan and conduct of the poem; so hath it likewise concerning the characters. The piety of *Aeneas*, and his high veneration for the gods, so much offends a celebrated French writer, (Monsieur de St. Evremont) that he says, "the hero was "fitter to found a religion than a monarchy." But he did not know, that the image of a perfect lawgiver is held out to us in *Aeneas*; and had he known that he had perhaps been ignorant, that it was the office of such, to found religions and colleges of priests, as well as states and corporations. And that Virgil tells us this was his,

—Dum conderet urbem

Inferretque Deos latio.—

WARBURTON's Divine Legation, book ii. sect. 4.
 The reader is desired to bear this excellent observation in his mind, which will serve to clear up a variety of passages and inci-

Heed too these orders, ye attendant train ;
 Without the wall stands Ceres' vacant fane,
 Rais'd on a mount ; an aged cypress near,
 Preserv'd for ages with religious fear ; 965
 Thither, from different roads assembling, come,
 And meet embody'd at the sacred dome :
 Thou, thou, my fire, our gods and relicks bear ;
 These hands, yet horrid with the stains of war,
 Refrain their touch unhallow'd till the day, 970
 When the pure stream shall wash the guilt away.

Now, with a lion's spoils bespread, I take
 My fire, a pleasing burthen, on my back ;
 Close clinging to my hand, and pressing nigh,
 With steps unequal trip'd Iulus by ;
 Behind, my lov'd Creüsa took her way ;
 Through every lonely dark recess we stray :
 And I, who late th' embattled Greeks could dare,
 Their flying darts, and whole embody'd war,
 Now take alarm, while horrors reign around, 980
 At every breeze, and start at every sound.

incidents throughout the poem ; and for want of attending to which, Virgil's aim and meaning have been frequently misinterpreted and misunderstood.

981. *At every breeze,*] Fulvius Ursinus has observed that Virgil had in his eye this verse of Sophocles,

Απαντα γαρ τοι τω φοβερων φοφει.

There is likewise a fine fragment of Turpilius in a play called Leucadia to this purpose :

Miseram torrent me omnia, maris sonitus, scopuli,
 Et solitudo, et sanctitudo Apollinis.

After Mackbeth has murdered the king he exclaims,

How is't with me, when ev'ry noise appalls me !

See Dr. THEOBALD's second book of Virgil.

Jamque propinquabam portis, omnemque videbar
 Evasisse viam; subito cum creber ad aures 731
 Visus adesse pedum sonitus: genitorque per umbram
 Prospiciens, Nata, exclamat, fuge nata; propinquant:
 Ardentes clypeos atque aera micantia cerno. 734
 Hic mihi nescio quod trepido male numen amicum
 Confusam eripuit mentem. namque avia cursu
 Dum sequor, et nota excedo regione viarum;
 Heu! misero conjux fatone erecta Creüsa
 Substitit, erravitne via, seu lassa resedit,
 Incertum; nec post oculis est redditum nostris: 740
 Nec prius amissam respexi, animumque reflexi,
 Quam tumulum antiquae Cereris sedemque sacratam
 Venimus. hic, demum collectis omnibus, una

987. *And fly, my son, they come,*] This sudden fear and
 exclamation of his father puts *Aeneas* into a hurry and agita-
 tion and therefore makes his escape thro' devious paths very
 natural; and for the same reason, the losing *Creusa* very
 probable

994. *I left my dear Creüsa,*] The address of Virgil in the
 contrivance of this incident is admirable. For had not *Aeneas*
 been supposed to traverse back thro' the ruins of *Troy* in
 quest of his wife, we must necessarily have lost the narrative
 of many things, that happened in that dreadful night, which
 he neither could have seen, nor had any knowledge of; as,
 the pillaging of the palaces and temples, the number of
Trojans that were made captives, and the very burning of his
 own hou'e.

SEGREGAIS.

994. *I left,*] Some have imputed it as a fault, it seems, to
Aeneas, that he took no more care of his wife: But *Aeneas*
 charges himself with the care of his old father, and infant
 son, as the most weak and helpless persons; and he cautions
 his wife to follow him, so as neither to be at his heels, nor
 yet to quit sight of him; that their flight may be the more
 easily disguised, and that he might the more easily succour
 her upon occasion: She is lost, because he could not foresee
 the misfortune, nor look behind him, incumber'd as he was

with

With fancy'd fears my busy thoughts were wild
For my dear father, and endanger'd child.

Now, to the city gates approaching near,
I seem the sound of trampling feet to hear. 985

Alarm'd my fire look'd forward thro' the shade,
And, fly my son, they come, they come, he said ;
Lo ! from their shields I see the splendors stream ;
And ken distinct the helmet's fiery gleam.

And here, some envious god, in this dismay, 990
This sudden terror, snatch'd my sense away.

For while o'er devious paths I wildly trod,
Studiois to wander from the beaten road ;
I lost my dear Creüsa, nor can tell
From that sad moment, if by fate she fell ; 995
Or sunk fatigu'd ; or straggled from the train ;
But ah ! she never blest these eyes again !
Nor, till to Ceres' antient wall we came,
Did I suspect her lost, nor miss the dame.
There all the train assembled, all but she, 1000
Lost to her friends, her father, son, and me.

with his father on his shoulders. Virgil has taken care to prevent the objection, by that great judgment, which he shews upon every emergency. It cannot be inferr'd, that Æneas preferr'd his father to his wife, thro' a want of affection to her: That is answer'd by the great care which he takes to recover her; and the great dangers, which he runs thro', to that end. It is, besides, a fine stroke of art in the poet, to make her say, that her loss, or death, is not without the appointment of the Gods. It was destin'd to Æneas, to go to Italy, and there to marry Lavinia: (for by this alliance the Romans were to descend from the Trojans:) and therefore if Creusa had not been properly disposed of, she must of consequence have been a bar to that match.

SECR A IS.

374 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Defuit; et comites, natumque, virumque fecellit.

Quem non incusavi amens hominumque deorumque?

Aut quid in eversa vidi crudelius urbe? 749

Ascanium, Anchisenque patrem, Teucrosque Penates

Commendo sociis, et curva valle recondo.

Ipse urbem repeto, et cingor fulgentibus armis.

Stat casus renovare omnes, omnemque reverti 750

Per Trojam, et rursus caput objectare periclis.

Principio muros obscuraque limina portae,

Qua gressum extuleram, repeto; et vestigia retro

Observata sequor per noctem, et lumine lustro.

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent. 755

Inde domum, si forte pedem, si forte tulisset,

Me refiero. irruerant Danai, et tectum omne tenebant.

Ilicet ignis edax summa ad fastigia vento

Volvitur; exuperant flammae; fuit aëstus ad auras.

Procedo ad Priami sedes, arcemque reviso. 760

Et jam porticibus vacuis, Junonis asylo,

Custodes lecti Phoenix et dirus Ulysses

Praedam affervabant. hic undique Troia gaza

Incensis crepta adytis, mensaeque deorum,

1018. *If there, if]*

Si forte pedem, si forte tulisset.

That repetition, expressive of doubt and uncertainty is very elegant, says Dr. Trapp. Mr. Pitt has endeavoured to preserve this beauty.

II. 175
Book II. VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

What men, what gods did my wild fury spare ?
At both I rav'd, and madden'd with despair.
In Troy's last ruins did I ever know
A scene so cruel ! such transcendent woe ! 1005
Our gods, my son, and father to the train
I next commend, and hide them in the plain ; }
Then fly for Troy, and shine in arms again. }
Resolv'd the burning town to wander o'er,
And tempt the dangers that I scap'd before. 1010
Now to the gate I run with furious haste,
Whence first from Ilion to the plain I past ;
Dart round my eyes in every place in vain.
And tread my former footsteps o'er again.
Surrounding horrors all my soul affright ; 1015
And more, the dreadful silence of the night.
Next to my house I flew without delay,
If there, if haply there she bent her way.
In vain—the conquering foes were enter'd there ;
High, o'er the dome, the flames emblaze the air ; 2020
Fierce to devour, the fiery tempest flies,
Swells in the wind, and thunders to the skies.
Back to th' embattled citadel I ran,
And search'd her father's regal walls in vain.
Ulysses now, and Phœnix I survey, 1025
Who guard, in Juno's fane, the gather'd prey :
In one huge heap the Trojan wealth was roll'd,
Refulgent robes, and bowls of massy gold ;
A pile of tables on the pavement nods,
Snatch'd from the blazing temples of the gods. 1030

176 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. II.

Crateresque auro solidi, captivaque vestis 765
 Congeritur. pueri et pavidae longo ordine matres
 Stant circum.
 Ausus quinetiam voces jactare per umbram;
 Implevi clamore vias, moestusque Creūsam
 Nequicquam ingeminans, iterumque iterumque vocavi.
 Quaerenti, et tectis urbis sine fine furenti, 771
 Infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra Creūsae
 Visa mihi ante oculos, et nota major imago.
 Obstupui, steteruntque comae, et vox faucibus haesit.
 Tum sic affari, et curas his demere dictis: 775
 Quid tantum insano juvat indulgere dolori,
 O dulcis conjux? non haec sine numine divum
 Eveniunt: nec te comitem asportare Creūsam
 Fas: aut ille finit superi regnator Olympi. 779
 Longa tibi exilia, et vastum maris aequor arandum.
 Ad terram Hesperiam venies, ubi Lydius, arva

1034. *And in the shade on dear Creūsa cry,*) The grief and distress with which Æneas says he was o'erwhelmed, at the loss of his wife, his care and diligence in searching for her, and his venturing back again, alone and unassisted, into the thickest of the enemy, to find her; were all a plain indication of his great tenderness, sensibility, and conjugal affection; and as such, must needs make a very deep impression on Dido's Heart. *Profecto, me horror capit atque etiam quatit, ubi videre, atque audire videor, in nocte, inter hostes, fortē simul atque pium virum, etiam clamore carissimam uxorem quaerere.*

SCALIGER.

Si sic—omnia dixisset!

1038. *I saw her shade arise,*] This machine of Creūsa's ghost is judiciously introduced. There was a dignus vindice nodus. No other expedient could be found to stop the further

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A mighty train of shrieking mothers bound,
Stood with their captive children trembling round.
Yet more—I boldly raise my voice on high,
And in the shade on dear Creüsa cry ;
Call on her name a thousand times in vain, 1035
But still repeat the darling name again.
Thus while I rave and roll my searching eyes,
Solemn and slow I saw her shade arise,
The form enlarg'd majestic mov'd along ;
Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chain'd my tongue ;
Thus as I stood amaz'd, the heav'ly fair 1041
With these mild accents sooth'd my fierce despair.

Why with excess of sorrow raves in vain
My dearest Lord, at what the gods ordain ?
Oh ! could I share thy toils !—but fate denies ; 1045
And Jove, dread Jove, the sov'reign of the skies.
In long, long exile, art thou doom'd to sweep
Seas after seas, and plow the watry deep.
Hesperia shall be thine, where Tyber glides
Thro' fruitful realms, and rolls in easy tides. 1050
There shall thy fates a happier lot provide,
A glorious empire, and a royal bride.
Then let your sorrows for Creüsa cease ;
For know, I never shall be led to Greece ;

ther search of Æneas for his wife, and let him return again to rejoin his friends in their expedition.

1052. *And a royal bride,*] Æneas relating this prophecy of his wife to Dido, thereby informs her, that he was reserved by destiny for the bed of Lavinia : and so inforces the reasons of his obligation to quit Carthage. Dido therefore betrays herself by an indiscreet passion, and is not betray'd by any perfidy of Æneas.

SEGRAIS.

Inter opima virūm, leni fluit agmine Tybris.
 Illic res laetae, regnumque, et regia conjux
 Parta tibi: lacrymas dilectae pelle Creūsae. 784
 Non ego Myrmidonum sedes Dolopumve superbas
 Aspiciam, aut Grais servitum matribus ibo,
 Dardanis, et divae Veneris nurus:
 Sed me magna deūm genitrix his detinet oris,
 Jamque vale, et nati serva communis amorem.
 Haec ubi dicta dedit, lacrymantem, et multa volentem
 Dicere, deseruit, tenuesque recessit in auras. 791
 Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum;
 Ter frustra compensa manus effugit imago,
 Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.
 Sic demum socios, consumpta nocte, reviso. 795
 Atque hic ingentem comitum affluxisse novorum
 Invenio admirans numerum; matresque, virosque,
 Collectam exilio pubem, miserabile vulgus.
 Undique convenere, animis opibusque parati,
 In quascunque velim pelago deducere terras. 800

1055. *Captive's shame,*] Slavery was deemed the greatest of miseries by the ancients. Andromache, to persuade Hector from going to the field of battle in the Iliad, tells him that if he should be slain, she should be made a captive by the Grecians; as the most powerful motive she could think of, to detain him in the city.

1062. *Our son,*] Thus Alcestes in Euripides, just upon the point of death,

Παιδας χειρος εξ εμης δεχεται.
 Σεν γενε τοισδε αντι εμεις μηδη τεκνοις.

1073. *A host of willing exiles,*] The poet by this circumstance

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Nor feel the victor's chain, nor captive's shame, 1055
 A slave to some imperious Argive dame. *esptadoon*
 No!—born a princess, sprung from heav'n above,
 Ally'd to Venus, and deriv'd from Jove, *l. 1058*
 Sacred from Greece, 'tis mine, in these abodes,
 To serve the glorious mother of the gods. 1060
 Farewell; and to our son thy care approve,
 Our son, the pledge of our commutual love.

Thus she; and as I wept, and wish'd to say
 Ten thousand things, dissolv'd in air away.
 Thrice round her neck my eager arms I threw; 1065
 Thrice from my empty arms the phantom flew,
 Swift as the wind, with momentary flight,
 Swift as a fleeting vision of the night.

Now, day approaching, to my longing train,
 From ruin'd Ilion I return again; 1070
 To whom, with wonder and surprize, I find
 A mighty crowd of new companions join'd;
 A host of willing exiles round me stand,
 Matrons, and men, a miserable band;
 Eager the wretches pour from every side, 1075
 To share my fortunes on the foamy tide;
 Valiant, and arm'd, my conduct they implore,
 To lead and fix them on some foreign shore:

stance signifies how greatly Æneas was belov'd by the Trojans, and the weight and importance of his character.

1077. *Arm'd,*] Opitus (in the original) may mean arms, or conveniences, or necessities for their intended expedition. Catrou says that by *velim deducere* (v. 800 in the original) is implied that they elected Æneas their king and leader, after the manner of ancient times.

Jamque jugis summae surgebat Lucifer Idae,
 Ducebatque diem; Danaque obsessa tenebant
 Limina portarum; nec spes opis ulla dabatur.
 Cessi, et sublato montes genitore petivi.

1084. *And bear the venerable load away.]* This instance of filial piety, a great prince and hero's bearing his old feeble father on his shoulders, is highly pleasing. A modern leader or general would never submit to so laborious a task, but would order their servants or soldiers to undertake it.

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BOOK II. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 181

And now, o'er Ida with an early ray
Flames the bright star, that leads the golden day. 1080
No hopes of aid in view, and every gate
Possest by Greece, at length I yield to fate.
Safe o'er the hill my father I convey.
And bear the venerable load away.

The END of the SECOND Book.

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THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
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The A R G U M E N T.

Aeneas proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet in which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace; from thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation? by a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete; his household gods give him the true sense of the oracle in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy: he is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily; where his father Anchises dies. This is the place which he was sailing from, when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

P. VIRGILII MARONIS
A E N E I D O S
 LIBER III.

POSTQUAM res Asiae Priamique evertere gentem
 Immeritam visum superis, ceciditque superbū
 Ilium, et omnis humo fumat Neptunia Troja;

IT is the opinion of the judicious M. de Segrais, that this book is the fullest of matter of any in the whole *Æneid*; and that it contains almost the whole *Odyssey*. What *Æneas* here relates, contains the space of seven years: whereas (except the fourth book which describes all that passed after *Æneas* arrived at Carthage till he left that city) each of all the other books contain but a few days. This book is very learned for its geography, and for the description of the manners of the people, in which Virgil shews great knowledge and exactness. Those different nations where he makes his hero land, the adventure of the Harpies, which is an allegory of bad women (or as some say) of the remorse of conscience succeeding bad actions; the adventure of the Cyclops, which is an image of men whom cruelty, gluttony, and drunkennes, have brutalized; all these serve excellently to teach us how a wise man ought to conduct himself in the dangers and perils to which human life is exposed. This great abundance of matter is adorned and set off with great eloquence, and there are as many fine passages as in any other book where the poet is so much extolled: nevertheless, this book is one of those, and I believe the very one, of the whole *Æneid*

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE THIRD BOOK.

WHEN heav'n destroy'd, by too severe a fate,
 The throne of Priam, and the Phrygian state,
 When Troy, tho' Neptune rais'd her bulwarks round,
 The pride of Asia, smok'd upon the ground;

which is least read and admired. This neglect, I believe, is as much owing to the disadvantage of its situation as to any other reason; for the second book, which immediately precedes it, containing the destruction and burning of Troy, presents so great an object to the reader, that he despairs the third: and the fourth is so charming and interesting by the tenderness and passion which it contains, that one has naturally an impatience to read it. Thus, as it is enough to know, that after the taking of Troy, Æneas arrived at Carthage; this third book is often passed over intirely, or if the reader runs over its argument and contents cursorily, yet he despairs to study it so attentively as the others; nevertheless, it is in this book, (next to the fifth) that there is more to be learnt than in the whole Æneid, as well from this ancient chart, which is very exact, as from the different pictures of civil life, and from those fine monuments of the ancient religious customs, which are not to be found elsewhere. Thus, what appears to be admirable in this great work, is, that every thing in it is beautiful, but nothing alike.

See SEGrais's Remarks on the third book.

Diversa exilia, et desertas quaerere terras
Auguriis agimus divum, classemque sub ipsa 5
Antandro et Phrygiae molimur montibus Idae;
Incerti quo fata ferant, ubi sistere detur,
Contra himusque viros. vix prima incep erat aetas,
Et pater Anchises dare fatis vela jubebat.
Litora tum patriae, lacrymans, portusque relinquo, 10
Et campos ubi Troja fuit. feror exul in altum
Cum sociis, natoque, Penatibus, et magnis dīs.
Terra procul vastis colitur Mavortia campis,
Thraces arant, acri quondam regnata Lycurgo;
Hospitium antiquum Trojae, sociisque Penates, 15
Dum fortuna fuit. feror huc, et litore curvo
Moenia prima loco, fatis ingressus inquis;
Aeneadasque meo nomen de nomine fingo.
Sacra Dionaeae matri, divisque ferebam
Auspicibus coeptorum operum: supero que nitentem 20
Coelicolūm regi mactabam in litore taurum.
Forte fuit juxta tumulus, quo cornea summo
Virgulta, et densis hastilibus horrida myrtus.
Accessi, viridemque ab humo convellere sylvam
Conatus, ramis tegerem ut frondentibus aras; 25

We sought in vacant regions new abodes, 5
Call'd by the guiding omens of the gods.
Secret, a sudden navy we provide,
Beneath Antandros, and the hills of Ide.
Doubtful, where heav'n would fix our wand'ring train,
Our gather'd pow'rs prepare to plow the main. 10
Scarce had the summer shot a genial ray ;
My fire commands the canvas to display,
And steer wherever fate should point the way.
With tears I leave the port, my native shore,
And those dear fields, where Ilion rose before. 15
An exil'd wretch, I lead into the floods
My son, my friends, and all my vanquish'd gods.

The warlike Thracians till a boundless plain,
Sacred to Mars, Lycurgus' antient reign ;
Ally'd to Troy, while fortune own'd her cause ; 20
The same their gods and hospitable laws ;
Thither, with fates averse, my course I bore,
And rais'd a town amid the winding shore.
Then from my name the rising city call,
And stretch along the strand th' embattled wall. 25
Here to my mother, and the favouring gods,
I offer'd victims by the rolling floods ;
But flew a stately bull to mighty Jove,
Who reigns the sovereign of the pow'rs above.

Rais'd on a mount, a cornel grove was nigh,
And with thick branches stood a myrtle by.
With verdant boughs to shade my altars round,
I came, and try'd to rend them from the ground.

Horrendum et dictu video mirabile monstrum.

Nam, quae prima solo ruptis radicibus arbos

Vellitur, huic atro liquuntur sanguine guttae,

Et terram tabo maculant, mihi frigidus horror

Membra quatit, gelidusque coit formidine sanguis. 30

Rursus et alterius lentum convellere vimen

Insequor, et causas penitus tentare latentes :

Alter et alterius sequitur de cortice sanguis.

Multa movevis animo nymphas venerabar agrestes,

Gradivumque patrem, Geticis qui praefidet arvis, 35

Rite secundarent visus, omenque levarent.

Tertia sed postquam majore hastilia nisu

Aggredior, genibusque adversae obluctor arenae ;

Eloquar, an fileam ? gemitus lacrymabilis imo

Auditur tumulo, et vox reddit a fertur ad aures : 40

34. *When lo! a horrid prodigy]* If there be any instance (says Mr. Addison) in the *Aeneid*, liable to exception, it is in the beginning of the third book, where *Aeneas* is represented as tearing up the myrtle that dropped blood. This circumstance seems to have the marvellous without the probable, because it is represented as proceeding from natural causes, without the interposition of any god, or rather supernatural power, capable of producing it. Mr. Warburton's answer to this objection is admirable : "When this amiable writer, says he, made this remark, he appears not to have recollect'd what *Aeneas* says on the occasion :

— Nymphas venerabar agrestes,
Gradivumque patrem, Geticis qui praefidet arvis,
Rite secundarent visus, omenque levarent.

Now these kind of omens, for there were two sorts, were always supposed to be produced by the intervention of a supernatural power ; as was the raining of blood so frequently related by the Roman annalists. And the poet was certainly within the bounds of the probable, while he told no more than what the gravest historians recorded in every page of their annals. But this was not done to make us stare. He is, as we observe, in a legislative capacity, and writes to

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When lo ! a horrid prodigy I see ;
 For scarce my hands had wrench'd the rooted tree, 35
 When, from the fibres, drops of crimson gore
 Ran trickling down, and stain'd the sable shore.
 Amaz'd, I shook with horror and affright,
 My blood all curdled at the dreadful sight ;
 Curious the latent causes to explore, 40
 With trembling hands a second plant I tore ;
 That second wounded plant distill'd around
 Red drops of blood, and sprinkled all the ground.
 Rack'd with a thousand fears, devout I bow'd
 To every nymph, and Thracia's guardian god. 45
 These omens to avert by pow'r divine,
 And kindly grant a more auspicious sign.
 But when once more we tug'd with toiling hands,
 And eager bent my knees against the sands ;
 Live I to speake it ?—from the tomb I hear 50
 A hollow groan, that shock'd my trembling ear.

posses the people of the interposition of the gods, in omens and prodigies ; which was in the method of the old law-givers. So Plutarch tells us, that with divinations and omens, Lycurgus sanctified the Lacedemonians, Numa the Romans, Ion the Athenians, and Deucalion all the Greeks in general ; and by hopes and fears kept up in them the awe and reverence of religion. The scene of this adventure is laid, with the utmost propriety on the uncivilized inhospitable shores of Thrace, to inspire horror for barbarous manners, and an inclination and appetite for civil policy."

Divine Legation, book ii. sect. 4.

This marvellous story was particularly pleasing to the wild imaginations of the Italian poets: Tasso has closely imitated it, book xiii. stanza 41, &c. And Ariosto, in the transformation of Astolfo; from whom their disciple Spenser hath copied it, canto ii. stanza 30. of the Fairy Queen.

51. *A hollow groan,*] The only way to judge truly of the ancients,

Quid miserum, Aenea, laceras ? jam parce sepulto ;
 Parce pias scelerare manus, non me tibi Troja
 Externum tulit : haud cruor hic de stipite manat.
 Heu ! fuge crudeles terras, fuge litus avarum.
 Nam Polydorus ego. hic confixum ferrea textit 45
 Telorum seges, et jaculis increvit acutis.
 Tum vero ancipiti mentem formidine pressus
 Obstupui, steteruntque comae, et vox faucibus haesit.
 Hunc Polydorum auri quondam cum pondere magno
 Infelix Priamus furtim mandarat alendum 50
 Threicio regi ; cum jam diffideret armis
 Dardaniae, cinqüe urbem obsidione videret.
 Ille, ut opes fractae Teucrūm, et fortuna receffit,
 Res Agamemnonias victoriaque arma secutus,
 Fas omne abrumpit, Polydorum obtruncat, et auro 55
 Vi potitur. quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
 Auri sacra fames ? postquam pavor ossa reliquit,
 Delectos populi ad proceres, primumque parentem,

ancients, in points that are purely ancient ; is to imagine ourselves in their places, with the same sort of ideas they had, and the same circumstances of things about us. As we can very seldom do this, we are very often mistaken about them.

I cannot say that I approve this passage ; but is not the fault in myself ? Would it have shock'd me had I been born a Roman, in the time of Augustus, and had read it soon after the *Æneid* was publish'd ?

They stock'd every thing with divinities and intelligencies : there was not a river, a lake, a grot, or a grove without them. These were not poetical ornaments, but the real objects of the belief and religion of the common people, and the profess'd religion of the great.

When they believ'd every grove, and every tuft of trees, to

How can thy pious hands, Æneas, rend
The bury'd body of thy hapless friend ?
This stream that trickles from the wounded tree
Is Trojan blood, and once ally'd to thee. 55
Ah ! fly this barbarous land, this guilty shore,
Fly, fly the fate of murder'd Polydore.
This grove of lances, from my body slain,
Now blooms with vegetable life again.

Then, as amaz'd in deep suspense I hung, 60
Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chain'd my tongue.
Ill-fated Priam, when the Grecian pow'rs
With a close siege begirt the Dardan tow'rs,
No more confiding in the strength of Troy,
Sent to the Thracian prince the hapless boy, 65
With mighty treasures, to support him there,
Remov'd from all the dangers of the war.
This wretch, when Ilion's better fortunes cease,
Clos'd with the proud victorious arms of Greece ;
Broke thro' all sacred laws, and uncontroll'd 70
Destroy'd his royal charge, to seize the gold.

to have some particular divinities belonging to it ; it was but one step further to entertain the notion of intelligences vitally annex'd to a tree, which was their receiv'd notion of the Hamadryades. See Bayle, Art. HAMAD.

These stories of Daphne, Phaeton's sisters, &c. were known stories too, and tolerably well believ'd by the most believing part of mankind, the vulgar.

There is even an ambassador in Livy, that treats a consecrated tree in general, as an intelligent being, and as a deity. *Tum ex legatis unus abiens, "Et haec (inquit) sacrata quercus, et quicquid deorum est, audiant foedus a vobis ruptum."* Lib. iii. 25. SPENCE.

Monstra deūm refero, et quae sit sententia, posco.
 Omnibus idem animus scelerata excedere terra, 60
 Linquere pollutum hospitium, et dare classibus austros.
 Ergo instauramus Polydoro funus, et ingens
 Aggeritur tumulo tellus: stant manibus aerae,
 Coeruleis moestae vittis atraque cupresso;
 Et circum Iliades crinem de more solutae. 65
 Inferimus tepido spumantia cymbia lacte,
 Sanguinis et sacri pateras; animamque sepulcro
 Condimus, et magna supremum voce ciemus.
 Inde, ubi prima fides pelago, placataque venti
 Dant maria, et lenis crepitans vocat austus in altum,
 Deducunt socii naves, et litora complent.
 Provehimur portu, terraque urbesque recedunt.

72. *Curs'd gold!]* This sententious acclamation is very judiciously placed by the poet, and may exemplify that just and elegant rule of Petronius: *Curandum est, ne sententiae emineant extra corpus orationis expressiae, sed intexto vestibus colore niteant: Homerus testis, et Lyrici, Romanusque Virgilius.* This poet is indeed admirable in the art and propriety of introducing what the critics call sentences, or moral reflections on life and manners: They should be but sparingly introduced in an epic poem; and require great delicacy, and judgment, in the management of them. The absurdities of Lucan in his *Pharsalia*, and of Seneca in his *tragedies*, are innumerable in this particular; they are perpetually declaiming; and drag in philosophical reflexions, without any propriety, decorum, or regard to the character of the person speaking. Hecuba, overwhelmed with various misfortunes, utters a great many grave and calm sentences, and fine moral reflections on the instability of all human grandeur and honours, whom the poet had just before represented as utterly distracted with grief, and as almost having lost her reason and understanding. See the *Troas* of Seneca, Act I. I cannot for-

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BOOK III. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 195

Curs'd gold! — how high will daring mortals rise
In ev'ry guilt, to reach the glittering prize?
Soon as my soul recover'd from her fears, 75
Before my father and the gather'd peers,
I lay the dreadful omens of the gods;
All vote at once to fly the dire abodes;
To leave th' unhospitable realm behind,
And spread our op'ning canvas to the wind.
But first we paid the rites to Polydore, 80
And rais'd a mighty tomb amid the shore.
Next, to his ghost, adorn'd with cypress boughs
And sable wreaths, two solemn altars rose;
With lamentable cries and hair unbound,
The Trojan dames in order mov'd around. 85
Warm milk and sacred blood in bowls we brought,
To lure the spirit with the mingled draught;
Compos'd the soul; and, with a dismal knell,
Took thrice the melancholy last farewell.

bear adding a rule of Bossu. The best remedy to cure these indecencies and improprieties is, to imagine we hear the true persons talking naturally together; and to suppose ourselves in their places, and see what we ourselves would say on such and such an occasion. By this means a man will learn to use sentences seldom, and to retrench those that being not necessary to raise the idea of what he would represent, are only dress'd up for a show. He will likewise learn to strip a great many thoughts of that pompous air, which forms a general precept out of a trifle. And he will say upon these occasions; I command you to speak; do you obey: and not, like Seneca, He that does not speak when commanded, does not do as we commanded him. Some modern writers that may be named, might profit if they consider'd this Remark, especially the generality of our tragedy writers.

196 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. III.

Sacra mari colitur medio gratissima tellus
 Nereidum matri et Neptuno Aegaeo:
 Quam pius Arcitenens, oras et litora circum 75
 Errantem, Gyaro celsa Myconoque revinxit,
 Immotamque coli dedit, et contemnere ventos.
 Huc feror: haec fessos tuto placidissima portu
 Accipit. egressi veneramur Apollinis urbem.
 Rex Anius, rex idem hominum Phoebique sacerdos, 80
 Vittis et sacra redimitus tempora lauro,
 Occurrit: veterem Anchisen agnoscit amicum.
 Jungimus hospitio dextras, et tecta subimus.
 Templis dei saxo venerabam structa vetusto.
 Da propriam, Thymbraee, domum, da moenia fessis,
 Et genus, et mansuram urbem. serva altera Trojae 86
 Pergama, reliquias Danaum atque immitis Achillei.
 Quem sequimur? quove ire jubes? ubi ponere sedes?

115. *Grant, o Thymbraean God,*] The poet makes here no mention of sacrifices or immolations. The reason is, because they never killed any animals on the altars of Delos. Pythagoras, who held the Metempsychosis, made his vows only, says Tully, at the altars of Delos, as these were never stain'd with blood.

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BOOK II. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 197

Soon as our fleet could trust the smiling sea, 90
And the soft breeze had smooth'd the watry way ;
Call'd by the whisp'ring gales, we rig the ships,
 Crowd round the shores, and launch into the deeps.
Swift from the port our eager course we ply,
And lands and towns roll backward, as we fly. 95

By Doris lov'd, and Ocean's azure god,
Lies a fair isle amid th' Ægean flood ;
Which Phœbus fix'd ; for once he wander'd round
The shores, and floated on the vast profound.
But now unmov'd, the peopled region braves 100
The roaring whirlwinds, and the furious waves.
Safe in her open ports the sacred isle
Receiv'd us, harrass'd with the naval toil.
Our rever'nce due to Phœbus' town we pay,
And holy Anius meets us on the way ; 105
Anius, whose brows the wreaths and laurels grace,
Priest of the god, and sovereign of the place.
Well-pleas'd to see our train the shore ascend,
He flew to meet my fire, his antient friend :
In hospitable guise our hands he prest, 110
Then to the palace led each honour'd guest.
To Phœbus' aged temple I repair,
And suppliant to the god prefer my pray'r :
To wand'ring wretches, who in exile roam,
Grant, o Thymbræan god, a settled home ; 115
Oh ! grant thy suppliants, their long labours past,
A race to flourish, and a town to last ;
Preserve this little second Troy in peace,
Snatch'd from Achilles and the sword of Greece ;

Da, pater, augurium, atque animis illabere nostris.
 Vix ea fatus eram: tremere omnia visa repente, 90
 Liminaque, laurusque dei; totusque moveri
 Mons circum, et mugire adytis cortina reclusis.
 Submissi petimus terram, et vox fertur ad aures:
 Dardanidae duri, quae vos a stirpe parentum
 Prima tulit tellus, eadem vos ubere laeto 95
 Accipiet reduces. antiquam exquirite matrem.
 Hic domus Aeneae cunctis dominabitur oris,
 Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.
 Haec Phoebus: mixtoque ingens exorta tumultu
 Laetitia; et cuncti, quae sunt ea moenia, quaerunt;
 Quo Phoebus vocet errantes, jubeatque reverti. 101
 Tum genitor, veterum volvens monumenta virorum,
 Audite, o proceres, ait, et spes discite vestras.
 Creta Jovis magni medio jacet insula ponto,
 Mons Idaeus ubi, et gentis cunabula nostrae. 105
 Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna:

134. *When the wide world,*] These two lines in the original are translated literally from Homer, Il. xx. 307. except that Virgil says *cunctis oris*, and Homer *τεμίσσων αράξι*. Hence it is conjectured that Æneas did really never come into Italy. The learned M. Bochart has supported this opinion in a curious dissertation, added to M. Segrais' translation of Virgil.

BOOK III. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 199

Vouchsafe, great father, some auspicious sign; 120
And oh! inform us with thy light divine,
Where lies our way? and what auspicious guide,
To foreign realms shall lead us o'er the tide?

Sudden, the dire alarm the temple took;
The laurels, gates, and lofty mountains shook. 125
Burst with a dreadful roar, the veils display
The hallow'd tripods in the face of day.
Humbled we fell; then, prostrate on the ground,
We hear these accents in an awful sound:
Ye valiant sons of Troy, the land that bore 130
Your mighty ancestors to light before,
Once more their great descendants shall embrace;
Go---seek the ancient mother of your race.
There the wide world, Æneas' house shall sway,
And down from son to son, th' imperial power convey.

Thus Phœbus spoke; and joy tumultuous fir'd 136
The thronging crowds; and eager all enquir'd,
What realm, what town, his oracles ordain,
Where the kind god would fix the wand'ring train?
Then in his mind my fire revolving o'er 140
The long, long records of the times before;
Learn, ye assembled peers, he cries, from me,
The happy realm the laws of fate decree;
Fair Crete sublimely tow'rs amid the floods,
Proud nurse of Jove, the sovereign of the gods. 145
There antient Ida stands, and thence we trace
The first memorials of the Trojan race;
A hundred cities the blest isle contains,
And boasts a vast extent of fruitful plains.

Maximus unde pater, si rite audita recordor,
 Teucrus Rhoeteas primum est adve^ctus in oras,
 Optavitque locum regno. nondum Ilium et arces
 Pergameae steterant: habitabant vallibus imis. 110
 Hinc mater cultrix Cybele, Corybantiaque aera,
 Idaeumque nemus: hinc fida silentia sacris,
 Et juncti currum dominae subiere leones.
 Ergo agite, et, divum ducunt qua iussa, sequamur:
 Placemus ventos, et Gno^{ss}ia regna petamus. 115
 Nec longo distant cursu: modo Jupiter adsit,
 Tertia lux classem Cretaeis sistit in oris.
 Sic satus, meritos aris mactavit honores;
 Taurum Neptuno, taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo,
 Nigram hiemi pecudem, zephyris felicibus albam. 120
 Fama volat, pulsum regnis cessisse paternis
 Idomenea ducem, desertaque litora Cretae,
 Hoste vacare domos, sedesque adstare relictas.
 Linquimus Ortygiae portus, pelagoque volamus,
 Bacchatamque jugis Naxon, viridemque Donysam, 125

157. *Hence her loud cymbals,*] There is a fine passage in the second book of Lucretius, in which he accounts for the fable of Cybele, and describes her worship at the same time.

Hanc veteres Graiūm docti cecinere poetae,
 Sublimem in currū bijugos agitare leones;
 Aeris in spatio magnam pendere docentes
 Tellurem; neque posse in terrā sistere terram:
 Adjunxere feras; quia, quamvis effera, proles
 Officiis debet molliri victa parentū:
 Muralique caput summum cinxere coronā,
 Eximiis munita locis quod sustinet urbes:
 Quo nunc insigni per magnas praedita terras
 Horrifice fertur divinae matris imago. Lib. II. 900.

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BOOK III. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 208

Hence our fam'd ancestor old Teucer bore 150

His course, and gain'd the fair Rhætean shore,

There the great chief the seat of empire chose,

Before proud Troy's majestic structures rose;

Till then, if rightly I record the tale,

Our old forefathers till'd the lowly vale. 155

From hence arriv'd the mother of the gods,

Hence her loud cymbals and her sacred woods:

Hence, at her rites religious silence reigns,

And lions whirl her chariot o'er the plains.

Then fly we speedy where the gods command, 160

Appease the winds, and seek the Cretan land:

Nor distant is the shore; if Jove but smile,

Three days shall waft us to the blissful isle.

This said; he slays the victims due, and loads

In haste the smoaking altars of the gods. 165

A bull to Phœbus, and a bull was slain

To thee, great Neptune, monarch of the main:

A milk white ewe to ev'ry western breeze,

A black, to ev'ry storm that sweeps the seas.

Now fame reports Idomeneus' retreat, 170

Expell'd and banish'd from the throne of Crete;

Free from the foe the vacant region lay:

We leave the Delian shore, and plow the watry way.

By fruitful Naxos, o'er the flood we fly,

Where to the Bacchanals the hills reply; 175

I cannot forbear adding, that the poem of Catullus, who introduces Atys a priest of Cybele struck with madness by this goddess, abounds with some of the strongest strokes of passion, and true poetic enthusiasm, of any thing the Roman poetry has left us.

175. *Where to the Bacchanals the hills reply,*] The transla-

tor

202 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. III.

Olearon, niveamque Paron, sparsaque per aequor
 Cycladas, et crebris legimus freta confita terris.
 Nauticus exoritur vario certamine clamor.
 Hortantur socii, Cretam proavosque petamus.
 Prosequitur surgens a puppi ventus euntes, 130
 Et tandem antiquis Curetum allabimur oris.
 Ergo avidus muros optatae molior urbis,
 Pergameamque voco. et laetam cognomine gentem
 Hortor amare focos, arcemque attollere tectis.
 Jamque fere siccō subductae litore puppes, 135
 Connubiis arvisque novis operata juventus :
 Jura domosque dabam; subito cum tabida membris,
 Corrupto coeli tractu, miserandaque venit
 Arboribusque satisque lues, et lethifer annus.
 Linquebant dulces animas, aut aegra trahebant 140
 Corpora. tum steriles exurere Sirius agros.
 Arebant herbae et victum seges aegra negabat.
 Rursus ad oraculum Ortygiae Phœbumque remenso
 Hortatur pater ire mari, veniamque precari :

tor in this and the following lines hath enlarged a little, (tho' very justifiably) and by adding a few descriptive epithets (glittering rocks appear, clustering islands, &c.) hath given us a beautiful landscape of every different island and country that the navy passed by, and hath convey'd as full images of the whole scene as if we had viewed it from one of Æneas his ships.

177. *Where, white in air,*] Lord Sandwich said to a gentleman, from whom I had it; " That when he past by the " island of Paros, several parts of it look'd as white to him, " as the rising grounds about Turin, then covered with " snow; " when he was there, in the year 1740.

196. *On corn and trees the dreadful pest began,*] The pro-
 gress

BOOK III. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 203

By green Donyfa next and Paros steer,
Where, white in air, her glitt'ring rocks appear.
Thence through the Cyclades the navy glides,
Whose clus'ring islands stud the silver tides.

Loud shout the sailors, and to Crete we fly ; 180
To Crete our country, was the general cry.
Swift shoots the fleet before the driving blast,
And on the Cretan shore descends at last.

With eager speed I frame a town, and call
From antient Pergamus the rising wall. 185

Pleas'd with the name, my Trojans I command
To raise strong tow'rs, and settle in the land.
Soon as our lusty youth the fleet could moor,
And draw the vessels on the sandy shore,
Some join the nuptial bands : with busy toil 190
Their fellows plow the new-discover'd soil.
To frame impartial laws I bend my cares,
Allot the dwellings, and assign the shares.

When lo ! from standing air and poison'd skies,
A suden plague with dire contagion flies. 195
On corn and trees the dreadful pest began ;
And last the fierce infection seiz'd on man.

They breathe their souls in air ; or drag with pain
Their lives, now lengthen'd out for woes, in vain ;
Their wonted food the blasted fields deny, 200
And the red dog-star fires the sultry sky.
My fire advis'd, to measure back the main,
Consult, and beg the Delian god again

grefs of this contagion is marked out according to the best
philosophical and physical notions.

Quem fessis finem rebus ferat; unde laborum 145
 Tentare auxilium jubeat; quo vertere cursus.
 Nox erat, et terris animalia somnus habebat.
 Effigies sacrae divum, Phrygique Penates,
 Quos mecum a Troja, mediisque ex ignibus urbis
 Extuleram, vix ante oculos aditare jacentis 150
 In somnis, multo manifesti lumine, qua se
 Plena per insertas fundebat luna fenestras.
 Tum sic affari, et cūras his demere dictis:
 Quod tibi delato Ortygiā dicturus Apollo est,
 Hic canit, et tua nos, enī, ultro ad limina mittit. 155
 Nos te, Dardania incensa, tuaque arma secuti;
 Nos tumidum sub te permensi classibus aequor;
 Idem venturos tollemus in astra nepotes,
 Imperiumque urbi dabimus. tu moenia magnis
 Magna para, longumque fugae ne linque laborem. 160
 Mutandae sedes. non haec tibi litora suasit
 Delius, aut Cretae jussit confidere Apollo.
 Est locus, Hesperiam Graii cognomine dicunt;
 Terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glebae.
 Oenotrii coluere viri: nunc fama, minores 165
 Italianam dixisse, ducis de nomine, gentem.
 Hae nobis propriae sedes; hinc Dardanus ortus,

211. *And stone distinct, &c.]* As to the difficulties of the word *insertas* applied to *fenestras*; (in the original) *insertas* for *inseratas* according to Servius seems very harsh; and *per insertas fenestras*, for *insertim per fenestras* according to La Cerda, is more forced and unnatural than the other. And therefore I like it, with Turnebus, in it's plain literal sense; in
 which

BOOK III. VIRGIL's ENEID. 205

To end our woes, his succour to display,
And to our wand'rings point the certain way. 205

'Twas night ; soft slumbers had the world possest,
When, as I lay compos'd in pleasing rest,
Those gods I bore from flaming Troy, arise
In awful figures to my wond'ring eyes :
Close at my couch they stood, divinely bright, 210
And shone distinct by Cynthia's gleaming light,
Then, to dispell the cares that rack'd my breast,
These words the visionary pow'r's address :

Those truths the god in Delos would repeat,
By us, his envoys, he unfolds in Crete; 215
By us, companions of thy arms and thee,
From flaming Ilion o'er the swelling sea.
Led by our care, shall thy descendants rise,
The world's majestic monarchs, to the skies.
Then build thy city for imperial sway, 220
And boldly take the long laborious way.
Forsake this region ; for the Delian pow'r
Affign'd not for thy seat the Gnoissan shore.
Once by Oenotrians till'd, there lies a place,
'Twas call'd Hesperia by the Grecian race ; 225
For martial deeds and fruits renown'd by fame ;
But since, Italia, from the leader's name.
These are the native realms the fates affign ;
Hence rose the fathers of the Trojan line ;
The great Iäsius, sprung from heaven above, 230
And antient Dardanus, deriv'd from Jove.

which there is no difficulty at all. For what can be more proper, than *fenestra inserta parieti?* TRAPP.

Iasiusque pater, genus a quo principe nostrum.
 Surge age, et haec laetus longaevo dicta parenti
 Haud dubitanda refer. Coritum, terrasque require 170
 Ausonias. Dictaea negat tibi Jupiter arva.
 Talibus attonitus visis ac voce deorum,
 (Nec sopor illud erat; sed coram agnoscere vultus,
 Velatasque comas, praesentiaque ora videbar :
 Tum gelidus toto manabat corpore sudor) 175
 Corripio e stratis corpus, tendoque supinas
 Ad coelum cum voce manus, et munera libo
 Intemerata focis. perfecto laetus honore
 Anchisen facio certum, remque ordine pando.
 Agnovit prolem ambiguam, geminosque parentes, 180
 Seque novo veterum deceptum errore locorum.
 Tum memorat: nate, Iliacis exercite fatis,
 Sola mihi tales casus Cassandra canebat.
 Nunc repeto haec generi portendere debita nostro,
 Et saepe Hesperiam, saepe Itala regna vocare. 185
 Sed quis ad Hesperiae venturos litora Teucros
 Crederet? aut quem tum vates Cassandra moveret?
 Cedamus Phœbo, et moniti meliora sequamur.
 Sic ait: et cuncti dictis paremus ovantes.
 Hanc quoque deserimus sedem, paucisque relictis 190
 Vela damus, vastumque cava trabe currimus aequor.

BOOK III. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 207

Rise then, in haste these joyful tidings bear,
These truths unquestion'd to thy father's ear.
Begone---the fair Ausonian realms explore,
For Jove himself denies the Cretan shore. 235

Struck with the voice divine, and awful sight,
No common dream, or vision of the night ;
I saw the wreaths, their features ; and a stream
Of trickling sweat ran down from every limb.
I started from my bed, and rais'd on high 240
My hands and voice in rapture to the sky.
Then (to our gods the due oblations paid)
The scene divine before my fire I laid.
He owns his error of each antient place,
Our two great founders, and the double race. 245

My son, he cry'd, whom adverse fates employ,
Oh ! exercis'd in all the woes of Troy !
Now I reflect, Cassandra's word divine
Assign'd these regions to the Dardan line.
But who surmiz'd, the sons of Troy should come 250
To fair Hesperia from their distant home ?
Or who gave credit to Cassandra's strain,
Doom'd by the fates to prophesy in vain ?
Pursue we now a surer, safer road,
By Phœbus pointed, and obey the god. 255
Glad we comply, and leave a few behind ;
Then spread our sails to catch the driving wind ;
Forsake this realm ; the sparkling waves divide,
And the swift vessels shoot along the tide.

Postquam altum tenuere rates, nec jam amplios ullae
 Apparent terrae; coelum undique et undique pontus:
 Tum mihi coeruleus supra caput adstitit imber,
 Noctem hiememque ferens; et inhorruit unda tenebris.
 Continuo venti volvunt mare, magnaque surgunt 196
 Aequora, dispersi jactamus gurgite vasto.
 Involvere diem nimbi, et nox humida coelum
 Abstulit, ingeminant abruptis nubibus ignes.
 Excutimur cursu, et caecis erramus in undis. 200
 Ipse diem noctemque negat discernere coelo,
 Nec meminisse viae media Palinurus in unda.
 Tres adeo incertos caeca caligine soles
 Erramus pelago; totidem sine sidere noctes.
 Quarto terra die primum se attollere tandem 205
 Visa, aperire procul montes, ac volvere fumum.
 Vela cadunt, remis insurgimus: haud mora, nautae
 Adnixi torquent spumas, et coerulea verrunt.
 Servatum ex undis Strophadum me litora primum
 Accipiunt, Strophades Graio stant nomine dictae 210
 Insulae Ionio in magno: quas dira Celaeno,
 Harpyiaeque colunt aliae, Phineia postquam

263. *When black'ning by degrees,*] We have here a description of a second tempest. It is to be observed that it is entirely different from that in the first book. By describing the same subject with new circumstances, the poet admirably displays the fruitfulness of his invention. CATROU, and SEGRAIS.

287. *From Phineus' palace;* Phineus was a king of Thrace; or, as some say, of Arcadia. He ordered the eyes of his two sons to be torn out, to satisfy their mother-in law. The gods punished his cruelty; they struck him with blindness, and sent the Harpies to him, which took the meat from his mouth. The Argonauts arrived in his country, and

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Now vanish'd from our eyes the lessening ground ;
And all the wide horizon stretching round,
Above was sky, beneath was sea profound :
When, black'ning by degrees, a gathering cloud,
Charg'd with big storms, frown'd dreadful o'er the flood,
And darken'd all the main ; the whirlwinds roar, 265
And roll the waves in mountains to the shore.

Snatch'd by the furious gust, the vessels keep
Their road no more, but scatter o'er the deep :
The thunders roll, the fork'y lightnings fly ;
And in a burst of rain descends the sky. 270

Far from our course was dash'd the navy wide,
And dark we wander o'er the toffing tide.

Not skilful Palinure in such a sea,
So black with storms, distinguish'd night from day ;
Nor knew to turn the helm, or point the way. 275

Three nights, without one guiding star in view,
Three days, without the sun, the navy flew ;
The fourth, by dawn, the swelling shores we spy,
See the thin smokes, that melt into the sky,
And bleuish hills just opening on the eye. 280

We furl the sails, with bending oars divide
The flashing waves, and sweep the foamy tide.

Safe from the storm the Strophades I gain,
Incircled by the vast Ionian main,
Where dwelt Celæno with her harpy train ; 285

Since Boreas' sons had chac'd the direful guests
From Phineus' palace, and their wonted feasts.

and amongst them Zetes and Calaïs, the sons of Boreas.
These two winged princes delivered Phineas from the Har-
pies, who had almost starv'd him ; and pursued them to

Clausa domus, mensasque metu liquere priores.
 Tristius haud illis monstrum, nec saevior ulla
 Pestis et ira deum Stygiis sese extulit undis. 215
 Virginei voluerum vultus, foedissima ventris
 Proluvies, incaeque manus, et pallida semper
 Ora fame. Huc ubi delati portus intravimus; ecce
 Laeta boum passim campis armenta videmus, 220
 Caprigenumque pecus, nullo custode, per herbas.
 Irruiimus ferro, et divos ipsumque vocamus
 In praedam partemque Jovem. t: n litore curvo
 Extriuimusque toros, dapibusque epulamur optimis.
 At subitae hotrifico lapsu de montibus adsunt. 225
 Harpyiae, et magnis quatunt clangoribus alas,
 Diripiuntque dapes, contactaque omnia foedant
 Immundo: tum vox teturum dira inter odorem.
 Rursum in secessu longo sub rupe cavata,
 Arboribus clausi circum atque horrentibus umbris, 230
 Instruimus mensas, arisque reponimus ignem.

the Strophades, where they gave over the pursuit. Apollonius has finely enlarged on this fable in his Argonautics, book ii. These Harpies were called out of hell, and seem'd to have been of the number of the Furies, a permission was given them to dwell on earth, to punish the wicked; by which the poets would represent to us the remorse of a bad conscience.

CATROU.

303. *The monster Harpies*] The greatest part of the events included in the Æneid, are to be found in Dionysius of Halicarnassus. He mentions with accuracy the course of the navigation of Æneas. He does not omit the fable of the Harpies, the predictions uttered by Celænus, the eating up of the cakes, &c. As to the metamorphoses of the ships into nymphs, if Dionysius does not mention it, Virgil himself takes

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BOOK III. VIRGIL's AENEID. 211

But fiends to scourge mankind, so fierce, so fell,
Heav'n never summon'd from the depths of hell :
Bloated and gorg'd with prey, with wombs obscene; 290
Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean ;
A virgin face, with wings and hooky claws ;
Death in their eyes, and famine in their jaws.

The port we enter'd, and with joy beheld
Huge herds of oxen graze the verdant field, 295
And feeding flocks of goats, without a swain,
That range at large, and bound along the plain ;
We seize, we slay, and to the copious feast
Call every god, and Jove himself a guest.
Then on the winding shore the tables plac'd, 300
And fate indulging in the rich repast ;
When from the mountains, terrible to view,
On sounding wings the monster Harpyes flew.
They taint the banquet with their touch abhor'd,
Or snatch the smoaking viands from the board. 305
A stench offensive follows where they fly,
And loud they scream, and raise a dreadful cry.
Thence to a cavern'd rock the train remove,
And the close shelter of a shady grove ;
Once more prepare the feast, the tables raise ; 310
Once more with fires the loaded altars blaze.

takes care to justify such an absurdity, by telling us, that it was an ancient tradition :

Prisca fides facto, sed fama perennis —
If seems that Virgil, ashamed of such a fairy tale, hath a mind to excuse it by the common belief.

Many passages in Virgil considered in this view, are entirely vindicated against his critics, whose good sense was misled in that particular, by their inattention.

VOLTAIRE on epic poetry, p. 37.

Rursum ex diverso coeli caecisque latebris,
 Turba sonans praedam pedibus circumvolat uncis ;
 Polluit ore dapes. sociis tunc, arma capestant,
 Edico, et dira bellum cum gente gerendum. 235
 Haud secus ac iussi faciunt, tectosque per herbam
 Disponunt enses, et scuta latentia condunt.
 Ergo ubi delapse sonitum per curva dedere
 Litora ; dat signum specula Misenus ab alta
 Aere cavo : invadunt socii, et nova praelia tentant, 240
 Obscoenas pelagi ferro foedare volucres.
 Sed neque vim plumis ullam, nec vulnera tergo
 Accipiunt ; celerique fuga sub sidera lapsae,
 Semesam praedam et vestigia foeda relinquunt.
 Una in praecelsa consedit rupe Celaeno 245
 Infelix vates, rupitque hanc pectore vocem :
 Bellum etiam pro caede boum stratisque juvencis,
 Laomedontiadae, bellumne inferre paratis,
 Et patrio insontes Harpyias pellere regno ?
 Accipite ergo, animis atque haec mea figite dicta : 250
 Quae Phoebo pater omnipotens, mihi Phoebus Apollo
 Praedixit, vobis Furiarum ego maxima pando.
 Italianam cursu petitis, ventisque vocatis
 Ibitis Italianam, portusque intrare licebit :

BOOK III. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 213

Again the fiends from their dark covert fly,
But from a different quarter of the sky ;
With loathsome claws they snatch the food away,
Scream o'er our heads, and poison all the prey. 315

Enrag'd, I bid my train their arms prepare,
And with the direful monsters wage the war.
Close in the grass, observant of the word,
They hide the shining shield, and gleaming sword.
Then, as the Harpies from the hills once more 320
Pour'd shrieking down, and crowded round the shore,
On his high stand Misenus sounds from far
The brazen trump, the signal of the war.

With unaccustom'd fight we flew, to slay
The forms obscene, dread monsters of the sea. 325
But proof to steel their hides and plumes remain ;
We strike th' impenetrable fiends in vain,
Who from the fragments wing th' aerial way,
And leave, involv'd in stench, the mangled prey ;
All but Celæno ;--from a pointed rock 330

Where perch'd she sat, the boding Fury spoke :
Then was it not enough, ye sons of Troy,
Our flocks to slaughter, and our herds destroy ?
But war, shall impious war your wrongs maintain,
And drive the Harpies from their native reign ? 335
Hear then your dreadful doom with due regard,
Which mighty Jove to Phœbus has declar'd ;
Which Phœbus open'd to Celæno's view,
And I, the Furies queen, unfold to you.
To promis'd Italy your course you ply, 340

And safe to Italy at length shall fly ;

Sed non ante datam cingetis moenibus urbem, 255

Quam vos dira fames, nostraque injuria caedis,

Ambras subigat malis absumere mensas.

Dixit, et in sylvam pennis ablata, refugit,

At sociis subita gelidus formidine sanguis

Dirigit: cecidere animi; nec jam amplius armis, 260

Sed votis precibusque jubent exposcere pacem,

Sive deae, seu sint dirae obscoenaeque volucres.

At pater Anchises, passis de litore palmis

Numina magna vocat, meritosque indicit honores.

Di, prohibite minas, di, talem avertite casum, 265

Et placidi servate pios. tum litore funem

Deripere, excusosque jubet laxare rudentes.

Tendunt vela noti: fugimus spumantibus undis,

Qua cursum ventusque gubernatorque vocabant.

Jam medio appetet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthos, 270

Dulichiumque, Sameque, et Neritos ardea saxis.

Effugimus scopulos Ithacae, Laertia regna,

Et terram altricem saevi execravimus Ulysseni.

Mox et Leucatae nimbosa cacumina montis,

345. *Those very boards]* It was an historical tradition, reported by D. of Halicarnassus and Strabo, that Aeneas had been warned by the oracle, that they should not be established in Italy till after having been reduced to eat his own tables. Varro relates that Virgil received this prediction in the forest of Dodona. Virgil manages this adventure like a true poet; and he puts this oracle into the mouth of an Harpy. It here makes a fine episode. We shall see by and by the completion of this prophecy, which now detains the mind of the reader in suspense.

CATROU.

365. *Rough Ithaca we shun, a rocky shore.]* To express his contempt of the barrenness of Ithaca, Aeneas calls it Scopulos Ithacæ, the rocks of Ithaca; and adds Laertia regna, as if those fruitless rocks were the boundaries of this kingdom.

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But never, never raise your city there,
 'Till, in due vengeance for the wrongs we bear,
 Imperious hunger urge you to devour
 Those very boards on which you fed before. 345

She ceas'd, and fled into the gloomy wood.
 With hearts dejected my companions stood,
 And sudden horrors froze their curdling blood.
 Down drop the shield and spear; from fight we cease,
 And humbly sue by suppliant vows for peace; 350
 And whether goddesses, or fiends from hell,
 Prostrate before the monstrous forms we fell.
 But old Anchises, by the beating floods,
 Invok'd with sacrifice th' immortal gods;
 And rais'd his hands and voice:—ye pow'rs divine, 355
 Avert these woes, and spare a righteous line.
 Then he commands to cut the cords away;
 With southern gales we plow the foamy sea.
 And, where the friendly breeze or pilot guides,
 With flying sails we stem the murmuring tides. 360

Now, high in view, amid the circling floods
 We ken Zacinthus crown'd with waving woods.
 Dulichian coasts, and Samian hills we spy,
 And proud Neritos tow'ring in the sky.
 Rough Ithaca we shun, a rocky shore, 365
 And curse the land that dire Ulysses bore.

Then dim Leucate swell'd to sight, who shrouds
 His tall aerial brow in ambient clouds;

dom. The terms execramur et saevi Ulysses are very properly applied by the poet, to intimate his hero's detestation of so great an enemy to the Trojans as Ulysses.

Et formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo. 275
 Hunc petimus fessi, et parvae succedimus urbi.
 Anchora de prora jacitur, stant litore puppes.
 Ergo insperata tandem tellure potiti,
 Lustramurque Jovi, votisque incendimus aras ;
 Actaque Iliacis celebramus litora ludis. 280
 Exercent patrias oleo labente palaestras
 Nudati socii, juvat evasisse tot urbes
 Argolicas, mediosque fugam tenuisse per hostes.
 Interea magnum sol circumvolvitur annum,
 Et glacialis hiems aquilonibusasperat undas. 285
 Aere cavo clypeum, magni gestamen Abantis,
 Postibus adversis figo, et rem carmine signo :
Aeneas hact de Danais viatoribus arma.
 Linquere tum portus jubeo, et considere transtris.
 Certatim socii feriunt mare, et aequora verrunt. 290
 Protinus aërias Phaeacum abscondimus arces,
 Litoraque Epiri legimus, portuque subimus
 Chaonio, et celsam Buthroti ascendimus urbem.
 Hic incredibilis rerum fama occupat aures :
 Priamiden Helenum Graias regnare per urbes, 295
 Conjugio Aeacidae Pyrrhi sceptrisque potitum !

377. *On Actian shores*] Nobilitamus Actium promontorium ludis, &c. says Ruæus ; and it may be true, says Dr. Trap, but I rather take it by way of Hypallage, Celebramus ludos littoribus, &c. especially since the change is so easy and natural. Tho' the literal sense is here sufficient ; yet doubtless Virgil had a farther view to the sports afterwards instituted by Augustus, in memory of his victory at Actium.

383. *The warlike Abas*] It is difficult to guess who this Abas might be. He seems however to have been a Grecian slain by Aeneas in combat, from whom he took his buckler. Aeneas fix'd it to the gate of Apollo's temple, with an inscription ;

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Last opens, by degrees, Apollo's fane,
The dread of sailors on the wintry main. 370
To this small town, fatigu'd with toil, we hasten;
The circling anchors from the prows are cast.
Safe to the land beyond our hopes restor'd,
We paid our vows to heaven's almighty lord.
All bright in suppling oil, my friends employ
Their limbs in wrestling, and revive with joy
On Actian shores the solemn games of Troy.
Pleas'd we reflect that we had pass'd in peace
Through foes unnumber'd, and the towns of Greece.

Meantime the sun his annual race performs, 380
And blust'ring Boreas fills the sea with storms;
I hung the brazen buckler on the door,
Which once in fight the warlike Abas bore;
And thus inscrib'd—these arms with blood distain'd,
From conquering Greece the great Æneas gain'd; 385
Then, rous'd at my command, the sailors sweep
And dash with bending oars the sparkling deep.
Soon had we lost Phæacia's sinking tow'rs,
And skimm'd along Epirus' flying shores.
On the Chaonian port at length we fall; 390
Thence we ascend to high Buthrotos' wall.
Astonish'd here a strange report we found,
That Trojan Helenus in Greece was crown'd.
The captive prince, (victorious Pyrrhus dead,)
At once succeeded to his throne and bed; 395

scription; and that even in a Grecian city. This was to let the Grecians understand, that there still remained revengers of Troy. We should observe that this inscription, which is only one line, is (after the manner of ancient inscriptions) the most simple and short imaginable.

Et patrio Andromachen iterum cessisse marito.
Obstupui; miroque incensum pectus amore
Compellare virum, et casus cognoscere tantos.
Progredior portu, classes et litora linquens. 300
Solemnis tum forte dapes et tristia dona
Ante urbem, in luco, falsi Simoëntis ad undam,
Libabat cineri Andromache, manesque vocabat
Hectoreum ad tumulum; viridi quem cespite inanem,
Et geminas, causam lacrymis, sacraverat aras. 305
Ut me conspexit venientem, et Troia circum
Arma amens vidit; magnis exterrita monstris,
Diriguit visu in medio: calor ossa reliquit:
Labitur, et longo vix tandem tempore fatur:
Verane te facies, verus mihi nuncius afferis, 310
Nate dea? vivisne? aut, si lux alma receffit,
Hector ubi est? dixit, lacrymasque effudit, et omnem
Implevit clamore locum, vix pauca furenti
Subjicio, et raris turbatus vocibus hisco:
Vivo euidem, vitamque extrema per omnia duco. 315
Ne dubita, nam vera vides.
Heu! quis te casus dejectam conjuge tanto
Excipit? aut quae digna satis fortuna revisit?

401. *Where a new Simoës*] Helenus and Andromache com-
forted themselves for the loss of Troy, in giving to a river
of Epirus, the name of a Trojan river. CATROU.

402. *By chance Andromache*] This unexpected meeting
with Andromache has an infinite beauty, and must be very
pleasing to the reader: her inexpressible surprize at the
sight of the Trojan arms is naturally painted.

404. *An empty tomb*] The bones of Hector were not de-
posited in this tomb. It was empty, and therefore Virgil
styles it, inanem: it was literally what the Latins called mo-
numenatum. CATROU.

It is probable Catrou might mean Cenotaphium.

And fair Andromache, to Troy restor'd,
Once more was wedded to a Dardan lord.
With eager joy I left the fleet, and went
To hail my royal friends, and learn the strange event.

Before the walls, within a gloomy wood, 400
Where a new Simois roll'd his silver flood;
By chance, Andromache that moment paid
The mournful offerings to her Hector's shade.
A tomb, an empty tomb her hands compose
Of living turf; and two fair altars rose. 405
Sad scene! that still provok'd the tears she shed;
And here the queen invok'd the mighty dead.
When lo! as I advanc'd, and drew more nigh,
She saw my Trojan arms and ensigns fly;
So strange a sight astonish'd to survey, 410
The princefs trembles, falls, and faints away.
Her beauteous frame the vital warmth forsook,
And, scarce recover'd, thus at length she spoke:

Ha!--is it true?--in person? and alive?
Still, dost thou still, oh! goddess-born, survive? 415
Or, if no more thou breathe the vital air,
Where is my lord, my Hector, tell me where?
Then, the big sorrow streaming from her eyes,
She fill'd the air with agonizing cries.
Few words to sooth her raging grief I say, 420
And scarce those few, for sobs, could find their way.

Ah! trust your eyes, no phantoms here impose;
I live indeed, but drag a life of woes.
Say then, oh say, has fortune yet been just
To worth like yours, since Hector sunk in dust? 425

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Hectoris Andromache, Pyrrhin' connubia servas?

Dejecit vultum, et demissa voce locuta est: 320

O felix una ante alias Priameia virgo,

Hostilem ad tumulum Trojae sub moenibus altis

Jussa mori, quae sortitus non pertulit ullos,

Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!

Nos, patria incensa, diversa per aequora vectae, 325

Stirpis Achilleae fastus juvenemque superbum

Servitio enixaet tulimus: qui, deinde fecutus

Ledaean Hermionen, Lacedaemoniosque Hymenaeos,

Me famulo, famulamque Heleno transmisit habendam.

Ast illum, ereptae magno inflammatus amore 330

Conjugis, et scelerum Furiis agitatus, Orestes

Excipit incautum, patriasque obtruncat ad aras.

Morte Neoptolemi regnorum redditia cessit

Pars Heleno; qui Chaonios cognomine campos,

Chaoniamque omnem Trojano a Chaone dixit: 335

Pergamaque, Iliacamque jugis hanc addidit arcem.

427. *To Pyrrhus bed]* These words of Æneas would have been a severe reproach, if Andromache had been mistress of her own fortune. Her slavery rendered her marriage with Pyrrhus excusable; notwithstanding which she is still confused, modestly casts her eyes to the ground, and replies with a low voice; not answering his question directly, but breaking out into that passionate exclamation, *O felix una, &c.* meaning Polyxena, who was sacrificed by the Grecians to appease the ghost of Achilles.

TRAPP and CATROU.

430. *Thrice blest Polyxena]* Polyxena the daughter of Priam and Hecuba, was beloved by Achilles; who, when he came to marry her in the temple of Apollo, was treacherously murdered by Paris during the ceremony of the nuptials. After the sacking of Troy, Achilles's ghost appeared, and demanded that Polyxena should be sacrificed to him: she was accordingly slain upon his tomb by Pyrrhus the son of Achil-

Or oh ! is that great hero's consort led
(His dear Andromache) to Pyrrhus' bed ?
To this, with lowly voice, the fair replies,
While on the ground she fixt her streaming eyes :

Thrice blest Polyxena ! condemn'd to fall 430
By vengeful Greece beneath the Trojan wall ;
Stab'd at Pelides' tomb the victim bled,
To death deliver'd from the victor's bed.
Nor lots disgrac'd her with a chain, like me,
A wretched captive, drag'd from sea to sea ! 435
Doom'd to that hero's haughty heir, I gave
A son to Pyrrhus, more than half a slave.
From me, to fair Hermione he fled
Of Leda's race, and sought a Spartan bed ;
My slighted charms to Helenus resign'd, 440
And in the bridal bands his captives join'd.
But fierce Orestes, by the Furies tost
And mad with vengeance for the bride he lost,
Swift on the monarch from his ambush flew,
And at Apollo's hallow'd altar flew. 445
On Helenus devolv'd (the tyrant slain,)
A portion of the realm, a large domain :
From Chaon's name the fruitful tract he calls,
And from old Pergamus, his growing walls.

les. The Hecuba of Euripides is founded on this subject ; and the description of Polyxena's manner of dying, related by the herald Talthybius in the third act, is very noble.

445. At Apollo's] Upon these lines of Virgil, Racine has built the story of one of his best tragedies called Andromache ; of which we have a translation, with the addition of some original beauties, in the Distrest Mother ; written by Mr. Amb. Phillips. Seneca has a tragedy on the death of Astyanax, stuffed with bombast and unnatural thoughts.

Sed tibi qui cursu[m] venti, quae fata dedere?
 Aut quisnam ignarum nostris deus appulit oris?
 Quid puer Ascanius? superatne, et vescitur aura?
 Quem tibi jam Troja? 340
 Ecquae jam puero est amissae cura parentis?
 Ecquid in antiquam virtutem animosque viriles,
 Et pater Aeneas, et avunculus excitat Hector?

Talia fundebat lacrymans, longosque ciebat
 Incassum fletus: quum sese a moenibus heros 345
 Priamides multis Helenus comitantibus afferit,
 Agnoscitque suos, dactusque ad limina dicit:
 Et multum lacrymas verba inter singula fundit,
 Procedo, et parvam Trojam, simulataque magnis
 Pergama, et arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum 350
 Agnosco, Scaeaeque amplector limina portae.
 Necnon et Teucri socia simul urbe fruuntur.
 Illos porticibus rex accipiebat in amplis,
 Aula*ii* in medio libabant pocula Bacchi,
 Impositis auro dapibus, paterasque tenebant. 355

452. *Does yet Ascanius live?* In the original there is an hemistich follows this line. There are many other breaks or half lines in the *Aeneid*, which of itself, exclusive of other proofs, is sufficient to evince that Virgil did not give the last finishing to this poem. There is not one hemistich in the *Georgics* or *Eclogues* which he left complete; nor in any other old Latin poem, that I know of. The spirit of correctness and exactness, so remarkable in this poet, would certainly have spread itself, if his death had not prevented it, thro' all his works.

458. *The king descends*] Bossu judiciously observes, that the reader of a poem is offended, when that is related to him which he already perfectly knows. This was not so great a fault in Homer's time. Virgil is more exact in this

But oh ! what winds, what fates, what gracious pow'rs,
Led you, unknowing, to these friendly shores ? 451

Does yet Ascanius live, the hope of Troy ? *and other*

Does his fond mother's death afflict the boy ? *and other*

Or glory's charms his little soul inflame, *and other*

To match my Hector's or his father's fame ? 455

So spoke the queen with mingled sobs and cries,
And tears in vain ran trickling from her eyes.

When lo ! in royal pomp the king descends

With a long train, and owns his antient friends.

Then to the town his welcome guests he led ; 460

Tear follow'd tear, at ev'ry word he said.

Here in a foreign region I behold

A little Troy, an image of the old ;

Here creeps along a poor penurious stream,

That fondly bears Scamander's mighty name : 465

A second Scean gate I clasp with joy,

In dear remembrance of the first in Troy.

With me, the monarch bids my friends, and all,

Indulge the banquet in the regal hall,

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this particular. Venus in the first book would not hear Aeneas make a recital of his misfortunes ; she interrup's it to comfort him. And in the third book, when good manners obliged Aeneas to relate his story to Andromache, Helenus comes in very opportunely, and so hinders him from going on with his discourse.

466. *A second Scean gate I clasp'd with joy.*] Those who were going out to banishment, or about to travel into some distant country were wont to embrace the pillars and thresholds of their houses. This they also did at their return. Hence V. Flaccus Arg. b. i.—*Patriaeque amplecti limina portae.*

This custom they practised likewise in the colonies, dependent upon their respective countries.

Jamque dies, alterque dies processit; et aurae
Vela vocant, tumidoque inflatur carbasus austro.
His vatem aggredior dictis, ac talia quaeso:
Trojugena, interpres divum, qui numina Phoebi,
Qui tripodas, Clarii lauros, qui sidera fentis, 360
Et volucrum linguas, et praepetis omina pennae,
Fare age; namque omnem cursum mihi prospera dixit
Relligio; et cuncti suaserunt numine divi
Italiam petere, et terras tentare repostas:
Sola novum dictuque nefas Harpyia Celaeno 365
Prodigium canit, et tristes denuntiat iras,
Obscoenamque famem; quae prima pericula vito?
Quidve sequens, tantos possim superare labores?
Hic Helenus, caesis primum de more juvencis,
Exorat pacem divum: vittasque resolvit 370
Sacrati capit is, meque ad tua limina, Phoebe,
Ipse manu multo suspensum numine ducit;
Atque haec deinde canit divino ex ore sacerdos.
Nate dea; nam te majoribus ire per altum
Auspiciis manifesta fides: sic fata deum rex 375
Sortitur, volvitque vices: is vertitur ordo.

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BOOK III. VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

225

Crown'd with rich wine the foamy goblets hold ; 470
And the vast feast was serv'd in massy gold.

Two days were past, and now the southern gales
Call us aboard, and stretch the swelling sails.
A thousand doubts distract my anxious breast,
And thus the royal prophet I address'd : 475

Oh sacred prince of Troy, to whom 'tis giv'n,
To speak events, and search the will of heav'n,
The secret mind of Phœbus to declare
From laurels, tripods, and from every star ;
To know the voice of every fowl that flies 480
The signs of every wing that beats the skies ;
Instruct me, sacred seer ; since every god,
With each blest omen, bids me plow the flood,
To reach fair Italy, and measure o'er
A length of ocean to the destin'd shore : 485
The Harpy queen, and she alone, relates
A scene of sad unutterable fates,
A dreadful famine sent from heaven on high,
With all the gather'd vengeance of the sky :
Tell me, what dangers I must first oppose, 490
And how o'ercome the mighty weight of woes.

Now, the due victims slain, the king implores
The grace and favour of th' immortal pow'rs ;
Unbinds the fillets from his sacred head,
Then, by the hand, in solemn state he led 495
His trembling guest to Phœbus' fair abode,
Struck with an awful reverence of the god.
At length, with all the sacred fury fir'd,
Thus spoke the prophet, as the god inspir'd :

Patua tibi e multis, quo tutior hospita lustres
 Aequora, et Ausonio possis considere portu,
 Expediam dictis; prohibent nam caetera Parcae
 Scire Helenum, farique vetat Saturnia Juno. 380
 Principio Italiam, quam tu jam rere propinquam
 Vicinosque ignare paras invadere portus,
 Longa procul longis via dividit invia terris.
 Ante et Trinacia lentandus remus in unda,
 Et salis Ausonii lustrandum navibus aequor, 385
 Infernique lacus, Aeacaeque insula Circes,
 Quam tuta possis urbem componere terra.
 Signa tibi dicam; tu condita mente teneto.
 Cum tibi sollicito secreti ad fluminis undam
 Litoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus, 390
 Triginta capitum foetus enixa, jacebit,
 Alba, solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati:
 Is locus urbis erit; requies ea certa laborum.
 Nec tu mensarum morsus horresce futuros:
 Fata viam invenient, aderitque vocatus Apollo. 395

514. *Plunging oars,*] In the original lentandus: i. e. curvandus et flectendus: the oar being lensus, tough, and so made for bending not breaking.

See TRAPP and SERVIUS.

521. *White mother*] This circumstance of finding a white sow and her thirty young ones was founded, according to Varro, upon an antient historical tradition. On their account, Alba, which Ascanius built, had its name and origin. There is no fiction either in the geography, or in the antiquities and origin of the nations mentioned in this third book. Virgil had seen with his own eyes, the seas, the islands, the countries, ports, and cities, thro' which his hero passed. For he himself made the very same voyage, that he describes Æneas to have made, on purpose that he might be more exact in his account. CATROU.

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Since, mighty chief, the deities, your guides, 500
 With prosperous omens waft you o'er the tides,
 Such is the doom of fate, the will of Jove,
 The firm decree of him who reigns above:
 Hear me, of many things, explain a few,
 Your future course with safety to pursue; 505
 And, all these foreign floods and countries past,
 To reach the wish'd Ausonian port at last.
 The rest the fates from Helenus conceal,
 And heav'ns dread queen forbids me to reveal.
 First then, that Italy, that promis'd land, 510
 Tho' thy fond hopes already grasp the strand,
 (Tho' now she seems so near,) a mighty tide,
 And long, long regions from your reach divide.
 Sicilian seas must bend your plunging oars;
 Your fleet must coast the fair Ausonian shores, 515
 And reach the dreadful isle, the dire abode
 Where Circe reigns; and stem the Stygian flood,
 Before your fated city shall ascend.
 Hear then, and these auspicious signs attend:
 When, lost in contemplation deep, you find 520
 A large white mother of the bristly kind,
 With her white brood of thirty young, who drain
 Her swelling dugs, where Tyber bathes the plain:
 There, there, thy town shall rise, my godlike friend,
 And all thy labours find their destin'd end. 525
 Fear then Celaeno's direful threats no more,
 That your fierce hunger shall your boards devour.
 Apollo, when invok'd, will teach the way,
 And fate the mystic riddle shall display.

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Has autem terras, Italique hanc litoris oram,
 Proxima quae nostri perfunditur aequoris aeftu,
 Effuge: cuncta malis habitantur moenia Graiis.
 Hic et Narycii posuerunt moenia Locri,
 Et Salentinos obsedit milite campos 400
 Lyctius Idomeneus: hic illa ducis Meliboei
 Parva Philoctetae subnixa Petilia muro.
 Quin, ubi transmissae steterint trans aequora classes,
 Et positis aris jam vota in litore solves,
 Purpureo velare comas adopertus amictu; 405
 Ne qua inter sanctos ignes in honore deorum
 Hostilis facies occurrat, et omina turbet.
 Hunc socii morem sacrorum, hunc ipse teneto:
 Hac casti maneant in relligione nepotes.
 Ast, ubi digressum Siculae te admoverit orae 410
 Ventus, et angusti rarescent claustra Pelori,
 Laeva tibi tellus, et longo laeva petantur
 Aequora circuitu: dextrum fuge litus et undas.

538. *Here Philoctetes,*] Philoctetes was the son of Pæan, and the companion and friend of Hercules, who gave him in his last moments the famous poisoned arrows; but Philoctetes being unfortunately bit by a serpent in his foot, the wound became very offensive to the camp, and the Grecian army thinking the bite was a punishment from the gods, agreed to send Philoctetes into the solitary island of Lemnos. But the oracle afterwards declaring that Troy could not be taken without the arrows of Hercules, he was brought back again by Ulysses and Neoptolemus; and hearing after Troy was taken, of an insurrection, or rather rebellion of the Meliboei; he came into Italy; and either built, or fortified, Petilia with walls. There is a most beautiful tragedy of Sophocles on the subject of Philoctetes's being brought back to the Grecian army by Ulysses: the substance and capital beauties of which, have been translated by Fenelon, and inserted into the fifteenth book of his *Telemachus*, the last speech

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But these next borders of th' Italian shores, 530

On whose rough rocky sides our ocean roars,

Avoid with caution, for the Grecian train

Possess those realms that stretch along the main.

Here, the fierce Locrians hold their dreadful seat;

There, brave Idomeneus, expell'd from Crete, 535

Has fixt his armies on Salentine ground,

And awes the wide Calabrian realms around.

Here Philoctetes, from Thessalian shores,

Rears strong Petilia fenc'd with walls and tow'rs.

Soon as transported o'er the rolling floods, 540

You pay due vows in honour of the gods;

When on the shore the smoaking altars rise,

A purple veil draw cautious o'er your eyes;

Lest hostile faces should appear in sight,

To blast and discompose the hallow'd rite. 545

Observe this form before the sacred shrine,

Thou, and thy friends, and all thy future line.

When near Sicilian coasts thy bellying sails

At length convey thee with the driving gales;

Pelorus' straits just opening by degrees; 550

Turn from the right; avoid the shores and seas.

Speech of Philoctetes in this tragedy, where he takes leave of his cave and solitary island, is extremely poetical.

Χαίρω μαλαθόν, &c.

543. *A purple veil*] This veil with which the head was to be covered during sacrifice, was a piece of history of which Virgil hath made a poetical use. Aurelius Victor relates, that Æneas sacrificing on the shore of Italy, suddenly perceived Ulysses and his fleet approaching; and for fear of being known, covered his face with a purple veil. From this adventure, Virgil makes Helenus give Æneas a ceremonial precept, for all his posterity. Such use does the poet make of the least historical circumstances in the life of his hero.

CATROU.

Haec loca, vi quondam et vasta convolta ruina,
 Tantum aevi longinqua valet mutare vetustas, 415
 Dissiluisse ferunt, cum protenus utraque tellus
 Una foret. venit medio vi pontus, et undis
 Hesperium Siculo latus abscidit; arvaque et urbes
 Litore diductas angusto interluit aestu.
 Dextrum Scylla latus, laevum implacata Charybdis 420
 Obsidet, atque imo barathri ter gurgite vastos
 Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rursusque sub auras
 Erigit alternos, et fidera verberat unda.
 At Scyllam caecis cohibet spelunca latebris,
 Ora exsertantem, et naves in saxa trahentem. 425
 Prima hominis facies, et pulchro pectore virgo
 Pube tenuis: postrema immani corpore pristis,
 Delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum.

563. *Charybdis on the left &c.*] Virgil has copied this description from the twelfth book of the *Odyssey*; and I think excells Homer in it. The conoisseurs in painting are curious in observing how different masters acquit themselves in working upon the same subjects. In imitation of them, let us see how far below Virgil Ovid has fallen, in describing Scylla and Charybdis!

Quid, quod nescio qui mediis concurrere in undis
 Dicuntur montes; ratibusque inimica Charybdis
 Nunc forbere fretum, nunc reddere, cinctaque saevis
 Scylla rapax canibus Siculo latrare profundo.

How flat and puerile is this in comparison of,

Dextrum Scylla latus, laevum impacata Charybdis
 Obsidet, atque imo barathri ter gurgite vastos
 Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rursusque sub auras
 Erigit alternos, et fidera verberat unda.

Methinks we have been looking on a piece of Michael Angelo's, and one of Verrio's on the same subject. I cannot forbear transcribing Milton's noble and just description of the allegorical figure of Sin, as it has a relation to this passage of Virgil. — About

Far to the left thy course in safety keep,
And fetch a mighty circle round the deep.
That realm of old, a ruin huge ! was rent
In length of ages from the continent : 555
With force convulsive burst the isle away ;
Through the dread op'ning broke the thund'ring sea :
At once the thund'ring sea Sicilia tore,
And sunder'd from the fair Hesperian shore ;
And still the neighbouring coasts and towns divides 560
With scanty channels, and contracted tides.
Fierce to the right tremendous Scylla roars,
Charybdis on the left the flood devours :
Thrice swallow'd in her womb, subsides the sea,
Deep, deep as hell ; and thrice she spouts away 565
From her black bellowing gulphs, disgorg'd on high,
Waves after waves, that dash the distant sky.
Lodg'd in a darksom cavern's dreadful shade,
High o'er the surges Scylla rears her head :
Grac'd with a virgin's breast, and female looks, 570
She draws the vessels on the pointed rocks.
Below, she lengthens in a monstrous whale,
With dogs surrounded, and a dolphin's tail.

—About her middle round

A cry of hell-hounds, never ceasing bark'd,
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal : yet when they lift, would creep,
If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb
And kennel there : yet there still bark'd and howl'd
Within, unseen. Far less abhor'd than these
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria, from the hoarse Trinacrian shore.

Par. Loft, book ii. 654.

Q 4

Milton

Praestat Trinacrii metas lustrare Pachyni
 Cessantem, longos et circumflectere cursus, 430
 Quam semel informem vasto vidisse sub antro
 Scyllam, et coeruleis canibus resonantia saxa.
 Praeterea, si qua est Heleno prudentia, vati
 Si qua fides, animum si veris implet Apollo,
 Unum illud tibi, nate dea, praeque omnibus unum 435
 Praedicam, et repetens iterumque iterumque monebo.
 Junonis magnae primum prece numen adora :
 Junoni cane vota libens, dominamque potentem
 Supplicibus supera donis. sic denique victor
 Trinacria fines Italos mittere relicta. 440
 Huc ubi delatus Cumaeam acceſſeris urbem,
 Divinosque lacus, et Averna sonantia sylvis,
 Insanam yatem aspicies ; quae rupe sub ima
 Fata canit, foliisque notas et nomina mandat.
 Quaecunque in foliis descripsit carmina virgo, 445
 Digerit in numerum, atque antro feclusa relinquit :
 Illa manent immota locis, neque ab ordine cedunt.
 Verum eadem, verso tenuis cum cardine ventus
 Impulit, et teneras turbavit janua frondes,
 Nunquam deinde cavo volitantia prendere faxo, 450
 Nec revocare situs, aut jungere carmina curat.

Milton seems to have taken the hint of this famous allegory from these words in St. James's epistle, i. 15. " When " Lust hath conceived it bringeth forth Sin, and Sin, when " it is finished, bringeth forth Death :" Where Lust, and Sin, and Death, are plainly personify'd.

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BOOK III. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 233

But oh ! 'tis far, far safer with delay
Still round and round to plow the watry way, 575
And coast Pachynus, than with curious eyes
To see th' enormous den where Scylla lies ;
The dire tremendous fury to explore,
Where, round her cavern'd rocks, her watry monsters
roar. 580

Besides, if Helenus the truth inspires,
If Phœbus warms me with prophetic fires ;
One thing in chief, O prince of Venus' strain,
Tho' oft repeated, I must urge again.
To Juno first with gifts and vows repair,
And vanquish heaven's imperial queen with pray'r. 585
So shall your fleets in safety waft you o'er,
From fair Trinacria to th' Hesperian shore ;
There when arriv'd you visit Cuma's tow'rs,
Where dark with shady woods Avernus roars,
You see the Sibyl in her rocky cave, 590
And hear the furious maid divinely rave.
The dark decrees of fate the virgin sings,
And writes on leaves, names, characters, and things.
The mystic numbers, in the cavern laid,
Are rang'd in order by the sacred maid ; 595
There they repose in ranks along the floor ;
At length a casual wind unfolds the door ;
The casual wind disorders the decrees,
And the loose fates are scatter'd by the breeze.
She scorns to range them, and again unite 600
The fleeting scrolls, or stop their airy flight.

234 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. III.

Inconsulti abeunt, sedemque odere Sibyllae.

Hic tibi ne qua morae fuerint dispendia tanti:

Quamvis incrépitent socii, et vi cursus in altum

Vela vocet, possisque finus implere secundos:

455

Quin adeas vatem, precibusque oracula poscas

Ipsa canat, vocemque volens atque ora resolvat.

Illa tibi Italiae populos, venturaque bella,

Et quo quemque modo fugiasque ferasque laborem,

Expediet; cursusque dabit venerata secundos.

460

Haec sunt quae nostra liceat te voce moneri.

Vade age, et ingentem factis fer ad aethera Trojam.

Quae postquam vates sic ore effatus amico est,

Dona dehinc, auro gravia sectoque elephanto,

Imperat ad naves ferri, stipatque carinis

465

Ingens argentum, Dodonaeosque lebetas,

Loricam consertam hamis, auroque trilicem,

Et conum insignis galeae, cristasque comantes,

Arma Neoptolemi. sunt et sua dona parenti.

Addit equos, additque duces.

470

616. *Thus far I tell thee,]* Virgil represents the prophet Helenus, as restrain'd in his discoveries of what was to happen to Æneas, in his going from Italy. The great point in which he was thus restrain'd, was Æneas's delay at Carthage; and the danger that arose from it, of his quite breaking off his voyage, and settling in that city. Hence he says afterwards, "If Juno does not prevent it, you shall go from Sicily to Italy." And 'tis true he did so; but that was after the second time of his being at Sicily: and the whole affair of his being driven to the coast of Afric, and his staying so long at Carthage (which happen'd after his first leaving Sicily) is totally dropt by Helenus. All he tells him is, how he may escape the other dangers in his voyage; and what he is to do, and where to fix, when he is got to Italy.

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BOOK III. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 235

Then back retreat the disappointed train,
And curse the Sibyl they consult in vain.
But thou more wise, thy purpos'd course delay,
Though thy rash friends should summon thee away ;
And wait with patience, though the flattering gales 606
Sing in thy shrowds, and fill thy opening sails.
With suppliant pray'rs intreat her to relate,
In vocal accents all thy various fate.

Her voice the Italian nations shall declare, 610
And the whole progress of thy future war.
Thy numerous toils the prophetels shall show,
And how to shun, or suffer every woe.
With reverence due, her potent aid implore,
So shalt thou safely reach the distant shore : 615
Thus far I tell thee, but must tell no more.
Proceed, brave prince, with courage in thy wars,
And raise the Trojan glory to the stars.

When thus my fates the royal seer foretold,
He sent rich gifts of elephant and gold ; 620
Within my navy's fides large treasures stow'd,
And brazen cauldrons that resplendent glow'd.
To me the monarch gave a shining mail,
With many a golden clasp, and golden scale ;
With this, a beauteous radiant helm, that bore 625
A waving plume ; the helm that Pyrrhus wore.
My father too with costly gifts he loads,
And sailors he supplies to stem the floods,

Prophecies should be rarely introduced into a poem, because they foretell the events of the action.

Remigium supplet: socios simul instruit armis.
 Interea classem velis aptare jubebat
 Anchises, fieret vento mora ne qua ferenti,
 Quem Phoebi interpres multo compellat honore:
 Conjugio Anchisa Veneris dignate superbo, 475
 Cura deūm, bis Pergameis erepte ruinis,
 Ecce tibi Ausoniae tellus: hanc arripe velis.
 Et tamen hanc pelago praeterlabere necesse est.
 Ausoniae pars illa procul, quam pandit Apollo.
 Vade, ait, o felix nati pietate. quid ultra 480
 Provehor, et fando surgentes demoror austros?
 Nec minus Andromache, digressu moesta supremo,
 Fert picturatas auri subtemine vestes,
 Et Phrygiam Ascanio chlamydem, nec cedit honori,
 Textilibusque onerat donis, ac talia fatur: 485
 Accipe et haec, manuum tibi quae monumenta mearum
 Sint, puer, et longum Andromachae testentur amorem,
 Conjugis Hectoreae. cape dona extrema tuorum.

635. *Whom Venus led,*] Among other gallantries of Venus, it was said she had an affair with Anchises, as he was keeping his sheep on Mount Ida. This adventure is described at large, and in the most glowing colours, in Homer's hymn to Venus. The fable was probably invented (says the Abbe Banier) to cloak some piece of gallantry, and to calm the jealousy of Anchises's wife, who saw him too often frequent the banks of the river Simois, where he was probably smitten with the charms of some shepherds, who was perhaps denominated Venus on account of her beauty. It would seem that it was that Venus whom Homer makes to have been the daughter of Dione, Il. ix. and who is mentioned by Cicero, *De Nat. Deor.* 1. iii. The poets add, that Venus enjoyned her gallant not to speak of this adventure, but that he not being able to keep the secret, was struck with thunder, by which Servius says he lost his sight; others say, the wound he received thereby, could never be closed up.

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Book III. VIRGIL's AENEID. 237

And generous steeds, and arms to all my train,
With skilful guides to lead us o'er the main. 630

And now my fire gave orders to unbind
The gather'd sails, and catch the rising wind ;
Whom thus, at parting, the prophetic sage
Address'd with all the reverence due to age.
O favour'd of the skies ! whom Venus led 635

To the high honours of her genial bed,
Her own immortal beauties to enjoy,
And twice preserv'd thee from the flames of Troy :
Lo ! to your eyes Ausonian coasts appear ;
Go—to that realm your happy voyage steer. 640

But far beyond those regions you survey,
Your coasting fleet must cut the lengthen'd way.
Still, still at distance lies the fated place,
Assign'd by Phoebus to the Trojan race.
Go then, he said, with full success go on, 645

Oh blest ! thrice blest in such a matchless son.
Why longer should my words your course detain,
When the soft gales invite you to the main ?

Nor less the queen, her love and grief to tell,
With costly presents takes her sad farewell. 650
She gave my son a robe ; the robe of old
Her own fair hands embroider'd o'er with gold :
With precious vests she loads the darling boy,
And a resplendent mantle wrought in Troy.
Accept, dear youth, she said, these robes I wove 655
In happier days, memorial of my love.
This trifling token of thy friend receive,
The last, last present Hector's wife can give.

238 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. III.

O mihi sola mei super Astyanactis imago !
 Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat: 490
 Et nunc aequali tecum pubesceret aevo.
 Hos ego digrediens lacrymis affabar obortis :
 Vivite felices, quibus est fortuna peracta
 Jam sua : nos alia ex aliis in fata vocamur.
 Vobis parta quies; nullum maris aequor arandum; 495
 Arva neque Ausoniae, semper cedentia retro,
 Quaerenda. effigiem Xanthi, Trojamque videtis,
 Quam vestrae fecere manus, melioribus opto
 Auspiciis, et quae fuerit minus obvia Graiis.
 Si quando Tybrim vicinaque Tybridis arva 500
 Intraro, gentique meae data moenia cernam,
 Cognatasque urbes olim, populosque propinquos
 Epiro Hesperia, quibus idem Dardanus auctor,

659, 660. *I see My dear Astyanax reviv'd in thee !*] This reflection of Andromache is delicate and moving. 'Tis the very voice of nature; the mother appears in it; especially where she adds with a sigh,

Et nunc aequali tecum pubesceret aevo !

It suggests to one, the delight she would have felt to have seen Iulus and Astyanax together, engaged in friendship, and fond of the same pursuits! After the destruction of Troy, the Grecian priest Calchas declared that the gods, to send them a favourable wind for their return, demanded that the son of Hector and Andromache must perish. His mother concealed Astyanax, but Ulysses discovered him; and he was thrown from the battlements of a very high tower.

Seneca has written a tragedy on this subject; which like the rest of that unnatural writer's compositions, is filled with far-fetched sentiments, affected conceits, false ornaments, and declamation; the bane of true tragedy.

661. *Such were his motions !*] Here we may remark the propriety of behaviour and the decorum which Virgil observes, with relation to the characters of Helenus and Andro-

BOOK III. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 239

Ah! now, methinks, and only now, I see
My dear Astyanax revive in thee ! 660

Such were his motions ! such a sprightly grace
Charm'd from his eyes, and open'd in his face !
And had it pleas'd, alas ! the pow'rs divine,
His blooming years had been the same as thine.

Thus then the mournful last farewell I took, 665
And, bath'd in tears, the royal pair bespoke :

Live you long happy in a settled state ;
'Tis ours to wander still from fate to fate.

Safe have you gain'd the peaceful port of ease,
Not doom'd to plow th' immeasurable seas ; 670
Nor seek for Latium, that deludes the view,
A coast that flies as fast as we pursue.

Here you a new Scamander can enjoy ;
Here your own hands erect a second Troy :
With happier omens may she rise in peace, 675
And less obnoxious than the first to Greece.

If e'er the long-expected shore I gain,
Where Tyber's streams enrich the flow'ry plain ;
Or if I live to raise our fated town ;
Our Latian Troy and yours shall join in one ; 680
In one shall center both the kindred states,
The same their founder, and the same their fates !

mache. She is entirely taken up with Ascanius, and the remembrance of her lost Astyanax. She makes no presents but to that young prince. Those which Helenus gives are to Anchises and Æneas.

682. *The same their fates,*] The adventures of Æneas and Helenus had a great resemblance. They were both the issue of Dardanus; both fugitives from Troy; one had founded a colony in Epirus, the other was going to do the same in Italy.

240 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. III.

Atque idem casus; unam faciemus utramque
 Trojam animis. maneat nostros ea cura nepotes. 505
 Provehimur pelago vicina Ceraunia juxta:
 Unde iter Italiam, cursusque brevissimus undis.
 Sol ruit interea, et montes umbrantur opaci.
 Sternimur optatae gremio telluris ad undam,
 Sortiti remos, paffimque in litore sicco 510
 Corpora curamus. fessos sopor irrigat artus.
 Necdum orbem medium nox horis acta subibat:
 Haud segnis strato surgit Palinurus, et omnes
 Explorat ventos, atque auribus aëra captat:
 Sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia coelo, 515
 Arcturum, pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque Triones,
 Armatumque auro circumspicit Oriona.
 Postquam cuncta videt coelo constare sereno,
 Dat clarum e puppi signum: nos castra movemus,
 Tentamusque viam, et velorum pandimus alas. 520
 Jamque rubescet stellis aurora fugatis:
 Cum procul obscuros colles, humilemque videmus
 Italianam. Italianam primus conclamat Achates;
 Italianam laeto socii clamore salutant.

684. *The sacred friendship,*] De La Cerdia from Nannius (to both whom I refer the reader) is particular in shewing the friendship between these nations in after times; by which this prophesy (as they call it) was fulfilled: but sure they forgot Pyrrhus king of Epirus, who was no great friend to the Romans. But history is not my business; what Æneas says may be regarded as his own resolution, and as a wish to posterity:—and that is sufficient. TRAPP.

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And may their son to future times convey
The sacred friendship which we sign to-day.

We take to Italy the shortest road, 685
By steep Ceraunian mountains, o'er the flood.
Now the descending sun roll'd down the light,
The hills lie cover'd in the shades of night ;
When some by lot attend, and ply the oars,
Some, worn with toil, lie stretch'd along the shores: 690
There, by the murmurs of the heaving deep
Rock'd to repose, they sunk in pleasing sleep.
Scarce half the hours of silent night were fled,
When careful Palinure forsakes his bed ;
And every breath explores that stirs the seas, 695
And watchful listens to the passing breeze ;
Observes the course of ev'ry orb on high,
That moves in silent pomp along the sky.
Arcturus dreadful with his stormy star,
The watry Hyads, and the northern car, 700
In the blue vault his piercing eyes behold,
And huge Orion flame in arms of gold.
When all serene he saw th' ethereal plain,
He gave the signal to the slumb'ring train.
We rouze ; our opening canvas we display, 705
And wing with spreading sails the watry way.

Now every star before Aurora flies,
Whose glowing blushes streak the purple skies :
When the dim hills of Italy we view'd,
That peep'd by turns, and div'd beneath the flood. 710
Lo ! Italy appears, Achates cries,
And Italy, with shouts, the crowd replies.

Tum pater Anchises magnum cratera corona 525
 Induit, implevitque mero, divosque vocavit,
 Stans celsa in puppi :
 Di, maris et terrae tempestatumque potentes,
 Ferte viam vento facilem, et spirare secundi.
 Crebrescunt optatae aurae, portusque patescit 530
 Jam propior, templumque appetet in arce Minervae.
 Vela legunt socii, et proras ad litora torquent.
 Portus ab Eo fluetu curvatur in arcum ;
 Objectae salsa spumant aspergine cautes ;
 Ipse latet, gemino demittunt brachia muro 535
 Turriti scopuli, refugitque a litore templum.
 Quatuor hic, primum omen, equos in gramine vidi
 Tondentes campum late, candore nivali.
 Et pater Anchises : bellum, o terra hospita, portas ;
 Bello armantur equi ; bellum haec armenta minantur.
 Sed tamen idem olim curru succedere sueti 541
 Quadrupedes, et fraena jugo concordia ferre :
 Spes est pacis, ait. tum numina sancta precamur
 Palladis armisonae, quae prima accepit ovantes,
 Et capita ante aras Phrygio velamur amictu, 545

732. *War, cry'd my fire,*] The character of Anchises is well supported to the last, throughout that short part which he acts in the poem. Virgil represents him skilful in divination; before his departure from Troy, he foretold that Iulus should be a king from the fire which surrounded his hair, B. ii. in this passage he foretells the arrival of the Trojans in Italy, from the sight of these white horses. The poet has painted him likewise with the natural infirmities of old age. Hence his weak memory makes him mistake the import of the Delphic oracle : He thought that they were directed to sail to Crete, because Teucer one of the founders of Troy, was a Cretan; and

My fire, transported, crowns a bowl with wine,
Stands on the deck, and calls the pow'rs divine :
Ye gods ! who rule the tempests, earth, and seas, 715
Befriend our course, and breathe a prosperous breeze.

Up sprung th' expected breeze ; the port we spy, }
Near, and more near ; and Pallas' fane on high, }
With the steep hill, rose dancing to the eye.
Our sails are furl'd ; and from the seas profound, 720
We turn the prows to land, while Ocean foams around.

Where from the raging east the surges flow,
The land indented bends an ample bow ;
The port conceal'd within the winding shore,
Dash'd on the fronting cliffs, the billows roar. 725
Two lofty tow'ring rocks extended wide,
With outstretch'd arms embrace the murmuring tide.
Within the mighty wall the waters lie,
And from the coast the temple seems to fly.

Here first, a dubious omen I beheld ; 730
Four milk-white coursers graz'd the verdant field.
War, cry'd my fire, these hostile realms prepare ;
Train'd to the fight, these steeds denounce the war.
But since sometimes they bear the guiding rein,
Yok'd to the car ; the hopes of peace remain. 735
Then, as her temple rais'd our shouts, we paid
Our first devotions to the martial maid.

and had forgotten that Dardanus, who was another founder of Troy, came from Italy. At the same time, Virgil has given him all the virtues of an old hero : he is resolved to perish with his country ; he makes his old age a reason for his despising death ; nothing but a prodigy could induce him to leave the city of Troy tho' in flames. See CATROU.

Praeceptisque Heleni, dederat quae maxima, rite
 Junoni Argivae jussos adolemus honores.
 Haud mora; continuo perfectis ordine votis,
 Cornua velatarum obvertimus antennarum,
 Grajugenumque domos, suspectaque linquimus arva.
 Hinc sinus Herculei, si vera est fama, Tarenti 551
 Cernitur, attollit se diva Lacinia contra,
 Caulonisque arces, et navifragum Scylacaeum.
 Tum procul e fluctu Trinacia cernitur Aetna,
 Et gemitum ingentem pelagi, pulsataque saxa 555
 Audimus longe, fractasque ad litora voces:
 Exultantque vada, atque aestu miscentur arenae.
 Et pater Anchises: nimirum haec illa Charybdis:
 Hos Helenus scopulos, haec saxa horrenda canebat.
 Eripite, o socii, pariterque insurgite remis. 560
 Haud minus ac jussi faciunt: primusque rudentem
 Contorsit laevas proram Palinurus ad undas.
 Laevam cuncta cohors remis ventisque petivit.
 Tollimus in coelum curvato gurgite, et idem
 Subducta ad manes imos descendimus unda. 565
 Ter scopuli clamorem inter cava saxa dedere;
 Ter spumam elisam et rorantia vidimus astra.

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BOOK III. VIRGIL's AENEID.

245

Next, as the rules of Helenus enjoin,
 We veil'd our heads at Juno's sacred shrine ;
 And sought heav'n's awful queen with rites divine.

This done ;—once more with shifting sails we fly, 741
 And cautious pass the hostile regions by.

Hence we renown'd Tarentum's bay behold,
 Renown'd, 'tis said, from Hercules of old.

Oppos'd, Lacinia's temple rose on high, 745
 And proud Caulonian tow'rs salute the sky.

Then, near the rocky Scylacaeon bay
 For wrecks defam'd, we plow the watry way.

Now we behold, emerging to our eyes
 From distant floods, Sicilian Aetna rise ; 750

And hear a thund'ring din, and dreadful roar
 Of billows breaking on the rocky shore.

The smoaking waves boil high, on every side,
 And scoop the sands, and blacken all the tide.

Charybdis' gulph, my father cries, behold ! 755

The direful rocks the royal seer foretold ;
 Ply, ply your oars, and stretch to every stroke :

Swift as the word, their ready oars they took ;
 First skilful Palinure ; then all the train

Steer to the left, and plow the liquid plain. 760

Now on a tow'ring arch of waves we rise,
 Heav'd on the bounding billows, to the skies.

Then, as the roaring surge retreating fell,
 We shoot down headlong to the depths of hell.

Thrice the rough rocks rebellow in our ears ; 765
 Thrice mount the foamy tides, and dash the stars.

Interea fessos ventus cum sole reliquit,
Ignarique viae Cyclopum allabimur oris.
Portus ab accessu ventorum immotus, et ingens 570
Ipse; sed horrificis juxta tonat Aetna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla,
Attollitque globos flaminarum, et sidera lambit:
Interdum scopulos avolsaque viscera montis 575

771. *But Aetna roars with dreadful,*] This description is worked up with great spirit and sublimity. Dr. Pearce, in his learned and judicious notes on Longinus, remarks, that the expression of sidera lambit in the fourth line of it, has the swell in it, which Longinus, Sect. 3. calls super-tragical. It is observable that Mr. Addison has taken no notice of those words in a translation he has made of this passage: Which translation of part of this third book of the Aeneid is by no means worthy that author.

This description of Aetna seems to have been copied from a very sublime one of Pindar, which Mr. West hath nobly translated, and illustrated with some notes and observations, too curious to be omitted in this place.

Now under sulph'rous Cuma's sea-bound coast,
And vast Sicilia lies his shaggy breast;
By snowy Aetna, nurse of endless frost,
The pillar'd prop of heav'n, for ever prest:
Forth from whose nitrous caverns issuing rise
Pure liquid fountains of tempestuous fire,
And veil in ruddy mists the noon day skies,
While wrapt in smoke the eddying flames aspire,
Or gleaming thro' the night with hideous roar
Far o'er the red'ning main huge rocky fragments pour.

Thucydides, at the end of this third book, makes mention of three eruptions of Mount Aetna, the last of which, he says, happen'd, in the third year of the 88th Olymp. the former about fifty years before, that is, in the last year of the 76th, or the first year of the 77th Olymp. Of the date of the first eruption he makes no mention. Probably no more was known in his time about it, than that it was the first, and

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The wind now sinking with the lamp of day,
 Spent with our toils, and dubious of the way;
 We reach the dire Cyclopean shore, that forms
 An ample port, impervious to the storms. 770

But Ætna roars with dreadful ruins nigh,
 Now hurls a bursting cloud of cinders high,
 Involv'd in smoaky whirlwinds to the sky;
 With loud displosion, to the starry frame
 Shoots fiery globes, and furious floods of flame: 775

Now from her bellowing caverns burst away
 Vast piles of melted rocks, in open day.

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and the only one, besides the two above-mention'd, that had happen'd from the time of the Greeks first settling in Sicily, as he expressly tells us. This ode was composed in the 78th Olymp. about four or five years after the second eruption mentioned by Thucydides. The city of Ætna founded on the ruins of Catana, was built by Hiero in the 76th Olymp. and stood in the neighbourhood of Mount Ætna, from which it derived it's name. From all these considerations it appears, with how much propriety Pindar has here introduced a description of the fiery eruptions of that burning mountain; one of which having happen'd so lately as four or five years before the writing this ode, could not but be very fresh in the memories of the inhabitants of the city of Ætna, whose territories, and even the town itself, were in great danger of being laid waste and destroyed by the torrents of fire, which issued from the neighbouring mountain, or by the earthquakes, that usually attended those eruptions. With the same propriety therefore he closes his description with a prayer to Jupiter, who had a temple on Mount Ætna, imploring his favour and protection. The other beauties of this fine passage are so visible and striking, that I need not point them out to the judicious reader. I shall only observe, that Pindar is the first poet, that has given us a description of these fiery eruptions of Mount Ætna; which from Homer's having taken no notice of so extraordinary a phaenomenon, is supposed not to have burn'd before his time. 1 Pyth. Ode. V.

Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
 Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exaestuat imo.
 Fama est, Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus
 Urgeri mole hac, ingentemque insuper Aetnam
 Impositam, ruptis flammam expirare caminis ; 580
 Et, fessum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem
 Murmure Trinacriam, et coelum subtexere fumo.
 Noctem illam tecti sylvis immania monstra
 Perferimus : nec, quae sonitum det causa, videmus.
 Nam neque erant astrorum ignes, nec lucidus aethra
 Siderea polus ; obscurò sed nubila coelo, 586
 Et lunam in nimbo nox intempesta tenebat.
 Postera jamque dies primo surgebat Eoo,
 Humentemque aurora polo dimoverat umbram :
 Cum subito e sylvis, macie confecta suprema, 590
 Ignoti nova forma viri miserandaque cultu
 Procedit, supplexque manus ad litora tendit,
 Respicimus. dira illuvies, immissaque barba,

787. *That night we heard,*] Nothing can more strongly
 strike the imagination, than these circumstances of the wan-
 dering Trojans, sheltered in a wood, upon an unknown
 coast, and hearing strange, and terrible noises, during the
 whole night, which was extremely dark and moonless, and
 not knowing from whence these dreadful sounds came, or
 by what they might be occasioned : and at day-break being
 suddenly surprized at the ghastly figure of a man, who at
 first runs towards them with great precipitation, seemingly
 to beg some assistance, but suddenly stops and starts back at
 the sight of Trojan arms and habits ; at last recovering him-
 self a little, resolves to fling himself into their hands, let
 what will be the consequence : who, when they have re-
 ceived him into a vessel, gives them that dreadful narration
 of Polypheme, and informs them that this was the Cyclops
 island, and begs them therefore to leave it instantly, conclu-
 ding

Her shatter'd entrails wide the mountain throws,
And deep as hell her burning center glows.

On vast Enceladus this pond'rous load

780

Was thrown in vengeance by the thund'ring god;

Who pants beneath the mountain, and expires,

Through openings huge, the fierce tempestuous fires;

Oft as he shifts his side, the caverns roar;

With smoke and flame the skies are cover'd o'er,

And all Trinacria ~~shakes~~ from shore to shore.

That night we heard the loud tremendous sound,

The monstrous mingled peal that thunder'd round;

While in the shelt'ring wood we sought repose,

Nor knew from whence the dreadful tumult rose.

For not one star displays his golden light;

The skies lie cover'd in the shades of night;

The silver moon her glimmering splendor shrouds

In gathering vapours, and a night of clouds.

Now fled the dewy shades of night away,

Before the blushes of the dawning day;

When, from the wood, shot sudden forth in view

A wretch, in rags that flutter'd as he flew.

The human form in meager hunger lost;

The suppliant stranger, more than half a ghost,

Stretch'd forth his hands, and pointed to the coast.

We turn'd to view the sight;—his vest was torn,

And all the tatter'd garb was tagg'd with thorn.

His beard hangs long, and dust the wretch distains,

And scarce the shadow of a man remains.

805

ding most pathetically, that it would be some comfort to him, if he must die, to perish by the hands of men, and not of monsters.

Consertum tegmen spinis ; at caetera Graius,
 Et quondam patriis ad Trojam missus in armis. 595
 Isque, ubi Dardanios habitus et Troia vidit
 Arma procul ; paullum aspectu conterritus haesit,
 Continuitque gradum : mox fese ad litora praeceps
 Cum fletu precibusque tulit. per fidera testor,
 Per superos, atque hoc coeli spirabile lumen, 600
 Tollite me, Teucri ; quascunque abducite terras.
 Hoc sat erit. scio me Danais e classibus unum,
 Et bello Iliacos fateor petuisse Penates.
 Pro quo, si sceleris tanta est injuria nostri,
 Spargite me in fluctus, vastoque immergite ponto. 605
 Si pereo, manibus hominum periisse juvabit.
 Dixerat : et genua amplexus, genibusque volutans
 Haerebat. qui sit, fari, quo fanguine cretus,
 Hortamur ; quae deinde agitet fortuna, fateri.
 Ipse pater dextram Anchises, haud multa moratus, 610
 Dat juveni, atque animum praesenti pignore firmat.
 Ille haec, deposita tandem formidine, fatur :
 Sum patria ex Ithaca, comes infelcis Ulyssae,
 Nomen Achemenides, Trojam, genitore Adamasto
 Paupere, mansissetque utinam fortuna ! profectus. 615
 Hic me, dum trepidi crudelia limina linquunt,
 Immemores socii vasto Cyclopis in antro.

BOOK III. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 251

In all besides, a Grecian he appears,
And late a soldier in the Trojan wars.
Soon as our Dardan dress and arms he view'd,
In fear suspended for a space he stood ;
Stood, stop'd, and paus'd ; then, springing forth, he flies
All headlong to the shore with pray'rs and cries : 811
Oh ! by this vital air, the stars on high,
By every pitying pow'r who treads the sky !
Ye Trojans, take me hence ; I ask no more ;
But bear, oh bear me from this dreadful shore. 815
I own myself a Grecian, and confess
I storm'd your Ilion with the sons of Greece.
If that offence must doom me to the grave,
Ye Trojans, plunge me in the whelming wave.
I die contented, if that grace I gain ; 820
I die with pleasure, if I die by man.

Then kneel'd the wretch, and suppliant clung around
My knees with tears, and grovel'd on the ground.
Mov'd with his cries, we urge him to relate
His name, his lineage, and his cruel fate : 825
Then by the hand my good old father took
The trembling youth, who thus encourag'd spoke.

Ulysses' friend, your empire to destroy,
I left my native Ithaca for Troy,
My sire, poor Adamastus, sent from far 830
His son, his Achaemenides, to war ;
Oh ; had we both our humble state maintain'd,
And safe in peace and poverty remain'd !
For me my friends forgetful left behind,
In the huge Cyclops' ample cave confin'd, 835

Deseruere. domus sanie dapibusque cruentis,
 Intus opaca, ingens. ipse arduus, altaque pulsat
 Sidera : di, talem terris avertite pestem ! 620
 Nec visu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli.
 Visceribus miserorum et sanguine vescitur atro.
 Vidi egomet, duo de numero cum corpora nostro
 Prensa manu magna, medio resupinus in antro,
 Frangeret ad saxum, sanieque aspersa natarent 625
 Limina : vidi, atro cum membra fluentia tabo
 Manderet et tepidi tremerent sub dentibus artus.
 Haud impune quidem. nec talia passus Ulysses,
 Oblitusve sui est Ithacus discrimine tanto.
 Nam simul expletus dapibus, vinoque sepultus, 630
 Cervicem inflexam posuit, jacuitque per antrum
 Immensus, saniem eructans ac frusta, cruento
 Per somnum commixta mero ; nos, magna precati
 Numina, fortisque vices, una undique circum
 Fundimur, et telo lumen terebramus acuto 635
 Ingens, quod torva solum sub fronte latebat,
 Argolici clypei aut Phoebeae lampadis instar :

845. *The bodies he devours, &c.]* This episode of the companions of Ulysses massacred and devoured by Polypheus is drawn from the Odyssey B. ix. The Roman poet relates the story in terms more majestic and heroic than those of the Greek. Besides Virgil tells us that only two Grecians were devoured by the Cyclops, but Homer speaks of four; so that the Roman poet exaggerates less than the Grecian.

CATROU.

Floating with human gore, the dreadful dome
Lies wide and waste, a solitary gloom !
With mangled limbs was all the pavement spread ;
High as the stars he heaves his horrid head.
The tow'ring giant stalks with matchless might ; 840
A savage fiend ! tremendous to the sight.
(Far, far from earth, ye heav'nly pow'rs, repell
A fiend so direful to the depths of hell !)
For slaughter'd mortals are the monster's food
The bodies he devours, and quaffs the blood. 845
These eyes beheld him, when his ample hand
Seiz'd two poor wretches of our trembling band.
Stretch'd o'er the cavern, with a dreadful stroke,
He snatch'd, he dash'd, he brain'd 'em on the rock.
In one black torrent swam the smoaking floor ; 850
Fierce he devours the limbs that drop with gore ;
The limbs yet sprawling, dreadful to survey !
Still heave and quiver while he grinds the prey.

But mindful of himself, that fatal hour,
Not unreveng'd their death Ulysses bore. 855
For while the nodding savage sleeps supine,
Gorg'd with his horrid feast, and drown'd in wine ;
And, stretch'd o'er half the cave, ejects the load
Of human offals mixt with human blood :
Trembling, by lot we took our posts around, 860
Th' enormous giant slumb'ring on the ground.
Then (ev'ry god invok'd, who rules the sky)
Plunge the sharp weapon in his monstrous eye ;
His eye, that midst his frowning forehead shone,
Like some broad buckler, or the blazing sun. 865

Et tandem laeti socrorum ulciscimur umbras.

Sed fugite, o miseri, fugite, atque ab litore funem
Rumpite.

640

Nam qualis quantusque cavo Polyphemus in antro
Lanigeras claudit pecudes, atque ubera pressat,
Centum alii curva haec habitant ad litora vulgo
Infandi Cyclopes, et altis montibus errant.

Tertia jam lunae se cornua lumine complent, 645

Cum vitam in sylvis, inter deserta ferarum
Lustra domosque trahor, vastosque ab rupe Cyclopas
Prospicio, sonitumque pedum vocemque tremisco.

Victum infelicem, baccas lapidosaque corna

Dant rami, et vuljis pascunt radicibus herbae. 650

Omnia colluistrans, hanc primum ad litora classem
Conspexi venientem: huic me, quaecunque fuisset,
Addixi: fatis est gentem effugisse nefandam.

Vos animam hanc potius quocunque absumite letho.

Vix ea fatus erat, summo cum monte videmus 655

Ipsum inter pecudes vasta se mole moventem

Pastorem Polyphemum, et litora nota petentem:

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen
aderuntum.

Trunca manu pinus regit, et vestigia firmat.

867. *But fly, ye Trojans,]* This break in Achaemenides's speech is of an exquisite beauty. In the midst of his narration, the fear of the Cyclops and the dangers he had just escaped, break in upon his mind, and stop him for a moment from finishing his account, to give the Trojans advice to fly immediately. The circumstances that follow of his hearing the giant's footsteps, and loud voices, while he lay hid in dens and caves, are strongly imagined.

Thus we reveng'd our dear companions lost :

But fly, ye Trojans, fly this dreadful coast.

For know, a hundred horrid Cyclops more

Range on these hills, and dwell along the shore,

As huge as Polypheme, the giant swain,

870

Who milk, like him, in caves the woolly train.

Now thrice the moon, fair empress of the night,

Has fill'd her growing horns with borrow'd light,

Since in these woods I pass'd the hours away,

In dens of beasts, and savages of prey,

875

Saw on the rocks the Cyclops ranging round

Heard their loud footsteps thund'ring on the ground,

With each big bellowing voice, and trembled at the

sound.

Here every stony fruit I pluck for food,

Herbs, cornels, roots, and berries of the wood. 880

While round I gaze, your fleet I first explore,

The first that touch'd on this detested shore;

To 'scape these savages, I flew with joy

To meet your navy, tho' it sail'd from Troy.

If I but shun the cruel hands of these ; 885

Do you destroy me by what death you please.

Scarce had he said ; when lo ! th' enormous swain,

Huge Polyphemus, 'midst his fleecy train,

A bulk prodigious ! from the mountain's brow

Descends terrific to the shore below :

890

A monster grim, tremendous, vast, and high ;

His front deform'd, and quench'd his blazing eye !

His huge hand held a pine, tall, large, and strong,

To guide his footsteps as he towr'd along.

Lanigerae comitantur oves, ea sola voluptas, 660

Solamenque mali. de collo fistula pendet.

Postquam altos tetigit fluctus, et ad aequora venit,

Luminis effossi fluidum lavit inde cruentem,

Dentibus infrendens gemitu; graditurque per aequor

Jam medium, nec dum fluctus latera ardua tinxit. 665

Nos procul inde fugam trepidi celerare, recepto

Supplice, sic merito, tacitique incidere funem:

Verrimus et proni certantibus aequora remis.

Sensit, et ad sonitum vocis vestigia torsit.

Verum ubi nulla datur dextram affectare potestas, 670

Nec potis Ionios fluctus aequare sequendo,

Clamorem immensum tollit, quo pontus et omnes

Intremuere undae, penitusque exterrita tellus

Italiae, curvisque immugit Aetna cavernis.

895. *This flock,*] Some manuscripts have not the following words *De collo fistula pendet*. There should certainly be no stop after, *Solamenque mali*, which relates to his pipe. Mr. Upton makes the following remark on this passage. “*De collo fistula pendet*, comes in here after so dragging and heavy a manner, that some of the best editions leave it out. But surely the chief, if not only pleasure, that Polyphemus, so famous for his rural ditties on Galatea, could now take, was in his oaten pipe, and would the pastoral Virgil forget this? Let it be considered likewise that the verses are a description of the monster, as then he appeared to Aeneas, with a pine tree in his hand, and his flocks following him; but his solace was his rural pipe, all his pleasure was in music—See how Virgilian then these verses will appear with the least alteration.”

Quae sola voluptas
Solamenque mali, de collo fistula pendet.

Letter on Spencer, to Mr. West, page 29.

909. *Stretch'd his huge hand,*] The expression, *dextram affectare*, in the original, has given the commentators much fruitless trouble to endeavour to make sense of; tho' all the

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BOOK III. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 257

His flock attends, the only joy he knows ; 895

His pipe around his neck, the solace of his woes.

Soon as the giant reach'd the deeper flood

With many a groan he cleans'd the gather'd blood

From his bor'd eye-ball in the briny main,

And, bellowing, grinds his teeth in agonizing pain. 900

Then stalks enormous through the midmost tides ;

And scarce the topmost surges reach his sides.

Aboard, the well-deserving Greek we took,

And, pale with fear, the dreadful coast forsook ;

Cut every cord with eager speed away, 905

Bend to the stroke, and sweep the foamy sea.

The giant heard ; and, turning to the sound,

At first pursu'd us through the vast profound ;

Stretch'd his huge hand to reach the fleet in vain ;

Nor could he ford the deep Ionian main. 910

With that, the furious monster roar'd so loud,

That Ocean shook in ev'ry distant flood ;

Trembled all Italy from shore to shore ;

And Ætna's winding caves rebellow to the roar.

the translators agree in the meaning of the words, yet there is a peculiarity in the phrase, which, for want of a parallel expression in any other classic author, has never been sufficiently clear'd up. The reading proposed by the Cambridge editor of *dextram adjectare*, if it were supported by any copies, as it is not, would be equally unaccountable.

912. *That ocean shook,]* This is a most noble hyperbole, and by no means too bold, as some will have it ; they forget not only the prerogative of poetry, but the real nature of fear ; which always swells and heightens it's object.

TRAPP.

258 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. III.

At genus e silvis Cyclopum et montibus altis 675
 Excitum ruit ad portus, et litora complent.
 Cernimus astantes nequicquam lumine torvo
 Aetnaeos fratres, coelo capita alta ferentes,
 Concilium horrendum: quales cum vertice celo
 Aeriae quercus aut coniferae cyparissi 680
 Conſtiterunt, silva alta Jovis, lucusve Diana.
 Praecipites metus acer agit quoctunque rudentes
 Excutere, et ventis intendere vela secundis.
 Contra iuſſa monent Heleni, Scyllam atque Charybdim
 Inter utramque viam, lethi discriminē parvo, 685
 Ni teneant cursus: certum est dare lintea retro.
 Ecce autem Boreas angusta ab ſede Pelori
 Miſſus adeſt. vivo praetervehor oſtia ſaxo
 Pantagiae, Megarosque ſinus, Tapſumque jacentem.
 Talia monſtrabat relegens errata retroſum 690
 Litora Achaemenides, comes infelicis Ulyſſei.

922. *So on ſome mountain,]* 'Tis observable that this very
 ſhort ſimile is the only one in the third book. For my own
 part, I could wish there had been none longer than this, in
 the ſecond. It was on the ſubject of long, labour'd compa-
 riſons, that M. de la Motte uſed to ſay, that he thought
 Æneas by far too great a poet; and that he could not help
 feeling that impropriety thro' the whole of the ſecond and
 third books of the Æneid; where the hero is often not leſs
 florid and ſigure in his narration, than the poet himſelf is
 in the reſt.

938. *These coaſts by Achaemenides were ſhown,]* What an
 exact obſerver of probability is Virgil! here is an anſwer
 prepar'd to any who might object, How ſhould Æneas, a
 perfect ſtranger be ſo well acquainted with their coaſts, which
 neither he nor any of his fleet had ever before viſited, or
 beheld? Why, ſays he, Achaemenides whom they took up
 from the Cyclops' iſland, and who had lately paſſed the ve-
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Book III. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 259

Rouz'd at the peal, the fierce Cyclopean train 915

Rush'd from their woods and mountains to the main;

Around the port the ghastly brethren stand,

A dire assembly! covering all the strand.

In each grim forehead blaz'd the single eye;

In vain enrag'd the monstrous race we spy, 920 }

A host of giants tow'ring in the sky.

So on some mountain tow'rs the lofty grove

Of beauteous Dian, or imperial Jove;

Th' aerial pines in pointed spires from far,

Or spreading oaks, majestic nod in air. 925

Headlong we fly with horror, where the gales

And speeding winds direct the fluttering sails.

But Helenus forbids to plow the waves,

Where Scylla roars, and fierce Charybdis raves.

As death stands dreadful 'midst the dangerous road, 930

With backward course we plow the foamy flood;

When, from Pelorus' point a northern breeze

Swells every sail, and wafts us o'er the seas;

First, where Pantagia's mouth appear'd in view,

Flank'd by a range of rocks, the navy flew: 935

Then, shooting by the fam'd Megarean bay,

And lowly Tapsus, cut the watry way.

These Coasts by Achaemenides were shown,

Who follow'd, late, Laertes' wand'ring son:

Familiar with the track he past before, 940

He names the lands, and points out ev'ry shore.

By same way, pointed the different countries to them as they
passed along.

260 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. III.

Sicanio praetenta finu jacet insula contra
 Plemmyrium undosum : nomen dixere priores
 Ortygiam. Alpheum fama est hic Elidis amnem,
 Occultas egisse vias subter mare ; qui nunc 695
 Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis corifunditur undis.
 Jussi numina magna loci veneramur : et inde
 Exsupero praepingue solum stagnantis Helori.
 Hinc altas cautes projectaque faxa Pachyni
 Radimus, et fatis nunquam concessa moveri 700
 Apparet Camarina procul, campique Gelo,
 Immanisque Gela, fluvii cognomine dicta.
 Arduus inde Agragas ostentat maxima longe
 Moenia, magnanimum quondam generator equorum.
 Teque datis linquo ventis, palmosa Selinus, 705
 Et vada dura lego saxis Lilybeia caecis.
 Hinc Drepani me portus et illaetabilis ora
 Accipit. hic, pelagi tot tempestatibus actus,
 Heu, genitorem, omnis curae casusque levamen,

954. *The Camarinian marsh,*] The Oracle forbade the inhabitants to drain this marsh, they neglected to observe it, and their enemies entering thro' the part that was drained, committed a great slaughter, Servius observes that this oracle was not delivered so early as the time in which Æneas lived, and that is therefore a chronological error in the poet.

951.—*And left thy sinking palms bebind,*] The original says, palmosa Selinus ; the translator has therefore added a poetical circumstance, of the tops of the palm trees gradually sinking and disappearing as they fail'd along.

965. *Wretch as I was,*] Bossu thinks it an instance of our poet's exquisite judgment, that he doth not minutely and at length describe the illness and death of Anchises : which he is of opinion would have too much retarded the action of the poem, and not have interested the reader in any extraordinary manner ; and above all, it afforded no matter for poetical description.

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BOOK III. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 261

An isle, once call'd Ortygia, fronts the sides
Of rough Plemmyrium, and Sicanian tides.
Hither, 'tis said, Alphæus, from his source
In Elis' realms, directs his watry course : 945
Beneath the main he takes his secret way,
And mounts with Arethusa's streams to day :
Now a Sicilian flood his course he keeps,
And rolls with blended waters to the deeps.
Admonish'd, I adore the gaurdian gods, 950
Then pass the bounds of rich Helorus' floods.
Next our fleet gallies by Pachynus glide,
Whose rocks projecting stretch into the tide.
The Camarinian marsh I now survey,
By fate forbidden to be drain'd away. 955
Then the Geloan fields with Gela came
In view, who borrow'd from the flood their name.
With her huge wall proud Agragas succeeds ;
A realm, of old renown'd for generous steeds.
From thee, Selinus, swift before the wind 960
We flew, and left thy sinking palms behind ;
By Lilybaeum's sides our course pursu'd,
Whose rocks insidious hide beneath the flood :
And reach (those dangerous shelves and shallows past)
The fatal port of Drepanum at last. 965
Wretch as I was, on this detested coast,
The chief support of all my woes, I lost ;

965. *The fatal port of Drepanum,*] This is a city in Sicily (says Segrais) called at present Trepano, where they still shew the tomb of Anchises.

Amitto Anchisen ! hic me, pater optime, fessum 710
 Deseris, heu, tantis nequicquam erepte periclis !
 Nec vates Helenus, cum multa horrenda moneret.
 Hos mihi praedixit lu^ctus ; non dira Calaeno.
 Hic labor extremus, longarum haec meta viarum.
 Hinc me digresum vestris deus appulit oris. 715
 Sic pater Aeneas, intentis omnibus, unus,
 Fata narrabat divum, cursusque docebat :
 Conticuit tandem, factoque hic fine quievit.

968. *Father*—] Here Virgil does not follow Dionysius Halicarnasseus, as usual, who says Anchises arrived in Italy. But what part could Anchises have acted amid the wars that were to follow ?

CATROU.

975. *And hence heav'n led me*,] The original says *vestris Deus appulit oris*. My good genius, or the kind God led me ; a compliment by the word Deus is I think meant to be paid the queen.—It is remarkable that the poet puts the soft expression Deus into the mouth of *Æneas*, tho' in reality it was a tempest that drove him hither.

976. *The prince relates*,] Catrou says, the best manuscripts read — *Fataque narrabat instead of — Fata renarrabat*. —

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My dear, dear father—sav'd, but sav'd in vain
From all the tempests of the raging main.

Nor did the royal sage this blow foretell ; 970

Nor did the direful Harpy-queen of hell,
Among her frightful prodigies, foreshow

This last sad stroke, this unexpected woe.

Here all my labours, all my toils were o'er,
And hence heav'n led me to your friendly shore. 975

Thus, while the room was hush'd, the prince relates
The wondrous series of his various fates ;
His long, long wand'rings, and unnumber'd woes :
Then ceas'd ; and sought the blessings of repose. 979

979. *Then ceas'd,*] Segrais observes, that the fifteen hundred verses which are contained in the second and third book may be repeated in two hours. Æneas's recital did not appear prolix to Dido, neither can it to any reader of taste.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

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THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
VIRGIL's
ÆNEID.

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VIRGILII MARONIS

ÆNEAS

TRANSLATED

The ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting-match for his entertainment. Juno, with the consent of Venus, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be compleated. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage. Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing could prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

P. VIRGILII MARONIS
 A E N E I D O S
 L I B E R IV.

AT regina gravi jamdudum saucia cura,
 Vulnus alit venis, et caeco carpitur igni.
 Multa viri virtus animo, multusque recursat
 Gentis honos. haerent infixi pectore vultus,
 Verbaque : nec placidam membris dat cura quietem. 5
 Postera Phoebea lustrabat lampade terras,
 Humentemque aurora polo dimoverat umbram ;
 Cum sic unanimem alloquitur malesana sororem :
 Anna soror, quae me suspensam insomnia terrent !
 Quis novus, hic nostris successit sedibus hospes ! 10

In the third book, Virgil seems to have displayed his skill in descriptive poetry ; but this fourth book is entirely devoted to the pathetic. And indeed he hath exhausted the subject, no author ever moved the passions of pity and terror in so great a degree. The origin and progress of the passion of love, its various effects on the mind, its doubts, and hopes, and fears, and jealousies, its pleasures and pains, till it ends in the deepest despair, were never so forcibly, so elegantly, or naturally described. Servius tells us, that this whole book is borrowed from the third of Apollonius Rhodius. A few hints may perhaps be taken, but not enough to detract any thing from Virgil's merit. The only answer, says M. Voltaire, which is to be made to such observations is,

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VIRGIL'S AENEID.

THE

FOURTH BOOK.

BUT love inflam'd the queen ; the raging pain
Preys on her heart, and glows in every vein.
Much she revolves the hero's deeds divine,
And much the glories of his godlike line ;
Each look, each accent breaks her golden rest,
Lodg'd in her soul, and imag'd in her breast. 5

The morn had chas'd the dewy shades away,
And o'er the world advanc'd the lamp of day ;
When to her sister thus the royal dame
Disclos'd the secret of her growing flame. 10

Anna, what dreams are these that haunt my rest ?
Who is this hero, this our godlike guest ?

is, that the fourth book of Virgil is too great a masterpiece to be but a copy. 'Tis just as some people say, Milton hath stolen his poem, from an Italian stroller, named Andreino.

3. *Much she revolves the hero's deeds divine,]* Dido endeavours to persuade herself, that it was the exalted merit and virtue of the hero, not his person that she was fond of : the usual and natural artifice of this insinuating passion of love !

270 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Quem sese ore ferens ! quam forti pectori et armis !
 Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus esse deorum.
 Degeneres animos timor arguit. heu quibus ille
 Jactatus fatis ! quae bella exhausta canebat !
 Si mihi non animo fixum immotumque federet, 15
 Ne cui me vinclo vellem sociare jugali,
 Postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit ;
 Si non pertaesum thalami taedaeque fuisset ;
 Huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpae.
 Anna, fatebor enim, miseri post fata Sichaei 20
 Conjugis, et sparsos fraterna caede Penates,
 Solus hic inflexit sensus, animumque labantem
 Impulit. agnosco veteris vestigia flammae.
 Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat,
 Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
 Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam, 26
 Ante, pudor, quam te violo, aut tua jura resolvo.

35. *But ob ; may earth]*

There are some delicate strokes of nature in the cautious manner in which Dido reveals her new-born passion to her sister. But what follows in the solemn protestations she makes, that she was immovably resolved never to marry again, is inimitably just and natural ; and the true picture of a widow's resolutions. The reader of taste will likewise be charm'd with the arguments her sister uses to persuade her to indulge her passion and marry again : 'tis impossible to think of more strong and weighty ones ; especially where she puts Dido in mind, that she is surrounded with enemies, that nothing could give her kingdom more strength than a confederacy with the Trojans, that even prudence would direct her to take a husband, if for no other reason, yet that she might be a kind of protector of her infant kingdom against her brother's anger ; and lastly, that the very gods seemed to have interest'd themselves in this affair, and that for her part she could not help believing that Juno herself had driven the Trojan fleet on purpose to her coasts. The *excuses*

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BOOK IV. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. LV 271

Mark but his graceful port, his manly charms ;
How great a prince ! and how renown'd in arms !
Sure he descends from some celestial kind ; 15
For fear attends the low degenerate mind.
But oh ! what wars, what battles he relates !
How long he struggled with his adverse fates !
Did not my soul her purpose still retain,
Fix'd and determin'd ne'er to wed again, 20
Since from my widow'd arms the murdering sword
Untimely snatch'd my first unhappy lord ;
Did not my thoughts the name of marriage dread,
And the bare mention of the bridal bed---
Forgive my frailty---but I seem inclin'd 25
To yield to this one weakness of my mind.
For oh ! my sister, unreserv'd and free
I trust the secret of my soul to thee ;
Since poor Sichæus, by my brother slain,
Dash'd with his blood the consecrated fane, 30
And stain'd the gods ; my firm resolves, I own,
This graceful prince has shook, and this alone.
I feel a warmth o'er all my trembling frame,
'Too like the tokens of my former flame.
But oh ; may earth her dreadful gulph display, 35
And gaping snatch me from the golden day ;
May I be hurl'd, by heav'n's almighty fire,
Transfix'd with thunder and involv'd in fire,

excuses she suggests to Dido, and the causes of delay she would have her make use of to Æneas are likewise admirable : " Tell him that it is utterly impossible to undertake so dangerous a voyage in the wintry season, and that his fleet wants refitting."

272 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
 Abstulit, ille habeat secum, servetque sepulcro. 30
 Sic effata sinum lacrymis implevit obortis.
 Anna refert: o luce magis dilecta sorori,
 Solane perpetua moerens carpere juventa?
 Nec dulces natos, Veneris nec praemia noris?
 Id cinerem aut manes credis curare sepultos?
 Esto: aegram nulli quondam flexere mariti; 35
 Non Libya, non ante Tyro despectus Iarbas,
 Ductoresque alii, quos Africa terra triumphis
 Dives alit. placitone etiam pugnabis amori?
 Nec venit in mentem quorum consederis arvis?
 Hinc Getulae urbes, genus insuperabile bello, 40
 Et Numidae infraeni cingunt, et inhospita Syrtis;
 Hinc deserta siti regio, lateque furentes

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VOL.

Down to the shades of hell from realms of light,
The deep, deep shades of everlasting night; 40
Ere, sacred honour ! I betray thy cause
In word, or thought, or violate thy laws:
No !---my first lord, my first ill-fated spouse,
Still, as in life, is lord of all my vows.
My love he had, and ever let him have, 45
Interr'd with him, and buried in the grave.
Then, by her rising grief o'erwhelm'd, she ceas'd :
The tears ran trickling down her heaving breast.

Sister, the fair replies, whom far above
The light of heav'n, or life itself I love ; 50
Still on your bloom shall endless sorrow prey,
And waste your youth in solitude away ?
And shall no pleasing theme your thoughts employ ?
The prattling infant, or the bridal joy ?
Think you such cares disturb your husband's shade, 55
Or stir the sacred ashes of the dead ?
What though before, no lover won your grace,
Among the Tyrian, or the Libyan race ?
With just disdain you pass'd Iarbas o'er,
And many a king whom warlike Afric bore. 60
But will you fly the heroë you approve ?
And steel your heart against a prince you love ?
Nor will you once reflect what regions bound
Your infant empire, and your walls surround ?
Here proud Gætulian cities tow'r in air, 65
Whose swarthy sons are terrible in war ;
There the dread Syrtes stretch along the main,
And there the wild Barcæans range the plain ;

Barcae. quid bella Tyro surgentia dicam,
Germanique minas ? 45
Dis equidem auspicibus reor et Junone secunda
Huc cursum Iliacas vento tenuisse carinas.
Quam tu urbem, soror, hanc cernes ! quae surgere regna
Conjugio tali ! Teucrum comitantibus armis,
Punica se quantis attollet gloria rebus !
Tu modo posce deos veniam, sacrificque litatis, 50
Indulge hospitio, causasque innecte morandi :
Dum pelago desaevit hyems, et aquosus Orion ;
Quassataeque rates, et non tractabile coelum.
His dictis incensum animum inflammavit amore,
Spemque dedit dubiae menti, solvitque pudorem. 55
Principio delubra adeunt, pacemque per aras
Exquirunt : mactant lectas de more bidentes
Legiferae Cereri, Phoeboque, patrique Lyaeo :
Junoni ante omnes, cui vincla jugalia curae.
Ipfa, tenens dextra pateram, pulcherrima Dido 60

86. *These words soon*] Bossu makes some sensible remarks on the progress of Dido's passion and guilt. This princess at first entertains Æneas with vows and prayers which she puts up to the gods with a sincere piety. Because then she was innocent and at quiet. She begins to love Æneas contrary to the vow she had made to the manes of her first husband, which to her were a kind of deity. She begins at the same time to suppose that these manes are no longer concerned about her, and lay no obligation upon her to keep her vows. Last of all, being more corrupted, she becomes guilty of impiety against the gods : and seeing that Æneas was about to leave her by their order, she would persuade him that they are quite ignorant and unconcerned at what is done here on earth. Not that she was really and absolutely persuaded of so impious a maxim : the poet was too judicious to make so great and so strange an alteration in the manners of this queen, in so short a time. 'Tis her passion

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Here parch'd with thirst a smoaking region lies,
There fierce in arms the brave Numidians rise. 70

Why should I urge our vengeful brother's ire ?
The war just bursting from the gates of Tyre ?
Sure, every god, with mighty Juno, bore
The fleets of Ilion to the Libyan shore.

From such a marriage, soon your joyful eyes 75
Shall see a potent town and empire rise.

What scenes of glory Carthage must enjoy,
When our confederate arms unite with Troy ?

Go then, propitiate heav'n ; due off'rings pay ;
Carefs, invite your godlike guest to stay, 80 }
And study still new causes of delay.

Tell him, that, charg'd with deluges of rain,
Orion rages on the wintry main ;
That still unrigg'd his shatter'd vessels lie,
Nor can his fleet endure so rough a sky. 85

These words soon scatter'd the remains of shame ;
Confirm'd her hopes, and fann'd the rising flame.
With speed they seek the temples, and implore
With rich oblations each celestial pow'r :
Selected sheep with holy rites they slay 90

To Ceres, Bacchus, and the God of day.
But chief, to Juno's name the victims bled,
To Juno, guardian of the bridal bed.
The queen before the snowy heifer stands,
Amid the shrines, a goblet in her hands ; 95

passion which makes her speak thus. This, in short, is the beginning of impiety; which naturally happens to those, whose vices and passions are violent; and which at last leads them into downright atheism.

Bossu, book v. c. 2.

Candentis vaccae media inter cornua fundit :
 Aut ante ora deūm pingues spatiatur ad aras,
 Instauratque diem donis, pecudumque reclusis
 Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.
 Heu, vatum ignarae mentes ! quid vota furentem 65
 Quid delubra juvant ? est mollis flamma medullas
 Interea, et tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus.
 Uritur infelix Dido, totaque vagatur
 Urbe furens ; qualis conjecta cerva sagitta,
 Quam procul incautam nemora inter Cressia fixit 70
 Pastor agens telis, liquitque volatile ferrum
 Nescius. illa fuga silvas saltusque peragrat
 Dictaeos : haeret lateri lethalis arundo.
 Nunc media Aenean secum per moenia ducit,
 Sidoniasque ostentat opes, urbemque paratam. 75
 Incipit effari, mediaque in voce resistit.
 Nunc eadem, labente die, convivia quaerit,
 Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores
 Exposit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.

114. *Now the fond princess]* If the reader be not void of all taste and sensibility, pity and humanity, he must be inexpressibly moved, by the following circumstances of Dido's behaviour : by her carrying *Æneas* thro' the town, and tempting him to settle in a city already begun to be built ; by her beginning to speak and suddenly stopping short and faltering ; by her making still new feasts and entertainments for her lover ; by her desiring to hear his story again and again ; by her attention to every syllable he spoke ; by her remaining in the hall after the guests were gone, and lying upon the couch where he sat ; by her thinking she still hears his voice, and still sees his person, and by her fondly playing with Ascanius.

BOOK IV. VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

177

Between the horns she sheds the sacred wine,
And pays due honours to the pow'r's divine ;
Moves round the fane in solemn pomp, and loads,
Day after day, the altars of the gods.

Then hovering o'er, the fair consults in vain 100

The panting entrails of the victims slain ;
But ah ! no sacred rites her pain remove ;
Priests, pray'rs, and temples ! what are you to love ?
With passion fir'd, her reason quite o'erthrown,
The hapless queen runs raving thro' the town. 105

Soft flames consume her vitals, and the dart,
Deep, deep within, lies festering in her heart.
So sends the heedless hunter's twanging bow
The shaft that quivers in the bleeding doe ;
Stung with the stroke, and madding with the pain, 110
She wildly flies from wood to wood in vain ;
Shoots o'er the Cretan lawns with many a bound,
The cleaving dart still rankling in the wound !

Now the fond princess leads her heroē on,
Shows him her Tyrian wealth, and growing town ; 115
Displays her pompous tow'rs that proudly rise,
And hopes to tempt him with the glorious prize ;
Now, as she tries to tell her raging flame,
Stops short,---and falters, check'd by conscious shame :
Now, at the close of evening, calls her guest, 120
To share the banquet, and renew the feast :
She fondly begs him to repeat once more
The Trojan story that she heard before ;
Then to distraction charm'd, in rapture hung
On every word, and dy'd upon his tongue. 125

Post, ubi digressi, lumenque obscura vicissim, 80
 Luna premit, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos :
 Sola domo moeret vacua, stratisque relictis
 Incubat : illum absens absentem auditque videtque :
 Aut gremio Ascanium, genitoris imagine capta
 Detinet, infandum si fallere possit amorem. 85
 Non coptae affurgunt turres, non arma juventus
 Exercet, portusve aut propugnacula bello
 Tuta parant : pendent opera interrupta, minaeque
 Murorum ingentes, aequataque machina coelo.
 Quam simul ac tali persensit peste teneri 90
 Cara Jovis conjux, nec famam obstat furori ;
 Talibus aggreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis :

137. *No more the tow'rs, unfinis'd,]* The moral here is equally just and noble : nothing can more strongly represent the pernicious consequences of this violent passion ; the neglect it occasions of all useful and necessary affairs ; the indolence and stupor into which it casts all the faculties of mind and body ; and how it damps and destroys all the noble and worthy pursuits and aims of mankind. To this purpose Lucretius says finely, that when a man is deeply in love,

Labitur interea res et vadimonia fiunt ;
 Languent officia, atque aegrotat fama vacillans.

What a change of conduct has this passion suddenly wrought upon our unfortunate queen ! the imperial works in which she was engaged with such earnestness are all at a stand ! she, who was so busy and intent upon finishing her city, and bent her whole thoughts and soul upon that glorious design, now thinks of nothing but fresh parties of pleasure with her lover, and by what kinds of diversions and amusements she may best detain her beloved stranger !

144. *This Juno saw,*] The Juno of the Aeneid is formed upon the Juno of the Iliad. This is visible. But see what Virgil in imitating hath added of his own. Juno, besides her hatred against the Trojans, excited by the judgment of Paris, and the rape of Ganymede (both so injurious to her

beauty)

But when the setting stars to rest invite,
And fading Cynthia veils her beamy light ;
When all the guests retire to soft repose ;
Left in the hall, she sighs, and vents her woes,
Lies on his couch, bedews it with her tears, 130 }
In fancy sees her absent prince, and hears
His charming voice still sounding in her ears.
Fir'd with the glorious hero's graceful look,
The young Ascanius on her lap she took,
With trifling play her furious pains beguil'd ; 135
In vain !---the father charms her in the child.
No more the tow'rs, unfinish'd, rise in air :
The youth, undisciplin'd, no more prepare
Ports for the fleet, or bulwarks for the war ;
The works and battlements neglected lie, 140
And the proud structures cease to brave the sky.

The fair thus rages with the mighty pain,
That fir'd her soul ; and honour pleads in vain.
This Juno saw, and thus the bride of Jove,
In guileful terms address'd the queen of love : 145

beauty) appears particularly animated against Æneas for special reasons, which render her character proper for the Æneid ; and which raise Virgil far above the rank of those servile copiers, who can only follow their author, step by step. Juno knew, says he, that the Roman power was to become fatal to Carthage, her favourite city, which she would gladly have made mistress of the world. This makes a new incentive to her against a people, she had already so many other reasons to hate ; and this gives Virgil an opportunity of exalting the glory of his country, by recalling into the minds of his readers, the greatest events to be found in history.

L'abbe Fraquier, *Memoires de Litterature, tome ii.*

Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis
 Tuque, puerque tuus; magnum et memorabile nomen:
 Una dolo divum si femina victa duorum est. 95
 Nec me adeo fallit, veritam te moenia nostra
 Suspectas habuisse domos Carthaginis altae.
 Sed quis erit modus? aut quo nunc certamine tanto?
 Quin potius pacem aeternam pactosque hymenaeos
 Exercemus? habes, tota quod mente petisti: 100
 Ardet amans Dido, traxitque per ossa furem.
 Communem hunc ergo populum, paribusque regamus
 Auspiciis: liceat Phrygio servire marito,
 Dotalesque tuae Tyrios permittere dextrae.
 Olli, sensit enim simulata mente locutam, 105
 Quo regnum Italiae Libycas averteret oras,
 Sic contra est ingressa Venus: quis talia demens
 Abnuat, aut tecum malit contendere bello?
 Si modo, quod memoras, factum fortuna sequatur:
 Sed fatis incerta feror, si Jupiter unam 110
 Esse velit Tyriis urbem Trojaque profectis,
 Misericive probet populos, aut foedera jungi.
 Tu conjux: tibi fas animum tentare precando.
 Perge, sequar. Tum sic exceptit regia Juno:
 Mecum erit iste labor: nunc, qua ratione quod instat,

165. *The destin'd seat*] These lines contain a direct and
 most indisputable proof, that Virgil introduced this episode
 of Dido, with a view to the rivalship that existed betwixt
 Carthage and Rome.

A high exploit indeed ! a glorious name,
Unfading trophies and eternal fame,
You, and your son have worthily pursu'd !
Two gods a single woman have subdu'd !
To me your groundless jealousies are known, 150
And dark suspicions of this Tyrian town.
But why, why Goddess, to what aim or end
In lasting quarrels should we still contend ?
Hence then from strife resolve we both to cease,
And by the nuptial band confirm the peace. 155
To crown your wish, the queen with fond desire
Dies for your son, and melts with amorous fire.
Let us with equal sway protect the place,
The common guardians of the mingled race.
Be Tyre the dow'r to seal the glad accord, 160
And royal Dido serve this Phrygian lord.

To whom the queen ; (who mark'd with piercing eyes
The goddess labouring, in the dark disguise,
To Libyan shores from Latium to convey
The destin'd seat of universal sway ;) 165
Who this alliance madly would deny ?
Or war with thee, dread empress of the sky ?
And oh ! that fortune in the work would join,
With full success to favour the design !
But much I doubt, o goddess, if the fates, 170
Or Jove permit us to unite the states.
You, as his consort, your request may move,
And search the will, or bend the mind of Jove.
Go then---your scheme before the father lay ?
Go ;---and I follow, where you lead the way. 175

282 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Confieri possit, paucis, adverte, docebo. 116
 Venatum Aeneas unaque miserrima Dido
 In nemus ire parant, ubi primos crastinus ortus
 Extulerit Titan, radiisque retexerit orbem.
 His ego nigrantem commista grandine nimbum, 120
 Dum trepidant alae, saltusque indagine cingunt,
 Desuper infundam, et tonitru coelum omne ciebo.
 Diffugient comites, et nocte tegentur opaca.
 Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem
 Devenient. adero, et tua si mihi certa voluntas, 125
 Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo.
 Hic Hymenaeus erit. non adversata petenti,
 Annuit atque dolis risit Cytherea repertis.
 Oceanum interea surgens aurora reliquit.
 It portis jubare exorto delecta juventus. 130
 Retia rara, plagae, lato venabula ferro,
 Massylique ruunt equites; et odora canum vis.
 Reginam thalamo cunctantem ad limina primi
 Poenorum exspectant: ostroque insignis et auro
 Stat sonipes, ac fraena ferox spumantia mandit. 135

195. *But smil'd]* Venus in this and the foregoing passage line 161. is represented as a compleat mistress of cunning, and possessed of the keenest discernment. Whether the poet has concealed any allegory, by giving the queen of beauty these qualities, the ladies, to whom I leave it, must determine.

201. *The queen engag'd in dress,*] She was spending a great deal of time (says old Servius) to adorn herself to the utmost of her power that she might appear more charmingly beautiful to Æneas. And at last when she does actually make her appearance after this delay, our expectations are fully answered, and she comes forth as lovely a figure as we can conceive.

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Be mine the care, th' imperial dame replies,
To gain the god, the sovereign of the skies.
Then heed my counsel---when the dawning light
Drives from the opening world the shades of night ;
The prince and queen, transfix'd with amorous flame,
Bend to the woods to hunt the savage game : 181
There, while the crowds the forest-walks beset,
Swarm round the woods, and spread the waving net ;
The skies shall burst upon the sportive train
In storms of hail, and deluges of rain : 185
The gather'd tempest o'er their heads shall roll,
And the long thunders roar from pole to pole.
On ev'ry side shall fly the scattering crowds,
Involv'd and cover'd in a night of clouds.
To the same cave for shelter shall repair 190
The Trojan heroes and the royal fair.
The lovers, if your will concurs with mine,
Ourself in Hymen's nuptial bands will join.
The goddess gave consent, the compact bound,
But smil'd in secret at the fraud she found. 195
Scarce had Aurora left her orient bed,
And rear'd above the waves her radiant head,
When, pouring through the gates, the train appear, }
Massylian hunters with the steely spear, 199 }
Sagacious hounds, and toils, and all the sylvan war.
The queen engag'd in dres,—with reverence wait
The Tyrian peers before the regal gate.
Her steed, with gold and purple cover'd round,
Neighs, champs the bit, and foaming paws the ground.

Tandem progreditur, magna stipante caterva,
 Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo :
 Cui pharetra ex auro, crines nodantur in aurum,
 Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.
 Necnon et Phrygii comites, et laetus Iulus, 140
 Incedunt : ipse ante alias pulcherrimus omnes
 Infert se socium Aeneas, atque agmina jungit,
 Qualis, ubi hibernam Lyciam, Xanthique fluenta
 Deserit, ac Delum maternam invisit Apollo,
 Instauratque choros ; mixtique altaria circum 145
 Cretesque Dryopesque fremunt, pictique Agathyrsi :

208. *Back in a golden cau!]* If modern fine ladies, who are apt to think the dresses worn at present, more elegantly fancied, and becoming, than any that can be imagined, would not be offended at the liberty I take ; I would observe, that this hunting-dress of Dido is far more graceful and becoming to the person than any dress which ever appeared in a chace on Windsor forest.

215. *As when from Lycia bound,*] This comparison is of an exquisite beauty ; and might give a full idea of the gracefulness of Apollo to a statuary or painter ; there is something very elegant in the image of

His locks bound backward and adorn'd with gold.

A painter might execute in colours every part of this description, except the circumstance contained in the last line,

His golden quiver rattling as he goes.

This adds life to the whole figure, and is one of the reasons of the superiority of poetry to painting.

It must be observed likewise that there is a secret beauty in this comparison, which a passage in Suetonius suggests. Augustus, it seems, affected to be thought like Apollo ; there is therefore a peculiar propriety and address in the poet, in his comparing Aeneas (by whom Augustus was undoubtedly meant)

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At length she comes, magnificently drest
(Her guards attending) in a Tyrian vest: 205
Back in a golden caul her locks are ty'd;
A golden quiver rattles at her side;
A golden clasp her purple garment binds,
And robes, that flew redundant in the winds. 210
Next with the youthful Trojans to the sport
The fair Ascanius issues from the court.
But far the fairest, and supremely tall,
Tow'r's great Æneas, and outshines them all. 215
As when from Lycia bound in wintry frost,
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the smiling coast,
The beauteous Phoebus in high pomp retires,
And hears in Delos the triumphant quires;
The Cretan crowds and Dryopes advance, 220
And painted Scythians round his altars dance;
Fair wreaths of vivid bays his head infold,
His locks bound backward and adorn'd with gold;

meant) to that God. And it seems to have been an usual piece of flattery in the courtly writers of that time to compare the emperor (who was in reality beautiful) to Apollo. I would not assert (says Mr. Spence) that Virgil had the famous figure of the Apollo Belvidere in his eye, in writing this comparison; but thus much is plain; that they both relate to the Apollo Venator, set off more than he is usually in that character; that both in the poet. and in the marble, this god is represented as the standard of beauty; that this divine beauty of his, and his motion, are the two principal points aimed at by Virgil in this similitude, and the two chief things that strike one in viewing the Apollo Belvidere; and on the whole, that if the one was not copied from the other, they are at least so much alike, that they may very well serve to give a mutual light to each other.

Polymetis, Dial. viii.

Ipse jugis Cynthi graditur, mollique fluentem
 Fronde premit crinem fingens, atque implicat auro: 150
 Tela sonant humeris. haud illo segnior ibat
 Aeneas: tantum egregio decus enitet ore.
 Postquam altos ventum in montes, atque invia lustra,
 Ecce ferae faxi dejectae vertice caprae
 Decurrere jugis: alia de parte patentes
 Transmittunt cursu campos, atque agmina cervi
 Pulverulenta fuga glomerant, montesque relinquunt.
 At puer Ascanius mediis in vallibus acri 156
 Gaudet equo: jamque hos cursu, jam praeterit illos,
 Spumantemque dari pecora inter inertia votis
 Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem.
 Interea magno misceri murmure coelum 160
 Incipit. insequitur commista grandine nimbus.
 Et Tyrii comites passum, et Trojana juventus,
 Dardaniusque nepos Veneris, diversa per agros
 Tecta metu petiere. ruunt de montibus amnes.
 Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem 165
 Deveniunt. prima et tellus et pronuba Juno
 Dant signum: fulsere ignes et conscius aether

234. *The young Ascanius.*] This circumstance is natural; Virgil for ever suits the manners to the age of the persons he introduces.

248. *The Trojan hero and the royal fair.*] Sir R. Steele in the Tatlers observes the great judgment and exactness of Virgil in dropping the epithet he usually applies to his hero, pius Aeneas, and calling him only Dux Trojanus, now he is entering upon the adventure of the cave. 'Tis said, that Mr. Addison communicated this remark to Steele, and by Steele's

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The god majestic move's o'er Cynthus' brows,
His golden quiver rattling as he goes :
So mov'd Æneas ; such his charming grace ;
So glow'd the purple bloom, that flush'd his godlike face.

Soon as the train amid the mountains came,
And storm'd the covert of the savage game ;
The goats flew bounding o'er the craggy brow
From rock to rock, and sought the fields below. 230
Here the fleet stags, chas'd down the tow'ring steep,
In clouds of dust through the long valleys sweep :

While there, exulting, to his utmost speed
The young Ascanius spurs his fiery steed,
Outstrips by turns the flying social train,
And scorns the meaner triumphs of the plain : 235
The hopes of glory all his soul inflame ;
Eager he longs to run at nobler game,
And drench his youthful javelin in the gore
Of the fierce lion, or the mountain boar. 240

Meantime loud thunders rattle round the sky,
And hail and rain, in mingled tempest, fly ;
While floods on floods, in swelling turbid tides,
Roll roaring down the mountain's channel'd sides.
The young Ascanius, and the hunting train, 245
To close retreats fled diverse o'er the plain.
To the same gloomy cave with speed repair
The Trojan heroë and the royal fair.
Earth shakes, and Juno gives the nuptial signs ;
With quivering flames the glimmering grotto shines : 250

Steele's making use of it in the Tatler, first discovered him
to be the author of those papers.

Connubiis: summoque ulularunt vertice nymphae.
 Ille dies primus lethi, primusque malorum,
 Causa fuit: neque enim specie famave movetur, 170
 Nec jam furtivum Dido meditatur amorem;
 Conjugium vocat; hoc praetexit nomine culpam.

Extemplo Libyae magnas it fama per urbes:

252. *The nymphs run,*] If ever Virgil (says, M. Segrais) shewed his address in making things understood only by glancing at and lightly touching upon them; it is doubtless in this passage, at which it was so easy to make a false step. All the commentators praise his modesty and his delicacy.

257. *Her passions bland avow'd,*] The love with which Dido is seized for Æneas, and that of Calypso for Ulysses, are at bottom much the same thing; as are also the orders that Jupiter sends to Æneas to leave Carthage, and that sent to Ulysses to leave Calypso: But whoever takes the trouble to compare these passages together exactly, will find what may be expected from a great genius, when he comes after one of the same character; all the difference there necessarily is between an inventor and one who improves upon an invention. In fact, Calypso is enamour'd of Ulysses. She loves him passionately; for tho' immortal, yet she is not proof against the passions of mortals: She gives way to her inclination, and does not even observe the laws of modesty. Dido's love to Æneas is quite otherwise managed. 'Tis love himself, it is Cupid, who at the desire of his mother Venus, assumes the form of Ascanius, in order to deceive Dido more easily. Two divinities are employed to efface out of her mind the memory of her first spouse, and to blow up afresh the sentiments in her heart, which she thought she had buried in the grave of Sichaeus.

Egregiam vero laudem &c.

Ulysses, by the order of the gods, abandons Calypso. She pines with regret, she addresses her plaints to heaven; but all her complaining and her grief is but for the loss of a man, and being deprived of her pleasure. The character Homer gives to Calypso, by becoming so easily enamour'd of Ulysses, gives his hero no personal pre-eminence over Æneas. Dido's complaints are in another strain; she deplores her

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With lightnings all the conscious skies are spread;
 The nymphs run shrieking round the mountain's head.
 From that sad day, unhappy Dido! rose
 Shame, death, and ruin, and a length of woes.
 Nor fame nor censure now the queen can move, 255
 No more she labours to conceal her love.
 Her passion stands avow'd; and wedlock's name
 Adorns the crime, and sanctifies the shame.

Now Fame, tremendous fiend! without delay
 Through Libyan cities took her rapid way. 260

stained glory her having sullied that reputation which had
 formerly exalted her name to heaven :

Te propter Libycae.

She thinks of the contempt with which neighbouring princes
 must look upon her, having so often despised them. The
 image of Sichaeus, that moving, tender image, is ever present
 to her mind, and in the miserable condition she is now in,
 she has nothing left to desire but death :

Quin morere, ut merita es—

She dies, and the recital of her death presents us with such
 natural beauties and touching images, that we must have
 recourse to the most pathetic among the Greek tragedies,
 to find any thing to be compared with the end of the fourth
 book of the Aeneid. What art, what dexterity is there in
 marking out by the rage of Dido the source of the implacable
 hatred between the Carthaginians and Romans:

Exoriare aliquis &c.

L'abbe Fraquier, *mémoires de Litterature, Tome II.*

259. *Now Fame, tremendous fiend!]* The description of this allegorical person of Fame is undoubtedly beautiful, but perhaps is rather too long. Mr. Addison is of opinion that these shadowy figures should have no share in the action of an epic poem, and on these principles seems to condemn the fine allegory of Sin and Death in Milton.

290 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum :
 Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo : 175
 Parva metu primo ; mox sese attollit in auras,
 Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.
 Illam terra parens, ira irritata deorum,
 Extremam, ut perhibent, Coeo Enceladoque sororem
 Progenuit, pedibus celerem et pernicibus alis. 180
 Monstrum horrendum, ingens : cui quot sunt corpore
 plumae,
 Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
 Tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subigit aures.
 Nocte volat coeli medio, terraeque per umbram
 Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno. 185
 Luce sedet custos, aut summi culmine tecti,
 Turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes ;
 Tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuncia veri.
 Haec tum multiplici populos sermone replebat
 Gaudens, et pariter facta atque infecta canebat : 190
 Venisse Aeneam Trojano à sanguine cretum,
 Cui se pulchra viro dignetur jungere Dido :
 Nunc hiemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fovere,
 Regnorum immemores, turpique cupidine captos.
 Haec passim dea foeda virum diffundit in ora. 195
 Protinus ad regem cursus detorquet Iarbam,

This sublime image,
 And stalks on earth, and tow'rs above the skies,

is literally copied, from Homer's noble description of Discord, which Longinus so greatly admires, Sect ix. saying the space between heaven and earth marks out the vast reach and capacity of Homer's ideas, Iliad. iv. y 443. There is a thought of equal sublimity in the wisdom of Solomon :
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BOOK IV. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 291

Fame, the swift plague, that every moment grows,
And gains new strength and vigour as she goes.
First small with fear, she swells to wond'rous size,
And stalks on earth, and tow'rs above the skies ;
Whom, in her wrath to heav'n, the teeming earth 265
Produc'd the last of her gigantic birth ;
A monster huge, and dreadful to the eye,
With rapid feet to run, or wings to fly.
Beneath her plumes the various fury bears
A thousand piercing eyes and list'ning ears ; 270
And with a thousand mouths and babbling tongues
 } appears.

Thund'ring by night, through heaven and earth she flies ;
No golden slumbers seal her watchful eyes ;
On tow'rs or battlements she fits by day,
And shakes whole towns with terror and dismay ; 275
Alarms the world around, and, perch'd on high,
Reports a truth, or publishes a lye.
Now both she mingled with malignant joy,
And told the nations, that a prince from Troy
Inflam'd with love the Tyrian queen, who led 280
The godlike stranger to her brid'al bed ;
That both, indulging to their soft desires,
And deaf to censure, melt in amorous fires ;
From every thought the cares of state remove,
And the long winter pass'd away in love. 285

This tale the Fury glories to display,
Then to the king Iarbas bent her way ;

“ Thy almighty word leaped down ; it touched the heaven,
“ but it stood upon the earth.” c. xviii. ¶ 15, 16.

Incenditque animum dictis, atque aggerat iras.
 Hic Ammone satus, rapta Garamantide nymphæ,
 Templa Jovi centum latis immania regnis,
 Centum aras posuit, vigilemque sacraverat ignem, 200
 Excubias divum aeternas, pecudumque cruento
 Pingue solum, et variis florentia limina fertis.
 Isque, amens animi et rumore accensus amaro,
 Dicitur ante aras, media inter numina divum,
 Multa Jovem manibus supplex orasse supinis : 205
 Jupiter omnipotens, cui nunc Maurusia pectis
 Gens epulata toris Lenaeum libat honorem,
 Aspicis haec ? an te, genitor, cum fulmina torques,
 Nequicquam horremus ? caecique in nubibus ignes
 Terrificant animos, et inania murmura miscent ? 210
 Femina, quæ nostris errans in finibus urbem

290. *This monarch sprung from Ammon's*] Jupiter Ammon was the only god whom the Garamantians adored, and the Garamantians were the people who bordered highest on Æthiopia. Their situation was on the eastern side of that country which is now called Zaara. The famous temple of Jupiter Ammon was very much frequented on account of the oracles that were given out there. Lucan and Quintus Curtius have written very different descriptions of it, the one in the ninth book of his Pharsalia, the other in the fourth book of his history.

295. *And watch'd the hallow'd everlasting fire ;*] Plutarch mentions, as an historical fact, this lamp that was for ever burning before the altar of Jupiter Ammon. Virgil takes care to borrow from history every thing that can adorn and enrich his poem. Here is one instance of his great learning.

CATROU.

302. *Almighty Jove ! to whom our Moorish line,*] There is a noble fire and fierceness in this bold speech of Iarbas : The taunts and revilings he throws even upon Jupiter himself, are quite in the spirit of an enraged African, a haughty prince, and abandon'd lover. The contempt with which he speaks

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BOOK IV. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 293

With jealous rage the furious prince inspires,
And all his soul with indignation fires.

This monarch sprung from Ammon's warm embrace
With a fair nymph of Garamantic race. 291

The mighty king a hundred temples rais'd ;
An hundred altars that with victims blaz'd,
Through all his realms, in honour of his fire ;
And watch'd the hallow'd everlasting fire ; 295

With various wreaths adorn'd the holy door,
And drench'd the soil with consecrated gore.
Amid the statues of the gods he stands,
And, spreading forth to Jove his lifted hands,
Fir'd with the tale, and raving with despair, 300
Prefers in bitterness of soul his pray'r.

Almighty Jove ! to whom our Moorish line
In large libations pour the generous wine,
And feast on painted beds ; say, father, say,
If yet thy eyes these flagrant crimes survey. 305

Or do we vainly tremble and adore,
When thro' the skies the pealing thunders roar ?
Thine are the bolts ? or idly do they fall,
And rattle thro' the dark aerial hall ?
A wand'ring woman, who on Libya thrown, 310
Rais'd on a purchas'd spot a slender town ;

speaks of Æneas is admirably express'd ; especially what relates to his dress and habit, which 'tis natural to imagine this rough, Moorish, king must hold in great disdain.

Et nunc ille Paris, cum semiviro comitatu,
Moeoniâ mentum mitrâ, crinemque madentem
Subnexus, rapto potitur —

Exiguam pretio posuit, cui litus arandum,
 Cuique loci leges dedimus, connubia nostra
 Reppulit, ac dominum Aenean in regna recepit.
 Et nunc ille Paris cum semiviro comitatu, 215
 Maeonia mentum mitra crinemque madentem
 Subnexus, rapto potitur: nos munera templis
 Quippe tuis ferimus, famamque fovemus inanem.
 Talibus orantem dictis, arasque tenentem
 Audiit omnipotens, oculosque ad moenia tarsit 220
 Regia, et oblitos famae melioris amantes.
 Tunc sic Mercurium alloquitur, ac talia mandat:
 Vade, age, nate, voca zephyros, et labere pennis:
 Dardanumque ducem, Tyrię Carthagine qui nunc
 Exspectat, fatisque datas non respicit urbes, 225
 Alloquere; et celeres defer mea dicta per auras.
 Non illum nobis genetrix pulcherrima talem
 Promisit, Graiumque ideo bis vindicat armis:
 Sed fore, qui gravidam imperiis, belloque frementem
 Italiam regeret, genus alto a sanguine Teucri 230
 Proderet, ac totum sub leges mitteret orbem.
 Si nulla accedit tantarum gloria rerum,
 Nec super ipse sua molitur laude laborem;

339. *And give the world the law.*] In the original there is an expression of such force and energy, that, as Catrou observes, it is almost impossible to translate; Italiam gravidam imperiis. From that time Rome was destined to bring forth empires. In truth, in the time of Augustus, Rome was the mistress of almost all those countries and regions which composed the empires of the Babylonions, the Medes, the Persians and the Greeks.

On terms ourself prescrib'd, was glad to gain
 A barren tract that runs along the main ;
 The proffer'd nuptials of thy son abhor'd ;
 But to her throne receives a Dardan lord. 315

And lo ! this second Paris comes again,
 With his unmanly, soft, luxurious train,
 In scented tresses and a mitre gay,
 To bear my bride, his ravish'd prize, away ;
 While still in vain we bid thy altars flame, 320
 And pay our vows to nothing but a name.

Him, as he grasp'd his altars, and prefer'd
 His wrathful pray'r, th' almighty father heard ;
 Then to the palace turn'd his awful eye,
 Where, careless of their fame, the lovers lie. 325

The god, that scene offended to survey,
 Charg'd with his high command the son of May :

Fly, fly, my son, our orders to perform ;
 Mount the fleet wind, and ride the rapid storm ;
 Fly—to yon Dardan chief in Carthage bear 330
 Our awful mandate through the fields of air,
 Who idly ling'ring in the Tyrian state,
 Neglects the promis'd walls decreed by fate.

Not such a prince, the beauteous queen of love
 (When twice she fav'd him) promis'd him to Jove ;
 A prince she promis'd who by deeds divine 336

Should prove he sprung from Teucer's martial line ;
 Whose sword imperial Italy should awe,
 A warlike realm ! and give the world the law.
 If no such glories can his mind inflame, 340
 If he neglects his own immortal fame ;

296 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Ascanione pater Romanas invidet arces? 234
 Quid struit? aut qua spe inimica in gente moratur?
 Nec prolem Ausoniam et Lavinia respicit arva?
 Naviget. haec summa est; hic nostri nuncius esto.
 Dixerat. ille patris magni parere parabat
 Imperio: et primum pedibus talaria necit
 Aurea; quae sublimem alis, sive aquora supra, 240
 Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamme portant.
 Tum virgam capit. hac animas ille evocat Orco
 Pallentes, alias sub tristia Tartara mittit;
 Dat somnos adimitque, et lumina morte resignat.
 Illa fretus agit ventos, et turbida tranat 245
 Nubila: jamque volans apicem et latera ardua cernit
 Atlantis duri, coelum qui vertice fulcit;
 Atlantis, cinctum assidue cui nubibus atris
 Piniferum caput, et vento pulsatur et imbri:
 Nix humeros infusa tegit: tum flumina mento 250

350. *Swift at the word the dutious son,*] The description
 of this celestial messenger is far excelled by our inimitable
 countryman, (who indeed, in many particulars, has outdone his
 Masters, Homer and Virgil,) in his picture of the angel Raphael.

—— Six wings he wore, to shade
 His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
 With regal ornament; the middle pair
 Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,
 And colours dip'd in heav'n: the third his feet
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
 Sky-tinctur'd grain! like Maia's son he stood
 And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
 The circuit wide. Par. Loft, Book v. 276.

Neither Raphaël nor Guido have painted a more graceful
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BOOK IV. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 297

What has his heir the young Ascanius done?
Why should he grudge an empire to his son?
What scheme, what prospect can the chief propose,
So long to loiter with a race of foes? 345
The promis'd kingdom to regard no more,
And quite neglect the destin'd Latian shore?
Haste—bid him sail—be this our will; and bear
With speed this mandate through the fields of air.

Swift as the word, the dutious son of May 350
Prepares th' almighty's orders to obey;
First round his feet the golden wings he bound,
That speed his progress o'er the seas profound,
Or earth's unmeasur'd regions, as he flies,
Wrap'd in a rapid whirlwind, down the skies. 355
Then grasp'd the wand; the wand that calls the ghosts
From hell, or drives 'em to the Stygian coasts,
Invites or chases sleep with wond'rous pow'r,
And opes those eyes that death had seal'd before.
Thus arm'd, on wings of winds sublimely rode 360
Thro' heaps of opening clouds the flying god.
From far huge Atlas' rocky sides he spies,
Atlas, whose head supports the starry skies:
Beat by the winds and driving rains, he shrowds
His shady forehead in surrounding clouds; 365

363. *Atlas, whose head supports the starry skies:*] This description of Atlas, as a person, is very sublime and picturesque. There is a famous statue of Atlas, in the Farnese palace at Rome, supporting the globe of the heavens. From this description in Virgil, says Mr. Spence in his Polymetis, one might form a very good idea for a fountain-statue; as perhaps it was, originally, taken from one.

298 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Praecipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba.
 Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis
 Constatit; hinc toto praeceps se corpore ad undas
 Misit; avi similis, quae circum litora, circum
 Piscosos scopulos, humilis volat aequora juxta, 255
 Haud aliter terras inter coelumque, volabat
 Litus arenosum Libyae, ventosque secabat,
 Materno veniens ab avo Cyllenia proles.
 Ut primum alatis tetigit magalia plantis,
 Aenean fundantem arces ac tecta novantem 260
 Conspicit: atque illi stellatus iaspide fulva
 Ensis erat, Tyrioque ardebat murice laena
 Demissa ex humeris: dives quae munera Dido
 Fecerat, et tenui telas discreverat auro.
 Continuo invadit: tu nunc Carthaginis altae 265

389. *To whom the god:—* Upon Mercury's being sent to hasten Æneas from Carthage, Mr. Dryden breaks out into the following strange exclamation. Oh! how convenient is a machine sometimes in an heroic poem! This of Mercury is plainly one; and Virgil was constrained to use it here, or the honesty of his hero would be ill-defended. Mr. Spence has solidly and judiciously refuted this objection. I must own to you, that this very machine last mentioned, the introducing Mercury to oblige Æneas to pursue his voyage to Italy, which Mr. Dryden speaks of as such a forced one, seems to me to be particularly easy and obvious, and very well adapted. What the vulgar believed to be brought about by the will of their gods, the poets described as carried on by a visible interposition of those gods; and this to me seems the whole mystery of the machinery of the ancients.—When the gods are thus introduced in a poem, to help on any fact with which they are particularly supposed to be concerned, I call that machinery easy and obvious: and when the god thus introduced is the most proper that could be employed on that particular occasion, I call it well adapted. This I take to be the case in Virgil's introducing Mercury, on the occasion abovementioned. It was a supposed fact, among

With ice his horrid beard is crusted o'er;
 From his bleak brows the gushing torrents pour;
 Out-spread, his mighty shoulders heave below
 The hoary piles of everlasting snow.

Here on pois'd pinions stoop'd the panting god; 370
 Then, from the steep, shot headlong to the flood.

As the swift sea-mew, for the fishy prey,
 In low excursions skims along the sea,
 By rocks and shores, and wings th' aerial way;
 So, from his kindred mountain, Hermes flies 375
 Between th' extended earth and starry skies;
 Thus through the parting air his course he bore,
 And, gliding, skim'd along the Libyan shore.

Soon as the winged god to Carthage came,
 He finds the prince forgetful of his fame: 380
 The rising domes employ his idle hours,
 Th' unfinish'd palaces and Tyrian tow'rs.

A sword all starr'd with gemms, and spangled o'er
 With yellow jaspers, at his side he wore;
 A robe refulgent from his shoulders flow'd, 385
 That, flaming, deep with Tyrian crimson glow'd;
 The work of Dido; whose unrivall'd art
 With flow'rs of gold embroider'd every part.

To whom the god:—These hours canst thou employ
 To raise proud Carthage, heedless prince of Troy? 390

among the Romans, that Æneas came into Italy in consequence of the will of heaven, and the express order of the gods, declared in oracles and prophecies. What they thus supposed, Virgil realizes. The fates, or will of heaven, in Virgil, is Jupiter giving his orders; and the declaration of it to Æneas is expressed by Mercury, (the usual messenger of the

300 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Fundamenta locas, pulchramque uxorius urbem
 Extruis? heu regni rerumque oblite tuarum!
 Ipse deum tibi me claro demittit Olympo
 Regnator, coelum et terras qui numine torquet
 Ipse haec ferre jubet celeres mandata per auras: 270
 Quid struis? aut qua spe Libycis teris otia terris?
 Si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum,
 Nec super ipse tua moliris laude laborem;
 Ascanium surgentem, et spes haeredis Iuli
 Respice; cui regnum Italiae, Romanaque tellus 275
 Debentur. tali Cyllenius ore locutus,
 Mortales visus medio sermone reliquit,
 Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.
 At vero Aeneas aspectu obmutuit amens,
 Arrectaeque horrore comae, et vox faucibus haesit. 280
 Ardet abire fuga, dulcesque relinquere terras,
 Attonitus tanto monitu imperioque deorum.
 Heu! quid agat? quo nunc reginam ambire furentem
 Audeat affatu? quae prima exordia sumat? 284
 Atque animum hunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
 In partesque rapit varias, perque omnia versat.
 Haec alternanti potior sententia visa est:
 Mnesthea, Surgestumque vocat, fortemque Cloanthum:
 Classem aptent taciti, socios ad litora cogant;

the will of heaven) coming down to him; and giving him the orders he had from Jupiter. This machinery then is both obvious and well adapted: and we may add, that it could scarce be better timed, than when Æneas was at the greatest stop he met with in his whole voyage to Italy; and when he was most in danger of quitting his design.

Polymetis, page 319. Dial. xx.

Thus for a foreign bride to build a town
 And form a state, forgetful of thy own ?
 The Lord of heav'n and earth, almighty Jove,
 With this command dispatch'd me from above ;
 What are thy hopes from this thy long delay ? 395
 Why thus in Libya pass thy hours away ?
 If future empire cease thy thoughts to raise,
 Or the fair prospect of immortal praise ;
 Regard Ascanius, prince, the royal boy ;
 The last, the best surviving hope of Troy ; 400
 To whom the Fates decree, in time to come,
 The long, long glories of imperial Rome.
 He spoke, and speaking left him gazing there ;
 And all the fluid form dissolv'd in air.

The prince astonish'd stood, with horror stung ; 405
 Fear rais'd his hair, and wonder chain'd his tongue :
 Struck and alarm'd with such a dread command,
 He longs to leave the dear enchanting land.
 But ah ! with what address shall we begin,
 How speak his purpose to the raving queen ? 410
 A thousand thoughts his wavering soul divide,
 That turns each way, and strains on every side :
 A thousand projects labouring in his breast,
 On this at last he fixes as the best :
 Mnestheus and brave Cloanthus he commands 415
 To rig the fleet, to summon all the bands

415. *Mnestheus and brave Cloanthus*] The critics on style have observed that Virgil, when he mentions the ancestors of three noble Roman families, turns Sergius, Memmius, and Cluentius, which might have degraded his verse too much, by their common and familiar name, into Sergestus, Mnestheus, and

Arma parent, et, quae sit rebus causa novandis, 290
 Diffimulent. sese interea, quando optima Dido
 Nesciat, et tantos rumpi non speret amores,
 Tentaturum aditus, et quae mollissima fandi
 Tempora, quis rebus dexter modus. ocios omnes
 Imperio laeti parent, ac jussa faceſſunt. 295

At regina dolos, quis fallere possit amantem?
 Praesensit, motusque exceptit prima futuros,
 Omnia tuta timens. eadem impia fama furenti
 Detulit armari classem, cursumque parari.
 Saevit inops animi, totamque incensa per urbem 300
 Bacchatur: qualis commotis excita sacris
 Thyas, ubi audito stimulant trieterica Baccho
 Orgia, nocturnusque vocat clamore Cithaeron.
 Tandem his Aenean compellat vocibus ultro:
 Diffimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum
 Posse nefas, tacitusque mea decadere terra? 305

and Cloanthus. We find in our English writers (says Mr. Addison) how much the proper name of one of our own countrymen pulls down the language that surrounds it, and familiariseth a whole sentence. For our ears are so often used to it, that we find something vulgar and common in the sound and cant; and fancy the pomp and solemnity of style too much humbled and depressed by it.

Dissertation on antient and modern learning.

440. *Couldst thou hope, diffembler,*] She begins with bitter revilings, but soon softens her tone, and falls into the most tender expostulations; begging him at least not to depart in the wintry season; reminding him of all their former fondness, and the vows they had made to each other; of the danger she exposed herself to, for his sake; of the loss of her fame and reputation on his account; of the destruction that will befall her kingdom, by Pygmalion; of her being forced to Iarbas's bed; concluding, that if notwithstanding all

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In secret silence to the shore, and hide
 The sudden cause, that bids them tempt the tide.
 Then while fair Dido, sick with fond desire,
 Thinks such a boundless love can ne'er expire, 420
 Himself the proper measures will prepare
 To move the queen, and seize with watchful care
 The softest moments to address the fair. }
 With speed impatient fly the chiefs away,
 And, fir'd with eager joy, the prince obey. 425

But soon the fraud unhappy Dido spies ;
 (For what can 'scape a lover's piercing eyes,
 Who e'en in safety fears with wild affright ?)
 She first discern'd the meditated flight ;
 And Fame, infernal fiend, the news conveys, 430
 The fleet was rigg'd and launching on the seas.
 Mad with despair, and all her soul on flame,
 Around the city raves the royal dame :
 So the fierce Bacchanal with frantick cries,
 Stung by the god, to proud Cithaeron flies, 435
 And shakes her ivy spear and raves around,
 While the huge mountain echoes to the sound.
 At length, by potent love and grief oppress'd,
 The queen, her recreant lover, first address'd :
 And could'st thou hope, dissembler, from my sight,
 Ah ! wretch perfidious ! to conceal thy flight ? 441

all these moving considerations he is resolved to go, yet she
 begs him to stay at least,

Till in my regal hall I may survey
 Some princely boy, some young Æneas play,

304 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido?
Quin etiam hiberno moliris sidere classem,
Et mediis properas aquilonibus ire per altum, 310
Crudelis? quid, si non arva aliena domosque
Ignotas peteres, et Troja antiqua maneret;
Troja per undosum peteretur classibus aequor!
Mene fugis? per ego has lacrymas dextramque tu-
am, te,
Quando aliud mihi jam miserae nihil ipsa reliqui, 315
Per connubia nostra, per inceptos hymenaeos;
Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
Dulce meum; miserere domus labentis, et istam,
Oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem. 320
Te propter Libycae gentes Nomadumque tyranni
Odere; infensi Tyrii: te propter eundem
Extinctus pudor, et, qua sola sidera adibam,
Fama prior. cui me moribundam deseris, hospes?
Hoc solum nomen quoniam de conjugе restat. 324
Quid moror? an mea Pygmalion dum moenia frater

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In such base silence from my realms to sail ?

Nor can our vows and plighted hands prevail,

Nor Dido's cruel death thy flight detain ?

For death, death only can relieve my pain : 445

And are thy vessels launch'd, while winter sweeps

With the rough northern blast the roaring deeps ?

Barbarian ! say, if Troy herself had stood,

Nor foreign realms had call'd thee o'er the flood,

Would'st thou thy sails in stormy seas employ, 450

And brave the surge to gain thy native Troy ?

Me will you fly, to tempt the dangerous wave ?

Ah ! by the tears I shed, the hand you gave ;

(For these still mine, and only these remain ;

The tears I shed, the hand you gave in vain !) 455

By those late solemn nuptial bands I plead,

By those first pleasures of the bridal bed ;

If e'er, when folded in your circling arms,

You sigh'd, and prais'd these now-neglected charms :

If pray'r can move thee, with this pray'r comply, 460 }

Regard, Æneas, with a pitying eye

A falling race, and lay thy purpose by.

For thee Numidian kings in arms conspire ;

For thee have I incens'd the sons of Tyre ;

For thee I lost my honour and my fame, 465

That to the stars advanc'd my glorious name.

Must I in death thy cruel scorn deplore,

My barbarous guest !—but ah !—my spouse no more !

What---shall I wait, till fierce Pygmalion pours

From Tyre on Carthage, and destroys my tow'rs ? 470

Destruat! aut captam ducat Getulus Iarbas?
 Saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
 Ante fugam Ioboles, si quis mihi parvulus aula
 Luderet Aeneas, qui te tantum ore referret; 330
 Non equidem omnino capta aut deserta viderer.
 Dixerat. ille Jovis monitis immota tenebat
 Lumina, et obnixus curam sub corde premebat.
 Tandem pauca refert; ego te, quae plurima fando
 Enumerare vales, nunquam, regina, negabo 335
 Promeritam: nec me meminisse pigebit Elisae;
 Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus.
 Pro re pauca loquar: nec ego hanc abscondere furto
 Speravi, ne finge, fugam; nec conjugis unquam
 Praetendi taedas, aut haec in foedera veni. 340
 Me si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam
 Auspiciis, et sponte mea componere curas;
 Urbem Trojanam primum dulcesque meorum
 Relliquis colerem: Priami tecta alta manarent,
 Et recidiva manu posuisset Pergama victis. 345

476. *Some princely boy, some young Aeneas play;]* I believe
 (says Mr. Bayle) our countesses and marchionesses would
 think they expressed themselves too much like city dames,
 should they say as the queen of Carthage does in Virgil,

——Si quis mihi parvulus aula
 Luderet Aeneas—

This is spoken in the spirit of the French critics; whose fastidious delicacy and false refinements render them incapable of relishing the lovely simplicity of the ancients, and make them despise the faithful paintings of nature. They would have every thing exactly conformable to modern manners and customs.

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Book IV. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 307

Shall I in proud Iarbas' chains be led
A slave, a captive to the tyrant's bed?
Ah!--had I brought, before thy fatal flight,
Some little offspring of our loves to light;
If in my regal hall I could survey 475
Some princely boy, some young Æneas play;
Thy dear resemblance but in looks alone!
I should not seem quite widow'd and undone.

She said; the prince stood still in grief profound,
And fix'd his eyes relentless on the ground; 480
By Jove's high will admonish'd from the skies;
At length the hero thus in brief replies.

Your bounties, queen, I never can forget;
And never, never pay the mighty debt;
But, long as life informs this fleeting frame, 485
My soul shall honour fair Eliza's name.
Then hear my plea:--By stealth I ne'er design'd
To leave your hospitable realm behind;
Forbear the thought;--much less in Libyan lands,
A casual guest, to own the bridal bands. 490
Had fate allow'd me to consult my ease,
To live and settle on what terms I please;
Still had I stay'd in Asia, to enjoy
The dear, dear relicks of my native Troy:
Rais'd royal Priam's ruin'd tow'r again, 495
A second Ilion for my vanquish'd train.

Most of the complaints of de la Motte, Perrault, Fontenelle, and other unjust censurers of the ancients, are entirely occasioned by their making no allowances for the very different practices and customs of different ages and nations.

Sed nunc Italiam magnam Grynaeus Apollo,
 Italiam Lyciae jussere capessere sortes.
 Hic amor, haec patria est. si te Carthaginis arces
 Phoenissiam, Libycaeque aspectus detinet urbis;
 Quae tandem Ausonia Teucros considere terra
 Invidia est? et nos fas extera quaerere regna. 350
 Me patris Anchisae, quoties humentibus umbris
 Nox operit terras, quoties astra ignea surgunt,
 Admonet in somnis, et turbida terret imago.
 Me puer Ascanius, capitisque injuria chari,
 Quem regno Hesperiae fraudo et fatalibus arvis. 355
 Nunc etiam interpres divum, Jove missus ab ipso,
 Testor utrumque caput, celeres mandata per auras
 Detulit. ipse deum manifesto in lumine vidi
 Intrantem muros, vocemque his auribus hausi.
 Desine, meque tuis incendere, teque querelis: 360
 Italiam non sponte sequor.

Talia dicentem jamdudum aversa tuetur,
 Huc illuc volvens oculos, totumque pererrat.

500. *There lies my country,*] Æneas's reason for leaving
 Dido is the very strongest that could have been given to an
 heathen; "He had repeated commands from heaven to leave
 " her, and therefore could not stay."

The reason why it sounds so weak to many of the modern
 critics must be; either from those who were then look'd upon
 as gods, being now seen in a ridiculous light; or from our
 critics not having so strong a notion of the interposition of
 providence, as the heathens had.

I don't remember that any one of those critics has ever
 asserted, that this speech is left unfinished by Virgil; and

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Book IV. VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

309

But now, fair queen, Apollo's high command
Has call'd me to the fam'd Italian land ;
Thither, inspir'd by oracles, I move,
There lies my country, and there lies my love. 500
If you your rising Carthage thus admire
In these strange realms, a foreigner from Tyre,
Why should not Teucer's race be free to gain
The Latian kingdom, as the gods ordain ?
Oft as the stars display their fiery light, 505
And earth lies cover'd in the shades of night,
My father's angry spirit blames my stay,
Stalks round my bed, and summons me away.
Long has Ascanius call'd me hence in vain,
By me defrauded of his destin'd reign. 510
And now, ev'n now, the messenger of Jove
(Both gods can witness) shot from heav'n above :
Charg'd with the thunderer's high commands he flew,
The glorious form appear'd in open view :
I saw him pass these lofty walls, and hear 515
His awful voice still murmuring in my ear.
Then cease, my beauteous princess, to complain ;
Nor let us both be discompos'd in vain :
From these dear arms to Latium forc'd away ;
'Tis fate that calls, and fate I must obey. 520

yet a good-natur'd critic, that was not satisfy'd with the reasons given, might well say; that Virgil probably had 'others in reserve, had he lived to complete his work.

SPENCE.

310 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Luminibus tacitis, et sic accensa profatur:
 Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor, 365
 Perfide; sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
 Caucasus, Hycanaeque admorunt ubera tigres.
 Nam quid dissimulo? aut quae me ad majora reservo?
 Num fletu ingemuit nostro? num lumen flexit?
 Num lacrymas vietus dedit, aut miseratus amantem
 est? 370

Quae quibus anteferam? jam jam nec maxima Juno,
 Nec Saturnius haec oculis pater aspicit aequis.
 Nusquam tuta fides, ejectum litore, egentem
 Excepi, et regni demens in parte locavi:
 Amissam classem, socios a morte reduxi. 375
 Heu! furiis incensa feror: nunc augur Apollo,
 Nunc Lyciae sortes, nunc et Jove missus ab ipso

532. *Did he once deign,]* Here is a charming instance of the poet's exquisite art: He makes Dido in the height of her passion, turn suddenly from addressing Æneas in the second person, to speak of him in the third, as if he were absent.

Genuit te cautibus —
 Num fletu ingenuit? —

Afterwards she turns to him again,

Neque te teneo, neque dicta refello,
 I sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas.

In the 545th line she again uses the third person as turning from him,

Now great Apollo warns him to retire —
 afterwards she again addresses him in the second person;
 Go then; I plead not, nor thy flight delay —
 After her passion is worked up to the greatest height imaginable,

That glance in silence o'er the guilty man,

And, all inflam'd with fury, she began :

Pefidous monster ! boast thy birth no more ;

525

No heroë got thee, and no goddess bore.

No !—thou wert brought by Scythian rocks to day,

By tigers nurs'd, and savages of prey ;

But far more rugged, wild, and fierce than they.

For why, ah ! why the traitor should I spare ?

530

What baser wrongs can I be doom'd to bear ?

Did he once deign to turn his scornful eyes ?

Did he once groan at all my piercing sighs ?

Drop'd he one tear in pity to my cries ?

Calm he look'd on, and saw my passion burst.

535

Which, which of all his insults was the worst ?

And yet great Jove and Juno from the sky

Behold his treason with a careless eye ;

Guilt, guilt prevails ; and justice is no more.

The needy wretch just cast upon my shore,

540

Fool as I was ! with open arms I led

At once a partner to my throne and bed ;

From instant death I sav'd his famish'd train,

His shatter'd fleet I stor'd and rigg'd again.

But ah ! I rave ;—my soul the furies fire ;

545

Now great Apollo warns him to retire ;

With all his oracles forbids to stay ;

And now through air the feather'd son of May

nable, and becoming too violent for her to support, the poet very naturally describes her fainting away, and carried off by her attendants.

Interpres divum fert horrida jussa per auras.

Scilicet is superis labor est; ea cura quietos

Sollicitat! neque te teneo, neque dicta refello.

I, sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas.

Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt,

Supplicia haefurum scopulis, et nomine Dido

Saepe vocaturum, sequar atris ignibus absens:

Et, cum frigida mors anima seduxerit artus, 385

Omnibus umbra locis adero. dabis, improbe, poenas.

Audiam, et haec manes veniet mihi fama sub imos.

His medium dictis sermonem abrumpit, et auras

Aegra fugit, seque ex oculis avertit et aufert,

Linquens multa metu cunctantem, et multa parantem

Dicere, suscipiunt famulae, collapsaque membra 391

Marmoreo referunt thalamo, stratisque reponunt.

At pius Aeneas, quanquam lenite dolentem

Solando cupid, et dictis avertere curas,

Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore;

Jussa tamen divum exsequitur, classiemque revisit. 396

Tum vero Teucri incumbunt, et litore celsas

Deducunt toto naves, natat una carina:

Fropdentesque ferunt remos, et robora silvis

Infabricata, fugae studio. 400

Migrantes cernas, totaque ex urbe ruentes,

Conveys Jove's orders from the blest abodes;

A care well worthy to disturb the gods!

550

Go then; I plead not, nor thy flight delay;

Go, seek new kingdoms through the watry way;

But there may every god, thy crime provokes,

Reward thy guilt, and dash thee on the rocks;

Then shalt thou call, amid the howling main,

555

On injur'd Dido's name, nor call in vain;

For, wrapt in fires, I'll follow through the sky,

Flash in thy face, or glare tremendous by.

When death's cold hand my struggling soul shall free,

My ghost in every place shall wait on thee;

560

My vengeful spirit shall thy torments know,

And smile with transport in the realms below.

With that, abrupt she took her sudden flight;

Sick of the day, she loaths the golden light;

And turns, while fault'ring he attempts to say

565

Ten thousand things, disdainfully away;

Sunk in their arms the trembling handmaids led

The fainting princess to the regal bed.

But though the pious hero tries with care,

And melting words, to sooth her fierce despair,

570

Stung with the pains and agonies of love,

Still he regards the high commands of Jove;

Repairs the fleet; and soon the busy train

Roll down the lofty vessels to the main.

New-rigg'd, the navy glides along the flood;

575

Whole trees they bring, unfashion'd from the wood,

And leafy saplings to supply their oars,

Pour from the town, and darken all the shores.

Ac veluti, ingentem formicae farris acervum
 Cum populant, hiemis memores, tectoque reponunt :
 It nigrum campis agmen, praedamque per herbas
 Convectant calle angusto : pars grandia trudunt 405
 Obnixae frumenta humeris : pars agmina cogunt,
 Castigantque moras : opere omnis semita fervet.
 Quis tibi tunc, Dido, cernenti talia sensus ?
 Quosve dabas gemitus, cum litora fervere late
 Prospiceres arce ex summa, totumque videres 410
 Misceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus aequor ?
 Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis ?
 Ire iterum in lacrymas, iterum tentare precando
 Cogitur, et supplex animos submittere amori :
 Ne quid inexpertum frustra moritura relinquat. 415
 Anna, vides toto properari litore circum.
 Undique convenere : vocat jam carbasus auras,
 Puppibus et laeti nautae imposuere coronas.

603. *Sister, be bold !*] Here is a fine turn of passion. Dido's last speech was full of rage, anger, and indignation at her discovery of Æneas's design to leave her: now she softens her style, and falls into all the humble and supplicating arguments she could invent. The poet artfully makes the reader take notice of the change,

Ire iterum in lacrymas, iterum tentare precando
 Cogitur, et supplex animos submittere amori.

How moving is that part of this speech, where she desires her sister to tell Æneas, that she now does not presume to detain his voyage and keep him from his destin'd settlement, but that she only begs him to stay a little longer at Carthage, till she had learnt in some measure to subdue her grief; and overcome the unexpected blow; and till her bad fortune was grown more familiar to her mind.

So when the pismires, an industrious train,
Embody'd, rob some golden heap of grain,
Studiois, e'er stormy winter frowns, to lay
Safe in their darksom cells the treasur'd prey ;
In one long track the dusky legions lead }
Their prize in triumph through the verdant mead :
Here, bending with the load, a panting throng 585
With force conjoin'd heave some huge grain along :
Some, lash the stragglers to the task assignd ;
Some, to their ranks, the bands that lag behind :
They crowd the peopled path in thick array,
Glow at the work, and darken all the way. 590

At that sad prospect, that tormenting scene,
What thoughts, what woes were thine, unhappy queen ?
How loud thy groans, when from thy lofty tow'r
Thy eyes survey'd the tumult on the shore ;
When on the floods thou heard'st the shouting train 595
Plow with resounding oars the watry plain ?
To what submissions, of what low degree,
Are mortals urg'd, imperious Love, by thee ?
Once more she flies to pray'rs and tears, to move
Th' obdurate prince ; and anger melts to love ; 600
Tries all her suppliant female arts again
Before her death ;---but tries 'em all in vain :

Sister, behold, from every side they pour
With eager speed, and gather to the shore.
Hark !---how with shouts they catch the springing
gales, 605
And crown their ships, and spread their flying sails,

316. VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Hunc ego si potui tantum sperare dolorem;
Et perferre, soror, potero. miserae hoc tamen unum
Exsequere, Anna, mihi: solam nam perfidus ille 421
Te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere sensus;
Sola viri molles aditus, et tempora noras.
I, soror, atque hostem supplex affare superbum:
Non ego cum Danais Trojanam exscindere gentem 425
Aulide juravi, classemve ad Pergama misi:
Nec patris Anchisae cineres manesve revelli.
Cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in aures?
Quo ruit? extremum hoc miserae det munus amanti:
Exspectet facilemque fugam, ventosque ferentes. 430
Non jam conjugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro:
Nec pulchro ut Latio careat, regnumque relinquat.
Tempus inane peto, requiem spatiumque furori,
Dum mea me victimam doceat fortuna dolere.
Extremam hanc oro veniam: miserere sororis: 435
Quam mihi cum dederis cumulatam, morte remittam!

Ah ! had I once foreseen the fatal blow,
Sure, I had borne this mighty weight of woe.
Yet, yet, my Anna, this one trial make
For thy despairing, dying sister's sake. 610
For ah ! the dear perfidious wretch, I see,
Lays open all his secret soul to thee.
In all his thoughts you ever bore a part,
You know the nearest passage to his heart.
Go then, dear sister, as a suppliant go, 615
Tell, in the humblest terms, my haughty foe,
I ne'er conspir'd at Aulis to destroy,
With vengeful Greece, the hapless race of Troy ;
Nor sent one vessel to the Phrygian coast,
Nor rak'd abroad his father's sacred dust. 620
From all the pray'rs a dying queen prefers,
Why will he turn his unrelenting ears ?
Whither, ah whither, will the tyrant fly ?
I beg but this one grace before I die,
To wait for calmer seas and softer gales 625
To smooth the floods, and fill his opening sails.
Tell my perfidious lover, I implore
The name of wedlock he disclaims no more :
No more his purpos'd voyage I detain
From beauteous Latium, and his destin'd reign. 630
For some small interval of time I move,
Some short, short season to subdue my love ;
Till reconcil'd to this unhappy state,
I grow at last familiar with my fate :
This favour if he grant, my death shall please 635
His cruel soul, and set us both at ease.

388 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Talibus orabat, talesque miserrima fletus.
 Fertque refertque soror: sed nullis ille movetur
 Fletibus, aut voces illas tractabilis audit.
 Eta obstant, placidasque viri deus obstruit aures. 440
 Ac veluti, annosa validam cum robore querum
 Alpini boreae, nunc hinc, nunc flatibus illinc,
 Eruere inter se certant; it stridor, et alte
 Consernunt terram concusso stipite frondes:
 Ipsi haeret scopulis: et, quantum vertice ad auras
 Aetherias, tantum radice in tartara tendit. 446
 Haud secus assiduis hinc atque hinc votibus heros
 Tunditur, et magno persentit pectore curas:
 Mens immota manet, lacrymae volvuntur inanes.
 Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido. 450
 Mortem orat: taedet coeli convexa tueri.
 Quo magis incepsum peragat, lucemque relinquat,
 Vedit, thuricremis cum dona imponeret aris,
 Horrendum dictu! latices nigrescere sacros,
 Fusaque in obscoenum se vertere vina cruentum. 455
 Hoc visum nulli, non ipsi effata, sorori.

665. *This horrid omen*] These prodigies of the wine turned into blood, which Dido secretly observed (a very striking circumstance) and of Sichæus's voice, of the screams of the owl, the ancient predictions, and her melancholy dreams, are all admirably calculated to raise terror and pity, and must deeply affect every reader that has a feeling heart. The circumstance of the voice has been finely imitated by Mr. Pope, where *Eloisa* says —

In each low wind methinks a spirit calls
 And more than echoes talk along the walls.
 Here as I watch'd the dying lamps around
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound:

Come,

Thus pray'd the queen ; the sister bears in vain
 The moving message, and returns again.
 He stands inflexible to pray'rs and tears,
 For Jove and Fate had stop'd the hero's ears. 640

As, o'er th' aerial Alps sublimely spread,
 Some aged oak uprears his reverend head ;
 This way and that the furious tempests blow,
 To lay the monarch of the mountains low ;
 Th' imperial plant, tho' nodding at the sound, 645
 Tho' all his scatter'd honours strow the ground,
 Safe in his strength, and seated in the rock,
 In naked majesty defies the shock :
 High as the head shoots tow'ring to the skies,
 So deep the root in hell's foundation lies. 650
 Thus is the prince besieg'd by constant pray'rs :
 But though his heart relents at Dido's cares,
 Still firm the dictates of his soul remain,
 And tears are shed, and vows prefer'd in vain.

Now tir'd with life abandon'd Dido grows ; 655
 Now bent on fate, and harrafs'd with her woes,
 She loaths the day, she sickens at the sky,
 And longs, in bitterness of soul, to die.
 To urge the scheme of death already laid,
 Full many a direful omen she survey'd : 660
 While to the gods she pour'd the wine, she view'd
 The pure libation turn'd to sable blood.
 This horrid omen to herself reveal'd,
 Ev'n from her sister's ear she kept conceal'd ;

Come, sister, come, it said or seem'd to say,
 Thy place is here, sad sister, come away !

Praeterea, fuit in tectis de marmore templum
 Conjugis antiqui, miro quod honore colebat,
 Velleribus niveis et festa fronde revinctum.
 Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis 460
 Visa viri, nox cum terras obscura teneret:
 Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
 Saepe queri, et longas in fletum ducere voces:
 Multaque praeterea vatum praedicta priorum
 Terribili monitu horrificant. agit ipse furentem 465
 In somnis ferus Aeneas: semperque relinqu
 Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
 Ire viam, et Tyrios deserta quaerere terra.
 Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,
 Et solem geminum, et duplices se ostendere Thebas:
 Aut Agamemnonius scenis agitatus Orestes, 471

681. *So Pentheus rav'd]* Euripides, the most pathetic of all tragic writers whatever, seems particularly to have excelled in painting madness: Virgil has copied this simile from two of his tragedies: he has translated the very words: *ναὶ μην ορέαν ποι δύο μεν ηλίας δοκώ, διστας δε Θύεας,* Et vero videre mihi duos quidem soles videor, duplicesque Thebas. This passage is found in the Bacchantes of Euripides. I have frequently wondered, that Longinus never quoted this description of the madness of Pentheus as an instance of the sublime. The description of the Bacchanalian women tearing Pentheus in pieces, for secretly inspecting their mysteries, is worked up with the greatest fire, and the truest poetical enthusiasm. And there is not a finer passage throughout the Greek tragedies. Theocritus has likewise nobly described this event. Longinus greatly admires the passage of Euripides from which Virgil imitated this description; and indeed human imagination can scarce conceive any thing painted so strongly

Ω μυτερ, ικετευω σε μη 'πιστει μοι
 Τας αιματωπας και δρακοντωδεις κορας.
 Αυται γαρ, αυται πλησιον θρωσκυσο μοι.

A cir-

Yet more---a temple, where she paid her vows, 665
Rose in the palace to her former spouse ;
A marble structure ; this she dress'd around
With snowy wool ; with sacred chaplets crown'd.
From hence, when gloomy night succeeds the day,
Her husband seems to summon her away. 670
Perch'd on the roof the bird of night complains,
In one sad length of melancholy strains ;
Now dire predictions rack her mind, foretold
By prescient sages, and the seers of old ;
Now stern Æneas, her eternal theme, 675
Haunts her distracted soul in ev'ry dream ;
In slumber now she seems to travel on,
Through dreary wilds, abandon'd and alone ;
And treads a dark uncomfortable plain,
And seeks her Tyrians o'er the waste in vain. 680
So Pentheus rav'd, when, flaming to his eyes,
He saw the Furies from the deeps arise ;
And view'd a double Thebes with wild amaze,
And two bright suns with rival glories blaze.
So bounds the mad Orestes o'er the stage, 685
With looks distracted, from his mother's rage ;

A circumstance follows, which is most wonderfully moving, and which none of the critics (not even the excellent P. Brumoy) has taken any notice of. Orestes is held down upon a couch by his fond sister Electra, pierced with grief to see him in that distracted condition, and he mistakes her in his madness for one of his tormentors, and cries out; Away, thou that art one of my Furies, that perpetually haunt me, who hast now grasped me round my middle, that thou mayst hurl me down into hell. The Greek is inimitable.

Μέβε—με σοα ταν εινων Ερινυων
Μετον μ' οχυαζεις, με βαλης με Ταξιζευ.

Armatam facibus matrem et serpentibus atris

Cum fugit, ultricesque sedent in limine Dirae.

Ergo ubi concepit furias, evicta dolore,

Decrevitque mori; tempus secum ipsa modumque 475

Exigit, et moestam dictis aggressa sororem,

Confilium vultu tegit, ac spem fronte serenat:

Inveni, germana, viam, gratare sorori,

Quae mihi reddit eum, vel eo me solvat, amantem.

Oceani finem juxta solemque cadentem, 480

Ultimus Aethiopum locus est, ubi maximus Atlas

Axem humero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum:

Hinc mihi Massyliae gentis monstrata sacerdos,

Hesperidum templi custos, epulasque draconi

Quae dabat, et sacros servabat in arbore ramos, 485

Spargens humida mella soporiferumque papaver.

Haec se carminibus promittit solvere mentes,

Quas velit; ast aliis duras immittere curas;

Sistere aquam fluviis, et vertere sidera retro;

Nocturnosque ciet manes, mugire videbis 490.

Sub pedibus terram, et descendere montibus ornos.

Testor, chara, deos, et te, germana, tuumque

Dulce caput, magicas invitam accingier artes.

BOOK IV. VIRGIL's AENEID. 323

Arm'd with her scourge of snakes she drives him on,
And, wrapt in flames, pursues her murdering son;
He flies, but flies in vain;---the Furies wait,
And fiends, in forms tremendous, guard the gate. 690

At length distracted, and by love o'ercome,
Resolv'd on death, she meditates her doom;
Appoints the time to end her mighty woe,
And takes due measures for the purpos'd blow.
Then her sad sister she with smiles address'd, 695
Hope in her looks, but anguish at her breast:

Anna, partake my joy, for lo ! I find
The sole expedient that can cure my mind,
Relieve my soul for ever from her pain,
Or bring my lover to my arms again. 700
Near Ocean's utmost bound, a region lies,
Where mighty Atlas props the starry skies;
There lives a priestess of Massylian strain,
The guardian of the rich Hesperian fane;
Who wont the wakeful dragon once to feed 705
With honey'd cakes, and poppy's drowsy seed,
That round the tree his shining volumes roll'd
To guard the sacred balls of blooming gold.
By magic charms the matron can remove,
Or fiercely kindle all the fires of love; 710
Roll back the stars; stop rivers as they flow;
And call grim spectres from the realms of woe.
Trees leave their mountains at her potent call;
Beneath her footsteps groans the trembling ball:
But witness thou, and all ye gods on high, 715
With what regret to magic rites I fly.

324 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Tu secreta pyram tecto interiore sub auras
 Erige, et arma viri, thalamo quae fixa reliquit 495
 Impius, exuviasque omnes, lectumque jugalem
 Quo perii, superimponas. abolere nefandi
 Cuncta viri monumenta juvat; monstratque sacerdos.
 Haec effata filet. pallor simul occupat ora.
 Non tamen Anna novis praetexere funera sacris 500
 Germanam credit; nec tantos mente furores
 Concipit, aut graviora timet, quam morte Sichaei.
 Ergo iussa parat.

At regina, pyra penetrali in sede, sub auras
 Erecta ingenti, taedis atque ilice secta, 505
 Intenditque locum fertis, et fronde coronat
 Funerea: super exuvias,ensemque relictum,
 Effigiemque toro locat, haud ignara futuri.
 Stant aera circum, et crines effusa sacerdos
 Tercentum tonat ore deos, Erebumque, Chaosque. 510
 Tergeminaque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Diana.
 Sparserat et latices simulatos fontis Avernus:
 Falcibus et messae ad lunam quaerantur ahenis
 Pubentes herbae, nigri cum lacte veneni:
 Quaeritur et nascentis equi de fronte revulsus, 515
 Et matri praereptus, amor.

735. *Amidst her altars,*] That no circumstance of horror
 might be wanting to introduce the fate of this unhappy prin-
 cipal; to prodigies succeeds magic. The dismal solemnity
 and infernal religion of which exceedingly heightens the ter-
 ror in the catastrophe of this tragedy. Thus far Dr. Trapp.
 One may here observe, the great superiority of Virgil's
 judgment to that of Lucan, who in his dreadful description
 of the incantations of Erietho has given full scope to the
 wildness of his extravagant imagination; exciting horror in-
 stead of terror.

VI and VII. A HISTORY 325
BOOK IV. VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

Go then, erect with speed and secret care,
Within the court, a pile in open air.
Bring all the traitor's arms and robes, and spread
Above the heap our fatal bridal bed. 720
The sacred dame commands me to destroy
All, all memorials of that wretch from Troy.

Thus with dissembling arts the princess spoke :
A deadly paleness spreads o'er all her look.
Nor could her wretched sister once divine 725
These rites could cover such a dire design,
Nor deem'd a lover treacherous to his vows
Should more afflict her than her murder'd spouse;
But rears a pile of oaks and firs on high,
Within the court, beneath the naked sky. 730
With wreaths the queen adorn'd the structure round ;
And with funeral greens and garlands crown'd :
Next big with death, the sword and robe she spread,
And plac'd the dear, dear image on the bed.

Amidst her altars, with disbevel'd hairs, 735
Her horrid rites the priestess now prepares.
Thund'ring she calls, in many a dreadful sound,
On Chaos hoar, and Erebus profound ;
On hideous Hecate, from hell's abodes,
(The threefold Dian !) and a hundred gods. 740
The place she sprinkled, where her altars stood,
With streams dissembled from Avernus' flood,
And black envenom'd herbs she brings, reap'd down
With brazen sickles, by the glimmering moon.
Then crops the potent knots of love with care, 745
That from the young estrange the parent mare.

Ipsa mola manibusque piis, altaria juxta,
 Unum exuta pedem vinclis, in veste recincta,
 Testatur moritura deos, et conscientia fati
 Sidera : tum, si quod non aequo foedere amantes 520
 Curae numen habet, justumque, memorque, precatur.
 Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
 Corpora per terras, silvaeque et saeva quierant
 Aequora ; cum medio volvuntur sidera lapsu ; 524
 Cum tacet omnis ager ; pecudes, pictaeque volucres,
 Quaeque lacus late liquidos, quaeque aspera dumis
 Rura tenent, somno positae sub nocte silenti
 Lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum.
 At non infelix animi Phoenissa ; neque unquam
 Solvitur in somnos, oculisve aut pectore noctem 530
 Accipit. ingeminant curae, rursusque resurgens
 Saevit amor, magnoque irarum fluctuat aëstu.

755. *'Twas night ; and, weary]* This exquisite description can never be sufficiently admired. Virgil describes minutely and at length the profound calm, quiet, and stillness of the night, in order to render the cruel disturbances and agonies of the restless queen more affecting by such a contrast. At non infelix animi Phoenissa — is the finest turn that ever entered the imagination of a poet. Virgil never makes a description for the sake of the fine verses it may contain, or to shew his talent of painting well, but always in order to heighten some passion, and further the action of the poem. He took the hint of this description of the profound quiet of night, opposed to Dido's restlessness, from Apollonius Rhodius.

771. *What shall I do !*] The image of this unhappy princess, reasoning with herself in the dead of night, is deeply moving. She turns her thoughts on every side to try if she can meet with succour or redress, but finds it impossible. She first thinks of applying to her former lovers, but soon rejects that expedient as absurd. Next she talks of accompanying

BOOK IV. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. IV 327

Now with a sacred cake and lifted hands,
All bent on death, before her altar stands
The royal victim, the devoted fair;
Her robes were gather'd, and one foot was bare. 750
She calls on every star in solemn state,
Whose guilty beams shine conscious of her fate:
She calls to witness every god above,
To pay due vengeance for her injur'd love.

'Twas night; and, weary with the toils of day, 755
In soft repose the whole creation lay.
The murmurs of the groves and surges die;
The stars roll solemn through the glowing sky;
Wide o'er the fields a brooding silence reigns;
The flocks lie stretch'd along the flow'ry plains; 760
The furious savages that haunt the woods,
The painted birds, the fishes of the floods;
All, all, beneath the general darkness, share
In sleep, a soft forgetfulness of care;
All but the hapless queen; --for love denies 765
Rest to her thoughts, and slumber to her eyes.
Her passions grow still fiercer, and by turns
With love she maddens, and with wrath she burns.
The struggling tides in different motions roll,
And thus she vents the tempest of her soul: 770

What shall I do? ---shall I in vain implore
The royal lovers I disdain'd before?

panying the Trojans, but finds this every jot as unreasonable;
and one reflexion which awakens her pride, is extremely
natural.—

Suppose I went with them, —
The haughty sailors would but mock my woe.

Sic adeo insistit, secumque ita corde volutat :
 En, quid ago ? rursusne procos irrisa priores
 Experiar ? Nomadumque petam connubia supplex 535
 Quos ego sim toties jam dignata maritos ?
 Iliacas igitur classes atque ultima Teucrum
 Jussa sequar ? quiane auxilio juvat ante levatos,
 Et bene apud memores veteris stat gratia facti ?
 Quis me autem, fac velle, finet, ratibusve superbis 540
 Irrisam accipiet ? nescis heu, perdita ; necdum
 Laomedontae sentis perjuria gentis ?
 Quid tum ? sola fuga nautas comitabor ovantes ?
 An Tyriis, omniq[ue] manu stipata meorum
 Insequar ? et quos Sidonia vix urbe revelli, 545
 Rursus agam pelago, et ventis dare vela jubebo ?
 Quin morere, ut merita es, ferroque averte dolorem.
 Tu lacrymis evicta meis, tu prima furentem
 His, germana, malis oneras, atque objicis hosti.
 Non licuit thalami expertem sine crimine vitam 550
 Degere more ferae, tales nec tangere curas ?
 Non servata fides cineri promissa Sichaeo.
 Tantos illa suo rumpebat pectora questus.

Neither, continues she, could I possibly persuade the Tyrians
 to pursue them as enemies.—Nothing can be done! no
 expedient can avail me!

Die then as thou deserv'st ; in death repose ;
 her endeavouring afterwards to lay the fault on her sister is
 a fine touch of nature. And her concluding that all her
 misfortunes are owing to the breach of her vows is beyond
 expression charming.

Non servata fides cineri promissa Sichæo.
 I cannot forbear adding, that this soliloquy, tho' pretty
 long, is yet extremely natural. How different from the
 generality of soliloquies introduced by the modern writers of

Or, slighted in my turn with haughty pride,
Court the fierce tyrant whom I once deny'd?
Shall I the Trojans base commands obey,
Their slave, their suppliant, through the watry way?
Yes--for my bounties, and my former aid
By Troy already stand so well repaid!
And yet suppose I were inclin'd to go;
The haughty sailors would but mock my woe. 780
Hast thou not yet, not yet, Eliza, known
The perjur'd sons of proud Laomedon?
What!--shall I follow through the roaring main,
Sole and abandon'd, their triumphant train,
Or drive 'em through the deeps with sword and fire, 785
With all my armies, all the sons of Tyre?
But can I draw to sea those Tyrian bands
I drew reluctant from their native lands?
Die then as thou deserv'st; in death repose;
The sword, the friendly sword, shall end thy woes. 790
You first, dear sister, by my sorrows mov'd,
Expos'd me rashly to the wretch I lov'd;
Your prompt obedience, and officious care
Fann'd the young flame, and plung'd me in despair.
Oh! had I learn'd like savages to rove, 795
And never known the woes of bridal love!
I prov'd unfaithful to my former spouse,
And now I reap the fruits of broken vows!
Thus vents the mournful queen, by love oppress'd,
The grief that rag'd tumultuous in her breast. 800

tragedy! the management of which kind of speeches requires
the utmost caution and care to make them appear natural;
and surely they should be introduced as seldom as possible.

330 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. I

Aeneas celsa in puppi, jam certus eundi,
 Carpebat somnos, rebus jam rite paratis. 555
 Huic se forma dei vultu redeuntis eodem
 Obtulit in somnis, rursusque ita visa monere est ;
 Omnia Mercurio similis, vocemque, coloremque,
 Et crines flavos, et membra decora juventae :
 Nate dea, potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos ? 560
 Nec, quae te circumstent deinde pericula, cernis ?
 Demens ! nec zephyros audis spirare secundos ?
 Illa dolos dirumque nefas in pectore versat,
 Certa mori, varioque irarum fluctuat aestu.
 Non fugis hinc praeceps, dum praecepitare potestas ? 565
 Jam mare turbari trabibus, saevasque videbis
 Collucere faces ; jam fervore litora flammis ;
 Si te his attigerit terris aurora morantem.
 Eia age, rumpe moras, varium et mutabile semper
 Foemina. sic fatus nocti se immiscuit atrae. 570
 Tum vero Aeneas, subitis exterritus umbris,
 Corripit e somno corpus, sociosque fatigat :
 Præcipites vigilate, viri, et considite transtris :
 Solvite vela citi : deus, aethere missus ab alto,
 Festinare fugam, tortosque incidere funes 575

803. *To whom again*] To justify *Aeneas*'s departure still more, another messenger is sent from heaven to hurry him away, who tells him that if he does not set out immediately while the wind is favourable, he, and his whole fleet, will be destroyed by the Tyrians, whom *Dido* is animating to revenge.

825. *Seize, seize,*] In the first book of *Virgil*, says the judicious *Bosius*, *Aeneas* appears to be very pious, and more forward to execute the will of the gods, than any other thing whatever. In the fourth book a very difficult choice is proposed to him ; on one side, gratitude, love, natural tenderness, and several weighty considerations, engage him not to part from *Dido* ; on the other side, an express order

of

Meantime with all things ready for his flight,
In thoughtless sleep the heroë past the night.

To whom again the feather'd Hermes came,
His youthful figure, looks, and voice the same,

And thus alarnts the slumb'ring prince once more; 805

What---canst thou sleep in this important hour?

Nor all thy dangers canst thou yet survey?

Nor hear the zephyrs call thee to the sea?

Mad as thou art!--determin'd on her doom,

She forms designs of mischiefs yet to come. 810

Then fly, her fury while thou yet canst fly,

Before Aurora gilds the purple sky;

Fly,---or the floods shall soon be cover'd o'er

With numerous fleets, and armies crowd the shore,

And direful brands with long-projected rays, 815

Shall set the land and ocean in a blaze.

Ev'n now her dread revenge is on the wing;

Rise, prince; a woman is a changeful thing.

This said; at once he took his rapid flight,

Dissolv'd in air, and mingled with the night. 820

The heroë starts from sleep in wild surprize,

Struck with the glorious vision from the skies,

And rouses all the train: awake, unbind,

And stretch, my friends, the canvas to the wind;

Seize, seize your oars; the god descends again, 825

To bid me fly, and launch into the main.

of the gods commands him to Italy. Before any one sees what side he will adhere to, and on what he will resolve, that which he has said ought to have demonstrated what his will, and what his inclinations are, and to what he will determine his conduct. His former speeches which discover to me his future resolutions are the poetical manners; these make

332 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Ecce iterum stimulat: sequimur te, sancte deorum,
 Quisquis es, imperioque iterum paremus ovantes,
 Adiis, o, placidusque juves, et sidera coelo
 Dextra feras, dixit: vaginaque eripit ensim
 Fulmineum, strictoque ferit retinacula ferro. 580
 Idem omnes simul ardor habet; rapiuntque, rountque:
 Litora deseruere: latet sub classibus aequor:
 Adnixi torquent spumas, et caerulea verrunt.
 Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine terras
 Tithoni croceum linquens aurora cubile: 585
 Regina, e speculis ut primum albescere lucem
 Vedit, et aequatis classem procedere velis;
 Litoraque et vacuos sensit sine remige portus;
 Terque quaterque manu pectus percussa decorum,

make one foresee that he would leave Dido and obey the gods; he does so; the manners then are good, and duly and justly ordered. *Chap. iv. B. 4.*

839. *Now o'er the glittering lawns, &c.]* Let us admire this fine stroke of nature. The queen who had spent the night in disquietude, possessed with a thousand alarming fears that her lover would leave her, rises at the very first glimpse of daylight, (*ut primum albescere lucem vidit*) and ascends a high watch tower to view whether her fears were well-grounded or not, and the first thing that struck her eye was the navy in full sail.

845. *Thrice her fierce bands in madness]* This action of the unhappy queen is exceedingly moving and pathetic; and is a most proper introduction to the passionate speech that follows. Bosius has some judicious observations on this passage. That which is so rare among the orators is common among the poets: they abound in instances of this kind, where one may see the passion prepared, and kept up by the actions. Dido begins her speech, "O Jupiter! what shall this stranger go off? &c. This is no surprize to the hearers; they were so well prepared for it, that they would have wondered if the beginning of this speech had been less passionate.

The

BOOK IV. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 333

Whoe'er thou art, thou blest celestial guide,
Thy course we follow through the foamy tide;
With joy thy sacred orders we obey;

And may thy friendly stars direct the way. 830

Sudden, he drew his sword as thus he said,
And cut the haulsers with the flaming blade;
With the same ardor fir'd, the shouting train

Fly, seize their oars, and rush into the main.

At once the floods with ships were cover'd o'er, 835

And not one Trojan left upon the shore;

All stretching to the stroke, with vigour sweep

The whitening surge, and plow the smoaking deep.

Now o'er the glittering lawns Aurora spread

Her orient beam, and left her golden bed. 840

Soon as the queen at early dawn beheld

The navy move along the watry field,

In pomp and order, from her lofty tow'r;

And saw th' abandon'd port, and empty shore;

Thrice her fierce hands in madness of despair 845

Beat her white breast, and tore her golden hair.

The practice of Seneca is quite contrary. If he has any recital to make, which ought to imprint some great passion or other; he takes away both from his personages and his audience all the inclinations they might have towards it. If they are possessed with the sorrow, fear, and expectation of some dreadful thing: he will begin by a fine and elegant description of some place or other, which only serves to shew the copiousness and the over-luxuriant wit of a poet without judgment. In the Troades, Hecuba and Andromache, wanted to hear of the barbarous death of Astyanax, whom the Greeks had thrown from the top of an high tower. It mightily concerned them indeed to know, that among the crowd that flocked from all quarters to that sad spectacle, some there were who stood on the ruins of the old decayed buildings,

334 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Flaventesque abscissa comas : proh Júpiter ! ibit 590

Hic, ait, et nostris illuserit advena regnis ?

Non arma expedient, totaque ex urbe sequentur,

Diripientque rates alii navalibus ? ite,

Ferte citi flammam, date vela, impellite remos.

Quid loquor ? aut ubi sum ? quae mentem infania

mutat ?

595

Infelix Dido ! nunc te fata impia tangunt ?

Tum decuit, cum sceptrum dabas. en dextra fidesque !

Quem secum patrios aiunt portare Penates ;

Quem subiisse humeris confectum aetate parentem !

Non potui abruptum divellere corpus, et undis 600

Spargere ? non socios, non ipsum absumere ferro

Ascanium, patriisque epulandum apponere mensis ?

Verum anceps pugnae fuerat fortuna. fuisse.

Quem metui moritura ? faces in castra tulisse,

Implessemque foros flammis ; natumque patremque 605

Cum genere extinxem ; memet super ipsa dedisse.

Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras,

buildings, others whose legs trembled under them, because they were mounted so high.

Those who have the patience to speak or hear such idle stuff, are so little inclined to weep, that they stand in need of notice, as the mercenary mourners of old had, when it is time to begin uttering their lamentations.

864. *Monster of the sea*] This is finely added, the original says only, undis spargere.

865. *Son destroy*] As Atreus did the sons of Thyestes his brother, a famous subject among the ancient tragedians. M. Crebillon, hath written a noble tragedy on this subject, and hath found a method of softening the extreme horror of the story, yet in such a manner as still to excite terror and pity, to a great degree.

873. *Thou glorious sun !*] After all the foregoing rage and madness, and variety of passion, expressed in the most rapid

Then shall the traitor fly, ye gods ! (she said)
And leave my kingdom, and insulted bed ?
And shall not Carthage pour in arms away ?
Run there, and launch my navies on the sea. 850
Fly, fly with all your sails, ye sons of Tyre ;
Hurl flames on flames ; involve his fleet in fire.
What have I said ?---ah ! impotent and vain !
I rave, I rave---what madness turns my brain ?
Now can you, Dido, at so late a time, 855
Reflect with horror on your former crime ?
Well had this rage been shown, when first you led
The wretch, a partner to your throne and bed.
This is the prince, the pious prince, who bore
His gods and relicks from the Phrygian shore ! 860
And safe convey'd his venerable fire
On his own shoulders through the Trojan fire !
Could I not tear, and throw him for a prey,
Base wretch ! to every monster of the sea ?
Stab all his friends, his darling son destroy, 865
And to his table serve the murder'd boy ?
For, bent on death, and valiant from despair,
Say---could I dread the doubtful chance of war ?
No---but my flames had redd'n'd all the seas ;
Wrapt all the flying navy in the blaze ; 870
Destroy'd the race, the father and the son,
And crown'd the general ruin with my own.
Thou, glorious sun ! whose piercing eyes survey
These worlds terrestrial in thy fiery way,

pid style, with short quick sentences, questions, exclama-
tions, &c. in the very next words, between which and the
following she must be imagined to have paused, and panted,
and

336 VIRGILII AENEIS. LIB. IV.

Tuque harum interpres curarum, et conscia Juno,
 Nocturnisque Hecate trivii ululata per urbes,
 Et Dirae ultrices, et dī morientis Elisaē, 610
 Accipite haec, meritumque malis advertite numen,
 Et nostras audite preces. si tangere portus
 Infandum caput, ac terris adnare, necesse est,
 Et sic fata Jovis poscunt; hic terminus haeret:
 At, bello audacis populi vexatus et armis, 615
 Finibus extorris, complexu avulsus lūli,
 Auxilium imploret, videatque indigna suorum
 Funera: nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquae
 Tradiderit, regno, aut optata luce fruatur;
 Sed cadat ante diem, mediaque inhumatus arena. 620
 Haec precor: hanc vocem extremam cum sanguine fundo.

and taken breath; she cools and settles, falls into the long and slow style, and prays for plagues upon the head of her false lover, with such religious formality, and solemnity of horror, as is enough to chill one's blood, while one reads it.

Sol, qui terrarum flammis, &c.

And so goes on cursing and imprecating to the end of the speech.

TRAPP.

I must add that the finest part of these curses seems to begin with that line

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultior

Servius thinks the aliquis points to Annibal. Without doubt Virgil had in his head the bloody and fatal Punic wars.

It is an usual practice in the ancient tragedians, to make their heroes call upon the sun just before they died. There is a very sublime instance of this in the Ajax of Sophocles, the speech that hero makes to the sun just before he falls upon his sword is worth the perusal of the reader of taste; especially where he bids the sun stop in his career, when he comes over his country, and related his calamities to his aged father and mother.

Eu

89
Vc

BOOK IV. VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

337

And thou, o Juno! bend thy awful head, 875
 Great queen, and guardian of the bridal bed;
 Hear thou, dire Hecate! from hell profound,
 Whose rites nocturnal through the streets resound,
 Hear all ye furies, fiends, and gods, who wait
 To pay due vengeance for Eliza's fate! 880
 If to the destin'd port the wretch must come,
 If such be Jove's unalterable doom:
 Still let him wander, toss'd from place to place,
 Far from his country, and his son's embrace,
 By barbarous nations harass'd with alarms; 885
 And take the field with unsuccessful arms;
 For foreign aid to distant regions fly,
 See all his friends a common carnage lie;
 And when he gains, his ruin to compleat,
 A peace more shameful than his past defeat; 890
 Nor life nor empire let him long maintain,
 But fall, by murderous hands untimely slain,
 And lie unburied on the naked plain!
 This vow, ye gods, Eliza pours in death,
 With her last blood, and her last gasping breath! 895
 Oh!---in the silent grave when Dido lies,
 Rise in thy rage, thou, great avenger, rise!
 Against curs'd Troy, go mighty son of Tyre,
 Go, in the pomp of famine, sword, and fire!

Σὺ δὲ τὸν αὐτὸν κρεπον διφενδάσαν,
 Ηλία, τολεωαν τὸν εὐκαίσταν θάνατον
 Ιδύε, επιχρυσαν χρυσωναλον γησαν,
 Αγειλον αλας τασεμας μαρον τέμνει
 Γέροντι πατερι, τη τε δυσηνι τροφια.

Sophoc. Ajax, v. 856.

897. *Thou great avenger*] This plainly points out Annibal.
 VOL. II. Z

Tam vos, o Tyrii, stirpem et genus omne futurum
 Exercete odiis; cinerique haec militte nostro
 Munera: nullus amor populis, nec foedera sunt. 615
 Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultiory, b. 615
 Qui face Dardanios ferroque sequare colonos,
 Nunc, olim, quounque dabunt se tempore vires.
 Litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
 Imprecor, arma armis: pugnent ipsique nepotes,
 Haec ait: et partes animum versabat in omnes, 630
 Invisam querens quamprimum abrumpere lecem.
 Tum breviter Barcen nutricem affata Sichaei;
 Namque suam patria antiqua cinis ater habebat:
 Annam, chara mihi nutrix, hue siste sororem:
 Dic corpus properet fluviali spargere lympha, 635
 Et pecudes secum et monstrata piacula ducat;
 Sic veniat: tuque ipsa pia tege tempora vitta.
 Sacra Jovi Stygio, quae rite incepta paravi,
 Perficere est animus, finisque imponere curis:
 Dardanique rogum capitis permittere flammæ. 640
 Sic ait. illa gradum studio celerabat anili.
 At trepida et coepitis immanibus effera Dido,

923. *Now to the fatal court.* To paint, is not only to describe things: but to represent the circumstances of them, in such a lively sensible manner, that the hearer shall fancy he almost sees them with his eyes. For instance: if a dry historian were to give an account of Dido's death, he would only say; she was overwhelm'd with sorrow after the departure of Aeneas; and that she grew weary of her life: so she went up to the top of her palace; and lying down on her funeral pile, she stabb'd herself. Now these words would inform you of the fact; but you do not see it. When you read the story in Virgil, he sets it before your eyes. When he represents all the circumstances of Dido's despair; describes her wild rage; and death already staring in her aspect: when

And you, my Tyrians, with immortal hate, 900
In future times, pursue the Dardan state.

No peace, no commerce with the race be made;
Pay this last duty to your princess' shade;

Fight, when your pow'r supplies so just a rage;
Fight now, fight still, in every distant age;

By land, by sea, in arms the nation dare,
And wage, from son to son, eternal war!

This said, she bends her various thoughts to close;
Her hated life, and finish all her woes.

Then to her husband's nurse she gave command, 910
(Her own lay bury'd in her native land),

Go, Barce, go, and bid my sister bring
The fable victims for the Stygian king,

But first be sprinkled from the limpid spring.
Thus let her come; and, while I pay my vows,

Thou too in fillets bind thy aged brows,
Fair would I kindle now the sacred pyre,

And see the Trojan image sunk in fire.
Thus I compleat the rites to Stygian Joye,

And then farewell---a long farewell to love! 920
She said; the matron, studious to obey,

With dutious speed runs trembling all the way.
Now to the fatal court fierce Dido flies,

And rolls around her fiery glaring eyes;

when he makes her speak at the sight of the picture and
I word that Aeneas left, your imagination transports you to

Carthage, where you see the Trojan fleet leaving the shore,
and the queen quite inconsolable. You enter into all her

passions, and into the sentiments of the supposed spectators.
It is not Virgil you then hear; you are too attentive to the

last words of unhappy Dido, to think of him. The poet

Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque trementes
 Interfusa genas, et pallida morte futura,
 Interiora domus irrumpit limina, et altos 645
 Conscendit furibunda rogos,ensemque recludit
 Dardanium, non hos quae situm munus in usus.
 Hic, postquam Iliacas vestes notumque cubile
 Conspexit, paullum lacrymis et mente morata,
 Incubuitque toro, dixitque novissima verba: 650
 Dulces exuviae, dum fata deusque finebant,
 Accipite hanc animam, meque his exsolvite curis.
 Vixi, et, quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi:
 Et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago.
 Urbem praeclaram statui: mea moenia vidi: 655
 Ulta virum, poenas inimico a fratre recepi:
 Felix! heu nimium felix! si litora tantum
 Nunquam Dardaniae tetigissent nostra carinae.

disappears: and we see only what he describes; and hear those only whom he makes to speak. Such is the force of a natural imitation, and of painting in language. Hence it comes that the painters and the poets are so nearly related: the one paints for the eyes, and the other for the ears: but both of them ought to convey the liveliest pictures to the imagination. I have taken an example from a poet to give you a fuller image of what I mean by painting in eloquence: for poets paint in a stronger manner than orators. Indeed the main thing in which poetry differs from eloquence is, that the poet paints with enthusiasm, and gives bolder touches than the orator. But prose allows of painting in a moderate degree: for, without lively descriptions 'tis impossible to warm the hearer's fancy, or to stir his passions. A plain narrative does not move people: we must not only inform them of facts; but strike their senses, by a lively moving representation of the manner and circumstances of the facts we relate.

Archbishop of Cambray on Eloquence, Dial. i. p. 74.

VI. VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

341

Though pale and shivering at her purpos'd doom, 925

And every dreadful thought of death to come:

Yet many a crimson flush, with various grace,
Glows on her cheek, and kindles in her face.

Furious she mounts the pyre, and draws the sword,

The fatal present of the Dardan lord;

930

For no such end bestow'd;---the conscious bed,

And robes she view'd; and tears in silence shed;

Stood still, and paus'd a moment,---then she cast

Her body on the couch, and spoke her last:

Ye dear, dear relicks of the man I lov'd!

935

While fate consented, and the gods approv'd,

Relieve my woes, this rage of love controul,

Take my last breath, and catch my parting soul.

My fatal course is finish'd, and I go

A ghost majestic to the realms below.

940

Well have I liv'd to see a glorious town

Rais'd by these hands, and bulwarks of my own;

Of all its trophies robb'd my brother's sword,

And on the wretch reveng'd my murther'd lord.

Happy! thrice happy! if the Dardan band

945

Had never touch'd upon the Libyan land.

930. *Present*] The sword, say the best critics, was given by Dido to Æneas, not vice versa, and Æneas had left it in his chamber.933. *Stood still, and paus'd a moment,*] No circumstance can be imagined more pathetic and moving, than her stopping, and bursting into tears at the sight of the bed and the Trojan robes, and then throwing herself in an agony upon the well-known couch. There is something of cool and sedate despair in this last of her speeches that is wonderfully affecting.

Dixit : et, *os imprella toto, moriemur inultae?*
 Sed moriamur, ait. *sic, sic, juvat ire sub umbras.* 660
 Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
 Dardanus, et nostrae secum ferat omnia mortis.
 Dixerat : atque illam media inter talia ferro
 Collapsam aspiciunt comites, ensimque cruce
 Spumantem, sparsaque manus. it clamor ad alta 665
 Atria : concussam bacchatur fama per urbem,
 Lamentis, gemituque, et foemineo usulatu
 Tecta frement; resonat magnis plangoribus aether :
 Non aliter quam si immisxis ruat hostibus omnis
 Carthago, aut antiqua Tyros ; flammæque furentes 670
 Culmina perque hominum volvantur perque deorum.
 Audii exanimis, trepidoque exterrita cursu,
 Unguis ora feror foedans et pectora pugnis,
 Fer medios ruit, ac morientem nomine clamat :

917. *Then pressing with her lips]* Fondly taking leave of it, as Alcestes does of her bed in Euripides. But Catron, who indeed follows Ruæus, gives, I think, a strange interpretation, and says it means biting the bed with rage and revenge. Ruæus says, *Os lecto imprimens rabie quadam furoris, inultam se mori dolet.* Surely the other interpretation is more moving.

949. *And thus, and thus, I go—]* This repetition of the word *sic* is vastly beautiful : it strongly imprints on the mind the action of Dido at that moment : one sees her strike the poniard into her bosom twice, when she says, *and thus, and thus I go.*

The commentators, intent on grammatical constructions, more than poetical beauties, have strangely puzzled this plain and obvious passage. Even Mr. Cowley seems not to have understood it, is for omitting this hemistich, and having the verse end—*sed moriamur ait.* 9540 *Be-*

Then pressing with her lips the Trojan bed,
Shall I then die, and unreveng'd? (she said,) 1
Yet die I will,---and thus, and thus, I go---
Thus---fly with pleasure to the shades below: 950
This blaze may you' proud Trojan from the sea,
This death, an omen of his own, survey.

Meantime, the sad attendants, as she spoke,
Beheld her strike, and sink beneath the stroke.
At once her snowy hands were purpled o'er, 955
And the bright faulchion smoak'd with streaming gore.
Her sudden fate is blaz'd the city round;
The length'ning cries from street to street resound;
To female shrieks the regal dome replies,
And the shrill echoes ring amidst the skies; 960
As all fair Carthage, or her mother Tyre,
Storm'd by the foe, had sunk in floods of fire;
And the fierce flame devour'd the proud abodes,
With all the glorious temples of the gods.

Her breathless sister runs with eager pace, 965
And beats her throbbing breast, and beauteous face.
Fierce through the parting crowds the virgin flies,
And on her dying dear Eliza chies.

954. *Bebeld ber strike.*] Here is a fine touch of art in the poet, he does not expressly say that Dido stabbed herself; but with the most beautiful brevity only tells us,

—ferro
Collapsam aspiciunt comites.—

passing on instantly to the effect.

966. *Fair Carthage.*] Here he seems plainly to allude to the sacking and burning Carthage by the Romans under Scipio, after the three bloody Punic wars.

Hoc illud, germana, fuit? me fraude petebas? 675

Hoc rogus iste mihi, hoc ignes aeraeque parabant?

Quid primum deserta querar? comitemne sororem

Sprevisti moriens? eadem me ad fata vocasses;

Idem ambas ferro dolor, atque eadem hora, tulisset.

His etiam struxi manibus, patriaque vocavi 680

Voce deos, sic te ut posita crudelis abessem?

Exstinx te, meque, foror, populumque, patresque

Sidonios, urbemque tuam, date, vulnera lymphis

Abluam, et extremus si quis super halitus errat,

Ore legam. sic fata, gradus evaserat altos, 685

Semianimemque sinu germanam amplexa fovebat

Cum gemitu, atque atros siccabat veste cruores.

Illa, graves oculos conata attollere, rursus

Deficit. infixum stridet sub pectore vulnus.

Ter sese attollens cubitoque adnixa levavit; 690

Ter revoluta toro est: oculisque errantibus, alto

987. *Then up the steep ascent she flew,*] The original says, sic fata, gradus evaserat altos, she was got to the top of the steps while she was speaking these words, and she spoke them as she was going up. Otherwise, it would be highly unnatural, for her to stop and not run immediately to her sister's assistance 'till she had finished a speech of eight or ten verses.

992. *She strives to raise,*] How moving these circumstances are of her striving to open her eyes and fainting away again, and endeavouring to raise herself on her elbow and falling back again, no reader of taste need be told! Her not being able to speak and answer her sister is very moving. The poet's intending to enlarge a little here was perhaps the reason why he so artfully passed over the manner of her stabbing herself, which we before took notice of.

Was this, my Dido, ah! was this the way
You took, your easy sister to betray? 979
Was it for this my hands prepar'd the pyre,
The fatal altar, and the funeral fire?
Where shall my plaints begin? ---ah! wretch undone!
Now left abando'nd to my woes alone!
Was I unworthy then, to yield my breath, 975
And share thy sweet society in death?
Me, me you should have call'd, your fate to share
From the same weapon, and the same despair.
And did these hands the lofty pile compose?
Did I invoke our gods with solemn vows? 980
Only---ah cruel! to be sent away
From the sad scene of death I now survey?
You by this fatal stroke, and I, and all,
Your senate, people, and your Carthage fall.
Bring, bring me water; let me bathe in death 985
Her bleeding wounds, and catch her parting breath:
Then up the steep ascent she flew, and prest
Her dying sister to her heaving breast;
With cries succeeding cries her robes unbound,
To stanch the blood that issu'd from the wound. 990
Her bosom groaning with convulsive pain,
She strives to raise her heavy lids in vain,
And in a moment sinks, and swoons again.
Prop'd on her elbow, thrice she rear'd her head,
And thrice fell back, and fainted on the bed; 995
Sought with her swimming eyes the golden light,
And saw the sun, but sicken'd at the sight.

Quaesivit coelo luctem, ingemuitque reperta.
 Tum Juno omnipotens, longum miserata dolorem,
 Difficilesque obitus, Irim demisit Olympo,
 Quae luctantem animam nexosque resloveret artus.
 Nam, quia nec fato, merita nec morte, peribat, 696
 Sed misera ante diem, subitoque accensa furore,
 Nondum illi flavum Proserpina vertice crinem
 Abstulerat, Stygioque caput damnaverat Orco.
 Ergo Iris croceis per coelum roscida pennis, 700
 Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores,
 Devolat, et supra caput aspitit: hunc ego Diti
 Sacrum iussa fero, teque isto corpore solvo.
 Sic ait, et dextra crinem secat: omnis et una
 Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit. 705.

TOMI SECUNDI FINIS.

1017. *Mingles with the wind.*] By way of concluding the notes on this fourth book I shall subjoin what the judicious Segrais hath said concerning the anachronism in Virgil's making Dido contemporary with Aeneas—“ Not pretending of myself, to decide a question, which requires so much learning, I am content to admire with Tasso (whether Aeneas were contemporary with this queen, or not) the admirable invention of Virgil, who was able to find out in the history of this hero, a source of the hatred between Rome and Carthage, even in the very foundation of their walls. I cannot moreover upon this occasion dissemble my opinion, that of all the faults which a poet can commit, those which are against profound learning are the least considerable: and especially when the question turns only upon a point of learning, obscure, ancient, or embarrassed, as this did: which related to the antiquity of eleven hundred years, at a time when books were not so easily perpetuated as they are at present. For tho' a poet ought to be learned; yet we never

Traditiones ac dudum aures tellussem claudit in finibus desideria
q. et W.

Then mighty Juno, with a melting eye,
Beheld her dreadful anguish from the sky ;
And bade fair Iris, from the starry pole, 2000
Fly, and enlarge her agonizing soul :
For as she dy'd by love before the time,
Nor fell by fate, nor perish'd for a crime,
Not yet had Proserpine, with early care,
Clip'd from her head the fatal golden hair ; 2005
The solemn offering to the pow'rs below,
To free the spirit, and relieve her woe :
Swift from the glancing sun the goddess drew
A thousand mingling colours, as she flew :
Then radiant hover'd o'er the dying fair ; 2010
And lo ; this consecrated lock I bear
To Stygian Jove : and now, as heav'n ordains,
Release thy soul from these corporeal chains.
The goddess stretch'd her hand, as thus she said,
And clipt the sacred honours of her head ; 2015
The vital spirit flies, no more confin'd,
Dissolves in air, and mingles with the wind.
The END of the FOURTH BOOK.
desire him to be more learned, than delightful. That great judgment, which made rules, has reserved to itself the empire over them ; and never intended to be enslaved by them. Besides ; if the general maxim of poetry be always to prefer that which is probable, and pleasing, to that which is true, and shocking ; why had not Virgil the power to suppose by a poetical fiction that Dido lived in the time of Æneas, even tho' he knew the contrary ; in order to find in this fable the original of those wars between Rome, and Carthage, and the subject of those beautiful events which he describes ?

Why shall he be condemned for having made a fiction contrary to the order of time; if other poets are sometimes permitted to make them, contrary to the order of nature? would he have been the less a poet, tho' he had never learned chronology? there are no faults, properly so called, says Aristotle, but those which are made contrary to the art which one professes: insomuch that there are certain affected ignorances, which appear with a good grace. Extremes only are faulty in this case, as well as in all others. It would not have been allowable to contradict a point of history known to all the world: for example, to make Scipio and Hannibal contemporaries with Alexander, and to represent them as intimate friends. But in this profound antiquity, which one must study as profoundly, in order to strike out the least light from it, a great poet may, and should, speak of things, not as he can discover them to have really been, but as they are capable of embellishing his subject. It is for this, that he is even advised to chuse a subject distant from his own age, rather than too near it. The beauty of these boldnesses raises poetry above learning itself; for it is more easy to learn how things have actually passed, than by invention to make them agreeable. A man may study as long as he will; he will never make a good poem, if he has not a genius to feign and invent. Provided his inventions please, (as they always do, when they are natural, and the event answers, as in this fiction of Virgil's) the work will always succeed. For questionless, if we should ask those who are most forward to decry this passage, whether they would have had him follow the history; their thoughts must be very ill turned, to chuse rather that he should have deprived his Æneis of this rich ornament, than have contradicted an history involved in the darkness of so many barbarous ages. The most critical will allow, that there is more judgment in committing this fault, if it be one, than there would have been in not committing it. This is the opinion of Scaliger; and of Mr. Bochart, as may be seen in a learned dissertation upon this argument, which he did me the honour to address to me. If a poet must be subject to the exact truth; he carries the matter much farther than this anachronism: and I believe it would be difficult to prove that Æneas was ever in Italy, against those strong authorities which he produces to the contrary. But he himself answers, and concludes, as I do, that this research of truth is by no means the busines of a poet. The very foundation of the Æneis may be no more

more than a fable, and he is of that opinion for three strong reasons. The first is grounded upon the explication of some passages in Homer; and upon the testimonies of ancient history, which relate that Æneas died before the walls of Troy, and that he left children which reigned there for many ages. The second is taken from the religion of the Trojans, and the gods which Æneas must have brought into Italy, of which he finds not the least traces in the antiquities of Rome. The third is taken from the Phrygian or Trojan language; which he would likewise have brought with him and of which some words must have continued in the Latin tongue, as well as of the languages of other nations, with which the Romans had any intercourse or correspondence. But tho' he establishes his opinion upon very good arguments; he shews nevertheless that this great poet was in the right in sounding his Æneis upon a contrary Opinion, since it was universally received at Rome. For this purpose, he shews that it was received, more than two hundred years before, by all the poets, historians, orators, and criticks: that even several Greek authors were of the same sentiments: not to mention Julius Cæsar, and Augustus his adopted son; who deeply interested themselves in authorizing this chimæra; to make it believed that that the family of the Cæsars was descended from Æneas, and by consequence from Venus and Jupiter; which rendered them the more considerable among the people, who fed themselves with the flattery of these vain imaginations. He proves that the consent of the senate and the people confirmed this belief: and that all the Romans presumed themselves to be descended from the Trojans.—In a word, he concludes, as I have done upon the subject of this anachronism, that tho' Virgil had fully known the falsity of this opinion, he ought not to have opposed it; since the state and the emperor loved this error, and were interested to support it: and it is not the business of poets to teach exact truth. He discusses this question with so much learning, and so much at large; that I will say no more of it. His reflection is so far from destroying the beauty of poetry, and its inventions; that it discovers them to the greater advantage. Their charms are so powerful and irresistible, that they overbear the clearest evidence and the most glaring truth. These fables, these lies, these impostures, become the admiration and entertainment of the whole world, and in proces of time the general opinion of the people. We are so prejudiced in their favour, that we hate those who are willing

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ling to maintain the contrary. If one compares the effects of the finest history with those of the finest poetry; what are those beautiful truths which history has ever made so publick, as poetry has made it's fictions? How many persons are there who have read Virgil and Homer, and even learned the greatest part of their works by heart, in comparison of those (tho' many) who have read the best Greek, or Latin historians?"

SEGRAIS.



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ing to maintain the country. It has conquered the empire
of the Huns, probably with those of the Huny people; while the
whole population of the empire probably died even when the
Huns, as所说, had made it a desolation. However, even lessened
there who gave way to their motives by force, in combination of
the strongest but to their motives by force, in combination of
those (who, many) who gave way the half-Greek, or Persian

emperors.

THE SONGS TO BOOK IV.

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